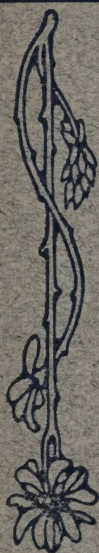




merson
College
Magazine



A censor sends our news,
It comes along a little hire,
Sunk in a deep sea;
It thins in a club to a little smoke
Between one joke and another joke,
For a city in flames is less than the fire
That comforts you and me.

—Alfred Noyes

Boston
Massachusetts



VOL. XXV : : : No. 1

November, 1916

Contents

LITERARY	<i>Page</i>
To the Unknown Dead— <i>Agnes Knox Black</i>	
The Laughter of Leen— <i>Conrad Richter</i>	1
Suggested War Numbers	12
Opening Day Address— <i>President Southwick</i>	13
Songs of the Guns	23
FACULTY DEPARTMENT	31
EDITORIALS	33
STUDENT DEPARTMENT	
Students' Association	35
Y. W. C. A.	35
Southern Club	36
Senior	36
Junior	38
Sophomore	40
Freshman	41
Two Year Special	41
Sororities	42
Fraternity	46
ALUMNI DEPARTMENT	
Alumni Clubs	47
Alumni Notes	48

To the Unknown Dead

—the multitude that no man can number! How often during these strange nights and days of a tragic present have these words from the mystery and tragedy of the past been in our ears and on our lips. The unknown dead and the innumerable multitude stretch back from these regions of time and place into the illimitable and the infinite, and human imagination loses itself and grows bewildered as it passes beyond the outposts. But is there not a nobility and glory, a charter of sublimity itself, in the very term 'unknown'? These men were heroes; they bore the burden and heat of a terrible day—the day of doom itself for them, and they were saved from the contamination and vulgarity of this world's applause. Their reward is more exquisite than anything that is recognized on earth; it belongs to the Kingdom whose language is silence and the atmosphere of which is reverence and reticence. They are far beyond the reach of any efforts of ours to do them honor; vainly we seek to bestow on them the gift of approbation and earthly praise. They were content to push the trail a little farther on without thought of being remembered because they did so. The significance of their high service lies in its power to purge us of all taint of sordidness and self-seeking. Their call to us is to work not for material reward but for the sake of the work itself.

—*Agnes Knox Black.*

The Emerson College Magazine

VOL. XXV.

NOVEMBER, 1916.

No. 1



THE LAUGHTER OF LEEN.

BY CONRAD RICHTER.

She pressed the bronze button at the door of the impressive gray-stone house. Steadily then she waited there, a clean-limbed girl of twenty-four with the yellowest of yellow hair—hair that suggested buttercups, goldenrod, and the moon when the moon is full. Her eyes were a rich gray-blue, and the skin below them fairer than the hair her simple toque could not hold.

A man servant opened the grilled door.

"I wish the madame to see," she said in quiet passion which was yet a smile. "I come from the Social Agency."

Within the deep hall, on a green divan, the girl drew respectfully erect as a grim, businesslike man of nearly thirty, walking-stick in hand, passed through. Then, while a young boy somewhere in the rear of the house howled petulantly, the servant reappeared to announce an invitation upstairs.

In the elaborate bedroom at the head of the polished stairway the yellow-haired girl found a woman in soft-blue negligée sitting up, newspapers scattered about her, on a very white and luxurious bed. For fully five minutes after her visitor had

been shown in the woman continued to read. The waiting blue eyes grew wide. But quiet and calm the girl remained, waiting just inside the doorway, never stirring until the woman looked up.

"Ah—h, I believe you say you are a governess."

"Good-morning," replied the girl, calmly. "Yes, for five years I am a governess."

"Ah—h. You were employed in the city?" The woman in bed fussed deliberately among the newspapers.

"For the five years governess with a French lady I was. In America we are for one year now. When the war come, madame say she stay in America. But she has not much money, so with her I cannot be."

"Ah—h. You have a letter?"

Leen held it out silently.

A glance told the woman that the finely inked pages were not in English.

"Ah—h. You may read it for me," she announced. "The writing seems very poor."

"It is beautiful," protested the girl, eyes again drawn wide. "But I read it for you." There followed an unbroken flow of French. Doubtless Leen knew the letter by heart.

"Ah—I suppose it will do. You say, my girl, you are in financial need of a position."

"I did not say that, but it is right. I have not much money."

"It seems strange," began the woman, suspiciously, "that one who has been a governess for five years should not have saved something in all that time."

"I save—I save," declared the girl. "I send it away." She winked tightly once or twice, then smiled bravely out again.

"No matter," deprecated Mrs. Brookins. "One must be charitable on Sunday."

"I had thought charity for all the week is," murmured the girl. Then her voice grew strong again. "But why you say of charity? I ask for work."

"Ah—h. That will be all right, *Fräulein*. I shall give you a chance in my employ. Now, your name is what?"

"Thaleen Juste. Friends say just Leen. Madame to tease me always say *Fräulein*, because I look German."

"You speak German?"

"*Natürlich. Ich kann deutsch, französisch, und wallonisch sprechen.*"

"Yes. That is all right," hastened the woman in bed. "Ah—you may speak English to me. But to Robert, my little son, I wish you to speak German and have him answer you in French. Can you assure me, *Fräulein*, that you are always kind to children?"

A lilt of fresh, rollicking laughter startled the woman in bed. With a little gasp she stiffened, shocked and indignant. Somehow this girl, Leen, was not cowed.

"You cannot think I look like I hurt children." Leen grew very grave. Then she laughed again aloud to herself, laughter that was not in ridicule nor yet in amusement, laughter which carried somehow more of care-nothing cheer. In it blew the fresh, pungent savor of the Black Forest, a snatch of the soft warmth of Brittany, and an underlayer of firm Flanders content.

"What in the world are you laughing at?" demanded the woman.

The girl turned sober again.

"I laugh at lifes," she said, quietly. "I laugh at fortunes it brings me. I laugh at slurs it throws to me. You pay me, Madame Brookins, what you think I earn. If it is not much, I laugh. If it is much, I cry for joy. Because I need it."

Hard-eyed, hard-faced, the woman in bed stared a sour, disapproving stare, yet the fresh, smiling face of the girl remained unchanged. Finally Leen saw the bitter lines relenting on the steeled face. Perhaps it was because there had been some one on the stairs, some one who now came into the room with a casual knock. It was the man who had passed in the hall. He glanced from Leen to Mrs. Brookins curiously.

"Robert, I have employed *Fräulein* here to succeed Miss Brant. *Fräulein* comes splendidly recommended by a prominent French lady."

"I hope the reference was in English, so you could read it," offered the man. He turned to the girl, grimly. "You think you will like it here?"

"About things not pleasant things I do not think, Mr. Brookins," Leen replied.

"It is not Mr. Brookins," corrected the woman in bed, importantly. "It is Mr. Sturge. Mr. Sturge is my brother. Now, *Fräulein*, concerning punishment. I wish you to know at first that I never give this privilege to any one. I should be a poor mother indeed were I to permit any one but myself to punish my child."

"But if the child not good is, he must be punished once," frankly informed Leen. "After, he obeys and he needs no punishment."

Mrs. Brookins was very icy.

"When Robert will not obey you without punishment, *Fräulein*, then it will be time for me, decisively so, to procure some one else."

"But you yourself punish; not so, madame?"

"That has nothing to do with the matter. My child is my child. Please remember that, no matter the cause."

Leen spoke back steadily.

"If your child I mother more than you your child mother," she testified, "then I am more mother of the child than you." She set for a moment her white teeth. "If the child bad is to anybody or to himself, I punish him. I will not lie to you now. If you do not like me to do that, then I go."

"I think the latter will be best," returned the woman, coldly. "Good-morning."

But the man, Sturge, stepped in front of the door.

"No, Margaret," he declared, quickly. "Let her stay. She is what the youngster needs. He's been abusing helpless nurses long enough. The right sort of punishment will do the beggar good."

Leen stayed. From morning till night next day and days thereafter her clear soprano trill, deep as soprano can be deep, filled the house. It played hide and seek through the dark corners, and by day lifted the window blinds a little higher

to sunlight. It enthused the house furnishings and bric-à-brac, and opened the piano once more to fingers in which music had nearly died. Mornings it wakened Mrs. Brookins soon after breakfast and brought her down at an hour which startled the entire household. It even penetrated the servant portion of the house and turned fear-performed labor into duties done in cheer.

The house could not hold it, this mellow, unobtrusive laughter. It followed the boy and Leen as they romped the lawn. It assailed the elderly neighbors on either side, and often pulled back their silent, drawn blinds.

But it was for Sturge, much of this never-grating laughter. And it was Sturge upon whom it worked the least. Day after day Leen watched his same grim, impassive face. Meal after meal, across the table corner, he refused to laugh or smile. Evenings at home, when little Bobby, filled with Leen's own glee, had shouted exuberantly, Sturge looked back again to his paper unmoved. And when laughter is thrown back into one's face it is wont to turn to depression and tears. But Leen laughed the more, and held herself with a strong grip that refused to let her own laughter leave her.

Then one evening there were guests, business friends of Sturge. Into the living-room after dinner there filtered such persistent laughter that the men forgot the business scheme that Sturge was planning and listened instead for the laughter to come again. Leen was summoned from the library.

The guests inspected the girl intently as she came without fear through the hallway portières. Sturge flicked a bit of ash from his cigar to the fireplace, then looked up, his face concernless and cold.

"*Fräulein*," he said, curtly. Before he had always called her Leen. "Did it ever occur to you that loud hilarity may be vulgar and offensive to ears in a house where one is employed?" He flicked a little more of ash to the fireplace. "That's all."

The girl, unshrinking, had only lifted higher her head.

"If I may not laugh," she said so low it was almost a whisper, "then I go. If for a day I do not laugh, I die." There was a tragic mystery in the blue eyes, but not for long. The

girl fought to smile. In the face of every man there shamelessly she struggled. Then it was accomplished, a wonderful, genuine smile that did not oversmile. She laughed. Without a word she turned and brushed through the velvet curtains. A moment more the men could hear her laughter from the library.

Leen was reading Maeterlinck in French that evening when some one knocked on the door. "Mr. Sturge would like to see you in the library. 'If you are still up,' he said."

Leen laid her book on the mahogany-boarded radiator and left.

She found Sturge in an easy chair, not at the big birch table-desk, as she had feared. The man got to his feet with a little show of respect, and a faint little smile of welcome actually came and went about his eyes.

"I just wanted to apologize to you, Leen," he began, quietly. "I didn't mean the ugly thing I said to you this evening—in front of those men besides. You will pardon me, I know. I have been so confoundedly worried about business I haven't been responsible for weeks."

Leen was standing in the doorway, very grave and thoughtful there.

"If you'd only smile, sir," she began at last. "If you only laugh, things don't come so hard. It helps me. See! One can smile always when one tries it—hard." Into the earnest face of the girl came something white and holy, something sacred. Sturge looked away uneasily.

"Little smiling you'd do, my girl, if you were ever up against what I am."

"I do not know your trouble. I do not ask to know. But if you laugh at it the ghost will not look so big, the trouble will not come so real. I know, for I laugh away a mountain."

Sturge was cruelly gentle.

"You have laughed off your little fancied troubles, my girl," he reproved. "But you have not seen your business sinking every day still lower through this accursed war. You are in America, safe and sound, far away from trouble. You have nothing to lose."

The girl was breathing hard and fast. For a second she labored wildly to smile. Then she managed it, and came back safely to control.

"If your business does not go on, you lose everything?" she asked

"Oh, of course not that," declared Sturge. "I have other things—enough, no matter what comes. But my business isn't doing what it should, what we had planned for it. And it shows me up unpleasantly to every one."

The girl was staring, pity in her gray-blue eyes.

"And for that you cannot smile or laugh—for that!" Without laughter, though the laughter might well have been louder and keener than it had ever been, the girl turned and left.

Next morning she thought she saw the making of relaxation on Sturge's face as he went by to his breakfast. Anyhow, she gave him a hearty smile and a short, rich laugh. Later she eluded her boy for the minute and peeped through the portières to the dining-room. Sturge was genuinely smiling at John as the butler came from his pantry.

After this Leen saw change working in the man. It seemed that he came to her often. Frequently he asked her for a smile to help him as he went to his office. Nightly he teased her for a little laughter to cheer him when he returned. Evening after evening they all sat in the library or living-room, Leen with Bobby on her lap, delving into legends and fairy tales, Mrs. Brookins fast in a novel, and Sturge with his paper. It had become a cozy little family group. Even Sturge ceased to marvel when his sister would look up from her romance to reply without irritation to a sentence from Bobby or Leen.

It was on one of these evenings that the boy tired of fantastic things. Silently he pushed his uncle's paper aside and crawled into his lap.

"Uncle Rob," he began, very earnest and thoughtful, "why don't you go to Europe and stop the war?"

Then man stirred in embarrassment, then laughed, looking to Leen for his reward. But the girl was staring breathless into the gas-fed fire.

"Why, your Uncle Rob couldn't do that, Bobby," returned Sturge, gently. "It would take a much bigger man than he."

"Then somebody ought to that's a giant," declared the boy. "Leen knows a girl who hasn't any father or mother any more 'cause they was all killed. And they don't have a house no more, 'cause it burnt up. And her brother was a soldier, and he was killed, too. Gee, Uncle Rob! Think-a me with Leen and you and Mutty all killed like that! Don't you think somebody ought to get hanged?"

"Somebody ought, Bobby," agreed his uncle, softly. He looked quietly to Leen. Mrs. Brookins laid down her book and was intent upon the girl.

"Why, Leen!" she exclaimed. "Who is she? You never even mentioned her to me!"

"I never told," Leen declared, winking tightly, "because inside me it hurts to tell. And to tell there is not much. The mother was alone, a shell comes to the house, and—nothing is left, not even enough to bury."

"Leen!" Mrs. Brookins leaned toward the girl, horrified.

"The girl, my friend, is in your country. Family friends write and tell her. Then, after, a letter from the Government comes. Her brother and father are killed in the same week in the trenches. They are buried in the fields. And now there is no family and the girl very lonely is."

"Alone over here! Poor child!" Mrs. Brookins looked wretchedly to her brother.

"She is not alone, Leen, if she has you to laugh to her," declared Sturge, gently.

"No;" the girl smiled bravely. "If my laughing she did not have, she would be dead, I think. But she is stronger now."

"Why in the world is she still staying away from home?" demanded Mrs. Brookins, in righteous horror.

"There is no money left. She could not go if she wants. Nearly five hundred dollars she saved. But she could not keep money if her people write to her that they starve because nothing is to eat! She works now to send more back to her people."

"The poor girl is a Belgian!" divined Mrs. Brookins, aloud.

"Belgian, yes. She was of Ruenchamps, in Liège. She

is in America one year. But that makes the pain not less." Leen's eyes found the clock on the wide mantel above the jetting fire. "Oh, Bobby! Half eight! Come with me. While you undress perhaps I tell you a little story."

It must have been nearly ten o'clock. Still fully dressed, Leen crept from across her sleepless bed to the now darkened sun-room. Moonlight silvered by snow lay in through the big windows aslant on the floor. The girl turned quietly, tragically, to the countless squares of glass.

Everywhere on the lawn outside were shadows and moonlight. Away, picturesque housetops stood etched in colorless shadow. Beyond, in a starless sky, hung the moon.

Face close to the cold pane, the girl leaned. Then, because she could not have helped it if she would, she began to sing, more of a chanted sob, but sweet; it was:

*"Stille Nacht,
Heilige Nacht.
Alles schläft,
Einsam wächet."*

Over and over again, softly sweeter, she sang in this tongue to her heart, which was so distended that it might have broken had it not been for a voice behind her. It was a deep voice, a man's voice, but gentle and low.

"You are homesick, my girl?" it said.

Whirling, Leen saw the tall, spare figure of Sturge there in the slanted shadows and moonlight.

"No," she whispered. "Sick—not homesick. Sick! Sick! But not dead. See, I can smile! I can laugh! Do you see in the moonlight?"

"You are a wonderful girl," said the man, softly, to Leen it seemed tenderly. Something in her heart gave a leap. She did not know what to say. So she laughed.

"I've been thinking about that friend of yours. I couldn't get her out of my head. I want you to go and see her to-morrow, and tell her I'll pay her passage back to her country."

Leen had grown suddenly rigid, strained. She screamed trying to laugh, but it would not come. He wanted her to go

away—the man she had laughed for, the man who had given her somehow that wonderful feeling within her!

“You want her to go back,” she managed to utter; “back where her home is not—where her mother and father and brother are not there to give welcome, where she is hungry like the others are hungry, where she suffers four times more as here?”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” declared Sturge, quickly. “I didn’t think of that. I thought, perhaps, she could help her plucky little country—be a nurse in a hospital or something. Honestly, that’s what I thought. Don’t tell her, Leen, if you think she doesn’t want to go.”

“You think it is duty to—go back?” she whispered, wetting her stiffened lips.

“I thought she’d want to help her Fatherland when it was in such trouble,” protested Sturge, miserably. “Of course, it’s up to her. I just thought I’d offer it. I didn’t suppose she wouldn’t want to go.”

The girl opened her mouth to speak, but she could not hear the words come. At last she found her throat obeying her in a strained, hushed whisper.

“She will go—back to her Motherland—now when it is in trouble. On the first boat she will go. Some day, if she lives, she will try to pay back to you—the money. But over there—she may not live. Not much will be for to live—her mother in pieces, her father and brother under the fields, her home broken and burned, her friends crying for something to eat.” The voice broke desperately as the girl swayed and caught herself on the wide window ledge.

In a moment the man grasped her.

“Leen! Leen!” he cried, shaking her as he held her. “Leen! Who is this girl? Tell me! It isn’t you? You don’t mean that, Leen!”

The yellow head, silver in the moonlight, only nodded and fell. With a little gasp the man pulled her up and close to him. Leen felt his arms straining and strong about her.

"Then she won't go," came his whisper, a quiet, wonderful whisper. "Because I won't let her go. Because I myself need her here with me. And I need her because I love her—her smile and her laughter, her courage and yellow hair. All of her I love. I am selfish. And I daren't let her go."

Hours afterward they were sitting on the sun-room hammock swing. Back and forward they quivered mystically in the moonlight.

"But how are you a Belgian?" asked Sturge, tenderly—"you with blue eyes and yellow hair? How did you learn French so well? And how did I hear you singing a German song?"

"You must ask harder than this," laughed Leen. Then she grew sober again. "My father found the mother of me in Teinach von Schwarzwald, the Black Forest, and he brought her back to our little country. I talk French because more than half everybody in my country talk French. And I sing a German song because I love the people of my mother and their songs. I love the French, too, and their songs. I always have loved them. Why now should I stop the loving?"

"But the war," breathed Sturge. "What has one of these countries done to you?"

"The men of one army—do they believe they do right more than the men of the other believe they do right? The men of one die and suffer like the men of the other. The women of the Germans lose the men they love so much as we Belgians, so much as the French. Oh, if you hungry and thirsty were and without clothes in the cold! Some army finds you. The men quick would feed you. They clothe you and give you drink. It might be not much, but what they had they share with you. What matter if it German, if it French or Belgian is? I am Belgian. But I could not help—there I was born. I might French have been, or Hungarian. Everybody is same as I. But they are not away, heart cooler in another land. Oh, no matter what I am born, I am a woman, and all peoples who have been good I love."

The man's eyes were steady with awe and tenderness.

"And with all this horror at home," he whispered, "you had time for me, time to laugh and smile for me. Poor little Leen, yet rich little Leen, who can laugh at life."

(Reprinted by permission from *The Outlook* of February 23, 1916.)

SUGGESTED WAR NUMBERS.

In the Van Guard (play)—Katrina Trask.

The Wine Press (poem)—Alfred Noyes.

The Three Things (story)—Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.

The Colors (story, *Scribner's*, July, 1916)—Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.

Poems of the War—Collected by Rev. Willard L. Sperry.

Nothing to Report—James Norman Hall.

In the Trenches—James Norman Hall.

Poems of War and Peace—Robert Underwood Johnson.

He Went for a Soldier—Ruth Comfort Mitchell.

The English Flag—Rudyard Kipling.

"EXPRESSION NECESSARY TO EVOLUTION."

OPENING DAY ADDRESS

BY

PRESIDENT HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK.

One of our Freshmen has asked me the meaning of the motto upon the college seal, "Expression Necessary to Evolution." In that phrase, so far as a phrase can suggest it, is the meaning of Emerson College.

What is Emerson College? It is the largest of the schools of expression in the world. It has the highest standards of admission and of graduation. It has the broadest and the fullest curriculum. It has thirty-five years of honorable history and has earned its place in the sun. These are facts, but they do not answer the question "What is Emerson College of Oratory?" None of its studies, nor the sum of them, nor its managers, nor its faculty, nor its students, however greatly they contribute, explain Emerson. The answer is in the universal truth of its basic principles, the soundness of their pedagogic formulation into methods of study, the insight and skill of their application to individual needs, and, last but not least, in the informing spirit in which Emerson lives and moves and has its being.

All development is through expression. The Monroe Doctrine was the formulation of one man. Its expression in various situations and crises has developed it into a principle so vital that no real American would consent even to arbitrate it. Today Christianity means not only the statement of the sublime truths of its founder, but its expression adown the centuries in the acts and sacrifices of its followers and in all its organizations and activities for human betterment. We think today even of the Universe itself not so much as a creation, a completed thing, but as being created forever by the life which evolves into higher and more complex life. By expres-

sion civilization became possible. By the expression of the longings and visions of the few, who at a given time are the world's leaders, has this civilization evolved, and only as we behold these expressions of the higher attributes of the human mind can we realize the truth of Holy Writ. "We are now the sons of God"; and only through the dreams and finer vision that these expressions awaken in ourselves are we assured that "it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Courage develops only through expression—if it be courage and not mere recklessness or ignorance of peril. Napoleon is quoted as saying that most men are cowards, but that seven out of ten can be made brave. Love and all the virtues in the arch of which Love is the keystone are realities to us and not abstractions solely because of their expression in individual and collective action. Man's will is the product of repeated expressions in conduct, and his character is evolved through habitual expression of certain attractions and tendencies. All skill, intellectual or mechanical, is an evolution for which expression is a necessity. Your sole value to the world is your influence, and your influence is known and measured according to how and what you express.

The work of Emerson is, primarily, training the individual to express; and, supremely, the development of the personality that expresses.

Let us at the outset realize the meaning of our task. None may hope for a large result whose concept is small. The height of the ideal you follow is the measure of your character, and, usually, the index of your achievements. The field is without limit. What you will do in it will depend upon your own size. It will not be larger than you are. If you fail to see what is to be done you will not do it.¹¹

Now there are some whose concept of expression is the speaking of pieces, and for such it will be an accomplishment with, incidentally, a little money or a little glory—just a fringe upon the fabric of social life. Others seek a school because it claims to help them get into a Chautauqua or upon the stage. Their conception is larger and their purpose more earnest, for they are thinking of the study of expression as a way to make

a living. Emerson College recognizes this need and meets it, and therein shares the work that other schools are doing. But, while providing fully and practically for these needful things, Emerson has held through all the years an idea larger than that of mere utility. There is a greater thing to think upon than the making of a living—it is the making of a life! Incidentally, he who makes the best of life is not unlikely to make the best living.¹¹

It is not my thought to deny that others respect this ideal. But it is beyond dispute that because of the length and breadth and fullness as well as by the nature of her training, and the spirit in which her work is done; because her conscience does not doze on efficiency and ways and means, but knows that in days like these we need to hear more about life's ends and values; because of her stress upon the larger, and not the more limited, vision of the privilege and duty of a college of expression Emerson has won her place in the esteem of the educators of the land and in the hearts of those whose lives she has shaped.

The Freshmen begin this week their study of what someone has called "the Emersonians' bible," "The Evolution of Expression," a study which develops power and facility in oratory while revealing that oratory is an evolution. In the work of the very first chapter you will be urged to express and with utmost abandon, not necessarily all there is in your selections, nor what another might see, nor what you may discover later, but what you see now. And in the artistic as in the moral world if you express now frankly and freely what you are, straightway will you see more, and you will want to be what you ought to be. Expression releases personality while it enriches it. How sadly many an imprisoned soul needs releasing by expression of the treasures within! How often must they, like children's toy banks, be shaken about by circumstance, spiritually rattled around and inverted before they can release a dime's worth of what is within them! The primal injunction is to express with whole-heartedness, to let go, because there can be no growth without expression. The negative do not progress because they do not express. "Where

are you going?" someone asked an old colored woman. "Oh, I've done been whar I've gwine," she replied. The negative folks has been whar they's gwine, for expression is necessary to progression.

I have said the work of Emerson is, primarily, training the individual to express. This necessitates exercises for freedom and for control. The mind is the organ of thought and the sympathetic nerve system the center of feeling and the body the channel through which thought and feeling become manifest. To improve expression we must improve the channel, clear it from constrictions and set it free that truth may course through it. Right habits are established only through right practices long repeated, not at all by mere appreciation of what is admirable. Expression—doing—is the only means by which the incorrect gives way to the correct. To know the gospel one must live the life.

What sort of voice have you? It is your reporter. By it you are judged in public and in the casual contact of a social gathering. As a medium of expression its value cannot be overestimated. Through it the whole gamut of human feeling finds interpretation. What is your voice like? Has it music and magic or is it strident or flat? Does it command delighted attention or does it startle and jar? When a bit excited do you speak or do you squawk? Can it be said of you,

"Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Whatever your voice today it has undeveloped possibilities of resonance, richness and control. Will you pay the price? To be told what is right will not help you much. To have exercises prescribed signifies little. Expression, daily, unremitting, is necessary to development.

Besides expression for freedom we need expression for control.⁴ The artist must have a technique that has both dependability and distinction.⁵ A part of this technique is mechanical—right placing, correct adjustments consciously and constantly repeated, a kind of technical preparation corresponding to the five finger exercises of the young pianist—an established physical control all successful interpreters have in common.

There is also to be secured a technique that is individual, the result of one's personal experiment and through which one's own nature expresses its reactions in a way that is not idiosyncratic yet is characteristic, and while no less dependable than the more mechanical and common technique, cannot be passed from one to another, but has the charm and authority of individuality and becomes his artistic copyright.

A friend said that when crossing the ocean many years ago he was startled when lying in his stateroom one evening by hearing through the thin partition a voice in the adjoining room cry "murder" in tones of deepest intensity. Again and again came that word, with varying quality and pitch and in a voice vibrant with feeling. At length the expression became fixed and recurred in one intonation, thrilling, awesome and penetrating to the very blood of the listener. On making inquiry next morning the friend learned the adjoining stateroom was occupied by Edwin Booth, then on his way to open his first London engagement in Hamlet. A tone quality had not satisfied him. He was feeling his way for the utterance of Hamlet when overwhelmed by the horror of the ghost's revelation, for the quality in it which would have authority. At last he had found it and by repeated expression was making it a part of a technique no less reliable because largely self-taught and full of that magic which was Booth. At the height of that marvelous career he was still ready to pay the price. Will you pay?

The artist needs style, which is a very high form of technique. To attain style give closest study in all your interpretative work to diction, and in your original work to oral experimentation. When we say "He is an easy writer" we mean, not that he writes easily but that his writing is easy for us to read. We call B "an easy speaker" if it is easy for us to listen to him. Both have paid the price. Two of England's great Parliamentary orators read through the dictionary once each year. They paid the price of mastery of the magic and the potency of fitting words. If the master of his art felt it incumbent to pay such a price, what of the obligation of the tyro who aspires to mastery? The most brilliant preacher, perhaps, of

greater Boston told me one of his parishioners said to him: "Doctor, you speak so wonderfully and yet so easily it seems as if all you have to do is to open your mouth and the Lord fills it." "Well," he answered, "I hope He does, but I notice it takes from Monday morning till Saturday night to do it."

I have spoken of some things Emerson emphasizes in training the individual to express. It leaves the more common ground in its emphasis of that which is to be expressed.

Other things being equal, the greater the man the greater the expression. The greatest thing in oratory is the orator himself, for the orator is the man speaking. The greater the personality of the actor, other things being equal, the deeper the impress of his art. The great actor does not "play himself," but his part. But he does not "lose himself in his part," for if he plays his role greatly it is because he uses that side or quality of his individuality which has its counterpart in the character assumed, and invests it with his own authority and charm.

To interpret greatly we need *Appreciation*. There is no surer way to enlarge the gamut of our appreciation or to add intensity to its quality than through expression of the best we can appreciate to-day.

To interpret greatly we need *Enthusiasm*. It is the life blood of every great achievement. It grows by expression, spreads by contagion, brings out one's best and warms others to give of their best. The Lord pity the dry and stringy folks who have no enthusiasm for anything! Whatever place there may be for these tepid souls there is none in the field of interpretation. Only he who can catch fire can give out sparks. Enthusiasm breeds enthusiasm as mirth begets mirth.

To interpret greatly we need *confidence*. Perhaps you fear the ordeal of facing an audience. Heaven help you if you do not, or at least have not felt such fear. Then you are "a dull and muddy-mettled rascal," too stodgy to become an artist, too unimpressible to be in any high sense expressive. But this fear is to be dreaded only when experienced in a degree so acute as to paralyze effective expression. I remember once standing before a thousand people, my voice quavering and my knees glued together to keep me from falling. This was stage

fright too overwhelming to be a stimulant. How may one evolve that confidence that can transmute the fear that would paralyze into the impressibility that stimulates? By summoning the consciousness of the value of the message itself; but, chiefly, through the habit of expression, one will come to believe what has been done before may be done now. For whatever one may lack in native assurance may be substituted this historical assurance. As it has been so it shall be. Expression is necessary to the evolution of artistic confidence.

To interpret greatly we need *reality*, and by this I mean truthful presentation of the permanent in the world of nature and in the realm of the human spirit. We need expression of intense feeling—not intense expression of no feeling. The one is real, the other a sham—"sound fury signifying nothing." If your manner gets ahead of your matter you become an object of pity or of scorn. Reality of expression is rooted in reality of experience. In art only the real survives.

To interpret greatly we need *distinction*, whether we be advocates or whether we be interpreters, and distinction is quality. What is a gentleman? Definition is not easy, and yet according to our own conception of what a gentleman is we know one when we see him. One may hold to the foreign idea that birth and breeding, distinguished family and established position are at least essential. One may believe the test to be altogether one of honor, kindly feeling and delicate understanding of the feelings of others. But whether we tend to accept the aristocratic or the more democratic ideal, or try somehow to blend the two, we recognize the exemplar of that ideal when he is before us. Forbes Robertson is an actor. But he does not act a gentleman when presenting *The Stranger* in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," for he invests the role with a quality which is his very own. I have seen a dozen actors of renown play Hamlet. All these performers had elements of power and beauty, with at least moments of greatness. But three of them were princely. Hamlet was the Prince of Denmark. Doubtless all the actors would have presented a prince if they could. Some gave creditable performances of an actor acting a prince, but the demand upon them was too great.

It was the demand for a quality, and they had it not. Those who saw Mr. Robertson's Hamlet saw a gentleman, not a man disguised as a gentleman and impersonating one.

A gentleman is not made overnight. He is an evolution of the expression of qualities—manliness, consideration, chivalry, refinement, “high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy.” Distinction of bearing, cleanness and charm of speech, delicate consideration of manner, are but the outward garb of the fineness of the indwelling spirit, of a sureness and quiet beauty of soul. In his personality you are conscious of a sense of values, of strength with symmetry, readiness with modesty, of adequacy at all points, nothing in excess. Such a personality deepens all influence, ennobles all art, irradiates whatever it touches. It is an evolution through expression. One can no more become a gentleman by taking thought than he can by taking thought add a cubit to his stature. Only he who holds steadily the ideals and obligations of a gentleman and expresses them in daily action may become or remain a gentleman. And upon you students of a college of expression, you who are to go forth as advocates of the truth that is in your souls, to minister to the needs of the world as you see them, or through your interpretations to raise a community's standards of appreciation of the thoughts of the deepest, wisest, wittiest, noblest of the world's thinkers and writers, it is obligatory in the highest degree to develop through expression those qualities of heart, that grace and graciousness of manner, that in all time are the fine inward essence and the radiant outward revelation of the gentleman—of the lady! It will not answer that you measure to the level of the average. No mediocrity will suffice. Upon you of all men and women is the demand of leadership, of example. Nor can you hide behind your art, as may the sculptor or the painter. You are in your art. It speaks through you and can rise no higher than yourself. Whether you would or not you give something of yourself to every character you assume and your personality speaks in every utterance. Study diligently *how* to express. But deeper and higher is Emerson's ringing adjuration—consider *what* you express.

To express high things it is essential that we appreciate them—that we admire and revere them. But we cannot embody and incarnate them through appreciation and through longing, any more than we can execute a sonata upon the pianoforte or transfer to canvas a sunset's glory by merely appreciating it. To respond sentimentally and emotionally to an artist's interpretation of hunger and destitution does not make one a whit more conscious that he is his brother's keeper if he merely lets that emotion ooze and evaporate from his lacrimal glands. He must express in helpful action his aroused consciousness or there is for him no evolution in the power or desire to serve.

To interpret greatly we must have *helpfulness of spirit*. The desire to serve is essential to oratoric and to artistic success. All the great orators developed their powers through advocacy. They worked for human needs. You can think of no great orator who has not been associated with great causes, none who had not the spirit of St. George, none too proud to fight with all that was in him against the evil and for the good, none who was for "safety first," but in all times was for justice first and for the human need. And the great artists, too, have been rich in the humanities.

Your spirit of helpfulness, the earnestness and obviousness of your will to serve is the life blood of your influence, and all your interpretations will be colored by it. *What* is to be expressed? "And the greatest of these is Love." How is it evolved? Through its expression. When shall it be expressed? By and by, when you have a great part to play, a great poem to interpret, or when you are asked to speak for a cause that appeals to the common heart of a community? Ah no. If you wait for these occasions when they come you will be but as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. For the evolution of that supreme quality, Love—expression is necessary. There is no quality which demands expression so constant and so immediate. Someone has defined a genius as one who can see \$10,000 a long way off but who can never see ten cents near enough to get hold of it. You have but to turn around any day, or even to look straight ahead of you, to find opportunity to express in word, or look, or act, in some way—large or trivial, and

through expression to develop the supreme quality of human influence and human service.

My plea today is that you may open your minds to the consciousness that expression is necessary to evolution—may grasp the greatness of your calling; may realize that the man himself is not merely the measure of what he does but is necessarily greater than anything he may do; that, adequate training once secured, your own character, ideals, attitude toward life—in short, your *quality*, will be the measure of your success; that above the duty of making a living is the duty of making a life; that none who does not dream greatly can hope to achieve greatly.


I want, too, that you should think of Emerson as of a warm, human place, where the ambitious are encouraged and where the discouraged may find new heart—a place of sympathy and understanding, where one may adjust his sense of values. It has been such to those who have known it through the years—a light to set their feet upon the road. I want the newcomers to realize that it will be even so for them.

AUTUMN.


Now when the time of fruit and grain is come,
When apples hang above the orchard wall,
And from a tangle by the roadside stream
A scent of wild grapes fills the racy air,
Comes Autumn with her sunburnt caravan,
Like a long gypsy train with trappings gay
And tattered colors of the Orient,
Moving slow-footed through the dreamy hills.
The woods of Wilton, at her coming, wear
Tints of Bokhara and Samarcand;
The maples glow with their Pompeian red,
The hickories with burnt Etruscan gold:
And while the crickets fife along her march,
Behind her banners burns the crimson sun.

Atlantic Monthly

Bliss Carman.



Songs of the Guns



SIGNALS.

(Written within sound of the guns on the British front.)

The hot wax drips from the flares
On the scrawled pink forms that litter
The bench where he sits; the glitter
Of stars is framed by the sand-bags atop of the
dugout stairs.
And the lagging watch hands creep,
And his cloaked mates murmur in sleep—
Forms he can wake with a kick—
And he hears as he plays with the pressel-switch, the
strapped receiver click
On his ear that listens, listens;
And the candle-flicker glistens
On the rounded brass of the switch board where the
red wires cluster thick.

Wires from the earth, from the air;
Wires that whisper and chatter
At night, when the trench-rats patter
And nibble among the rations and scuttle back to
their lair;
Wires that are never at rest—
For the linesmen tap them and test,
And ever they tremble with tone:—
And he knows from a hundred signals the buzzing
call of his own,
The breaks and the vibrant stresses,—
The Z, and the G, and the Esses,
That call his hand to the answering key and his mouth
to the microphone.

For always the laid guns fret
On the words that his mouth shall utter,
Where rifle and Maxim stutter
And the rockets volley to starward from the spurting
parapet;
And always his ear must hark
To the voices out of the dark,—
For the whisper over the wire,
From the bombed and the battered trenches where
the wounded moan in the mire,—
For a sign to waken the thunder
Which shatters the night asunder
With the flash of the leaping muzzles and the beat
of battery-fire.

—*Gilbert Frankan.*

NO MAN'S LAND.

(Realism is a rare quality in modern war poetry. This is but natural, for poets, especially those who know war intimately, find that it needs to be idealized before it becomes a fit subject for poetic treatment. Here is an accurate picture of the terrors of that death filled waste between the trenches to which has been given the name of No Man's Land.)

No Man's Land is an eerie sight
At early dawn in the pale gray light.
Never a house and never a hedge
In No Man's Land from edge to edge.
And never a living soul walks there
To taste the fresh of the morning air.
Only some lumps of rotting clay,
That were friends or foemen yesterday.

What are the bounds of No Man's Land?
You can see them clearly on either hand,
A mound of rag-bags gray in the sun,
Or a furrow of brown where the earth works run
From the eastern hills to the western sea

Through field or forest, o'er river and lea;
No man may pass them, but aim you well
And Death rides across on the bullet or shell.

But No Man's Land is a goblin sight
When patrols crawl over at dead o' night;
Boche or British, Belgian or French,
You dice with death when you cross the trench.
When the "rapid," like fireflies in the dark,
Flits down the parapet spark by spark,
And you drop for cover to keep your head
With your face on the breast of the four months dead.

The man who ranges in No Man's Land
Is dogged by the shadows on either hand
When the star-shell's flare, as it bursts overhead,
Scares the great gray rats that feed on the dead,
And the bursting bomb or the bayonet-snatch
May answer the click of your safety catch.
For the lone patrol with his life in his hand
Is hunting for blood in No Man's Land.

—*J. Knight Agkin.*

London Spectator.

BATTLE SLEEP.

Somewhere, O sun, some corner there must be
Thou visitest, where down the strand
Quietly, still, the waves go out to sea
From the green fringes of a pastoral land.

Deep in the orchard-bloom the roof-trees stand,
The brown sheep graze along the bay,
And through the apple-boughs above the sand
The bees' hum sounds no fainter than the spray.

There through uncounted hours declines the day
To the low arch of twilight's close,
And just as night about the moon grows gray,
One sail leans westward to the fading rose.

Giver of dreams, O thou with scatheless wing
 Forever moving through the fiery hail,
 To flame-seared lids the cooling vision bring,
 And let some soul go seaward with that sail!
—Edith Wharton.

Century Magazine.

HARVEST MOON.

Over the twilight field,
 The over-flowing field,—
 Over the glimmering field,
 And bleeding furrows with their sodden yield
 Of sheaves that still did writhe,
 After the scythe;
 The teeming field and darkly overstrewn
 With all the garnered fulness of that noon—
 Two looked upon each other.
 One was a woman men had called their mother;
 And one, the Harvest Moon.

And one, the Harvest Moon,
 Who stood, who gazed
 On those unquiet gleanings where they bled;
 Till the lone Woman:

“But we were crazed . . .
 We should laugh now together, I and you,
 We two.
 You, for your ever dreaming it was worth
 A star’s while to look on and light the earth;
 And I, for ever telling to my mind,
 Glory it was, and gladness, to give birth
 To human kind!

Yes, I, that ever thought it not amiss
 To give the breath to men,
 For men to slay again;

Lording it over anguish but to give
My life, that men might live
For this.
You will be laughing now, remembering
I called you once Dead World, and barren thing,
Yes, so we named you then,
You, far more wise
Than to give life to men."

Over the field, that there
Gave back the skies
A scattered upward stare
From blank white eyes,—
The furrowed field that lay
Striving awhile, through many a bleeding dune
Of throbbing clay, but dumb and quiet soon,
She looked, and went her way—
The Harvest Moon.

—*Josephine Preston Peabody.*

Boston Transcript.

THE PIPES OF PAN.

When the woods are gay in the time of June
With the chestnut flow'r and fan,
And the birds are still in the hush of noon,—
Hark to the pipes of Pan!
He plays on the reed that once was a maid
Who broke from his arms and ran,
And her soul goes out to the list'ning glade—
Hark to the pipes of Pan!
Though you hear, come not near,
Fearing the wood-god's ban;
Soft and sweet in the dim retreat,
Hark to the pipes of Pan!

And the Dryads dance with the Satyr rout;
He gathers his goat-foot clan,
And the Dryads dance with the Satyr rout;
Hark to the pipes of Pan!
For he pipes the dance of the happy Earth
Ere ever the gods began.
When the woods were merry and mad with mirth—
Hark to the pipes of Pan!
Come not nigh, pass them by;
Woe to the eyes that scan!
Wild and loud to the leaping crowd,
Hark to the pipes of Pan!

When the armies meet on the battle field,
And the fight is man to man,
With the gride of sword and the clash of shield—
Hark to the pipes of Pan!
Thro' the madden'd shriek of the flying rear,
Thro' the roar of the charging van,
There skirls the tune of the God of Fear—
Hark to the pipes of Pan!
Ours the fray—on and slay,
Let him escape that can!
Ringing out in the battle-shout,
Hark to the pipes of Pan!

—*Adrian Ross.*

VIVE LA FRANCE!

Franceline rose in the dawning gray,
And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,
For her man Michel had holiday,
Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle-side,
And with baby palms folded in hers she cried:
"If I have but one prayer, dear, crucified
Christ—save France!

"But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,
Carry me safe to the meeting-place,
Let me look once again on my dear love's face,
Save him for France!"

She crooned to her boy: "Oh, how glad he'll be,
Little three-months old, to set eyes on thee!
For, 'Rather than gold, would I give,' wrote he,
'A son to France.'

"Come, now, be good, little stray *sauterelle*,
For we're going by-by to thy papa Michel,
But I'll not say where for fear thou wilt tell,
Little pigeon of France!

"Six days' leave and a year between!
But what would you have? In six days clean,
Heaven was made," said Franceline.
"Heaven and France."

She came to the town of the nameless name,
To the marching troops in the street she came,
And she held high her boy like a taper flame
Burning for France.

Fresh from the trenches and gray with grime,
Silent they marched like a pantomime;
"But what need of music? My heart beats time—
Viva la France!

His regiment comes. Oh, then where is he?
"There is dust in my eyes, for I cannot see—
Is that my Michel to the right of thee,
Soldier of France?"

Then out of the ranks a comrade fell—
"Yesterday—'twas a splinter of shell—
And he whispered thy name, did thy poor Michel,
Dying for France."

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed
Like a woman's heart of its last joy robbed,
As she lifted her boy to the flag, and sobbed:
"Viva la France!"

—*Charlotte Holmes Crawford.*

Scribner's.

In reassigning work by divisions in the Senior Expressive Voice class, Mrs. Southwick made the following startling announcement: "Miss Scureman and Miss Van Hoesen may go to the D—."

After several murmurs from Mr. Smith, who was the sole male occupant of the back row in Room 10, Mrs. Hicks referred to that section of the room as the "Amen corner." Whereupon Miss Ellis was heard to remark shamelessly, "The A-man corner."

Mr. Hubbard, in Students' Association: "If any new student wants to know what becomes of her fifty cent dues, just see me any noon and I'll show her," and here he inadvertently thrust his hand in his pocket.



FACULTY NOTES.

Mr. Henry Lawrence Southwick announces his seventeenth annual course of Interpretative Recitals. The series this year will be devoted to Dramatic Masterpieces.

PROGRAMME.

October 20

“Disraeli”

Louis N. Parker

Charles Winslow Kidder

October 26

“Julius Caesar”

William Shakespeare

Henry Lawrence Southwick

November 3

“Lohengrin”

Oliver Huckel

Jessie Eldridge Southwick

November 10

“Martin Chuzzlewit”

Charles Dickens

Walter Bradley Tripp

November 17

“The Master Builder”

Henrik Ibsen

Agnes Knox Black

November 24

“Monna Vanna”

Maurice Maeterlinck

Maud Gatchell Hicks

THURSDAY MORNING LECTURES.

September 28

Macbeth

Jessie Eldridge Southwick

October 5

The Optimism of the Poets

Dr. E. Charlton Black

October 19

Kipling Program

Dean Ross and Mr. Kenney

October 26

Ralph Waldo Emerson, A Study

Dr. Leon Vincent

CLASS ROOM.

The thing which will count for the greatest in us is the awakening which shows our individuality and originality.—*Mrs. Southwick.*

The great interpreter is one who is as greatly versed in scientific principles as in the emotions.—*Dr. Black.*

Active analysis always precedes active imagining.—*Mrs. Hicks.*

Quality is the only measure of final success.—*Mrs. Southwick.*

Enthusiasm does not necessarily mean speed.—*Mr. Kenney.*

The author is not yours until he has walked through your soul and gone out in expression.—*Miss Sleight.*

The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

EDITORIAL STAFF

NETTIE M. HUTCHINS	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
ANNE W. VAIL	<i>Literary Editor</i>
BEULAH K. FOLMSBEE	<i>Student Editor</i>
FRED WILLSON HUBBARD	<i>Business Manager</i>

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory, 30 Huntington Avenue, on the 15th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Business Manager. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE. Entered in the Post Office at Boston, Mass., as second class mail matter.

VOL. XXV.

NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 1

It is only fit that in our pages there should be recorded our awareness of the greatest struggle this world has ever witnessed. Titanic forces which we cannot ignore have released floods of unheard of violence upon our sister countries and have, by the grace of God, only barely escaped deluging us with fire and bloodshed. The effect upon the artistic and literary world has been tremendous. Imagination, staggered and crushed by the first months' horrors, has struggled to its feet again and through the pens of our writers and the brushes of our artists now plays in grandeur over the terrible events. A period of artistic renaissance may be said fairly to have begun. Therefore, it is but right and good that we, as exponents of the art of expression, should choose for our own use the best of that material which surrounds us now. The horrors, the atrocities of war are not its all. There are spiritual victories which will outlive the material gains and losses even of empires. May it be our privilege to pass on to others lessons we may learn from such struggles and such triumphs!

SPEAKING OF WAR, Thank you. Now that I have your
 LET'S START ONE attention, I will proceed. War
 HERE IN EMERSON. against bad art is what I meant all
 the time. There is too much "ragtime
 literature" upon the lips of every one of us, temporary in its
 appeal, unbeautiful in essence. And this is not said in undue
 depreciation of ragtime, be it understood. Ragtime has its
 place—a small one. We are in danger of letting it predominate
 in our repertoires. A word to the Emersonian is sufficient.

Down with the flimsy writings of cheap authors! Forward
 the worth while!

AT HOME. We are home—home again—at Emerson.

We of the Upper Three feel a delicious sense of
 reunion and happiness as we find ourselves, after the first few
 ecstatic days, slipping gently back into the dear, familiar
 paths. And you of the Fourth, you timid Freshmen, who are
 even now perhaps fancying yourselves *away* from home, have
 in store for yourselves the blissful realization of coming into
 your own, of finding yourselves, in very truth, at home in
 Emerson. At home in spirit, which is the real thing, is it not?
 For what is home, indeed, but an altar of loving service about
 which foregather kindred hearts? You have come to our
 hearthstone from farthest corners of our land. You bring
 your newborn aspirations, your dreams, your faith. We greet
 you with a friend's own handclasp, with zeal for your zeal,
 ideals for your ideals. In the warmth and sunshine of mutual
 love and helpfulness and loyalty to our Alma Mater, may you
 find your truest home.

We welcome you.

STUDENT

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

President.....Anne Vail
Vice-President.....Elvira Rasmussen
Secretary-Treasurer.....Fred Willson Hubbard

At the first meeting of the Students' Association plans were discussed for improving chapel order and attendance. The association is glad to announce to the Alumni that there is an increase of ten per cent in the enrollment.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The "quiet hour" of the busy Emersonian week from two o'clock until three, Friday in Room 510, brings a spirit of rest and inspiration to all who attend the meetings.

The first meeting of the year was held under the leadership of Miss Whiting. After the opening song, Dean Ross spoke to us about the relations existing between Emerson College and the Civic Service House, and introduced Mrs. Papazian, who has charge of the dramatic department of that institution. Mrs. Papazian gave an interesting talk about the benefit we can give and receive by spending one evening a week at the settlement house. At the conclusion of her address, Miss Darnell, Miss Guthrie and Mrs. Hicks told some of their experiences in settlement work. The meeting closed with a hymn and the benediction.

On Friday, October twentieth, Miss Charlotte Penfield of Wellesley, one of their student volunteers, talked to us about foreign missionary work. Miss Penfield invited us to attend

Fifty members of the class returned to the duties and pleasures of Seniors. They also returned with an idea, known as the Senior-Freshman movement. Through the efforts of Lucy Upson during the summer this has proved a success. We wish it to become an established custom.

An informal tea was given by Lucy Upson at 69 Gainsboro St., Monday, October 2. Miss Hutchins and Miss Nygren poured. The occasion was indeed a pleasant opportunity for the Seniors to extend a welcome to the Freshmen and new students. Mrs. Ross, Miss Sleight and Miss McQueston were present.

Quit naturally many Freshmen had anticipated that solemn time when they should be "hazed." At last one morning in chapel they were addressed by our Senior president, who said in part: "In Emerson we do intensive hazing. We do it all in one day and then it's over. No Freshman, however verdant, is supposed to ask any questions but all are to assemble, supplied with plenty of coats, mufflers and mittens and with her courage screwed to the sticking point. Every new student is urged to come, for, of course, no Senior wants to lose a chance to do her worst." Whereupon such perturbation of spirit was evinced in the foremost rows that President Southwick reassured them with his genial smile and kindly words. The "hazing" proved to be a sight-seeing tour about the city. This has been a custom for many years, but the students were not less appreciative than those in the past.

Some of the answers to the query, "A pleasant summer?"

Anne Vail spent three weeks with Helen Carter, at Carthage, N. Y.

Verre Johnston spent her summer vacation at Lake Nuan-gola, Pa.

Ellen Reed spent her summer at Camp Bo Naar.

Molly Sayre spent the vacation in Warwick, N. Y.

Marie Bellfontaine and Grace Thorson filled a two months' engagement at a Medford theatre.

Helen Reed spent several weeks at Rutland, Vt.

Golda Hewitt returned home via New York, Baltimore and Washington, D. C. Her mother accompanied her on her return to Boston and is spending a few weeks here.

Hazel Call spent her vacation at York Beach, Maine.

Frederica Magnus coached a farce in Memphis.

Jessie Haszard gave a recital in Montreal, for the benefit of the Red Cross Society.

Harriett Stille spent most of her vacation in Boston.

Margaret Scureman gave a patriotic program at Huntington Valley Camp Ground, Pa., July fourth.

Faye Eaton taught high school for five weeks after her return home.

Marguerite Thompson spent the summer in Buffalo with her sister, Mrs. L. C. Nicholson. She motored then to Boston, accompanied by Mr. L. C. Nicholson, Mr. Curtis and Leah Kendall.

Florence Bailey's address during the summer was Englewood Beach, Cape Cod.

Martha Marie Allen filled several reading engagements in the southern part of Iowa and while visiting in Chicago.

Mrs. M. Guthrie and niece, Dolores Dunn, visited Olive Guthrie for several days since her return to E. C. O.

Elizabeth Ellis and Marguerite Thompson read at a Hallowe'en party given by the Theosophical Society at Symphony Chambers, Saturday evening, October twenty-eighth.

Mildred Southwick is presenting "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" by Anthony Hope with cast of Senior students in Huntington Chambers Hall on the evening of November twenty-third.

JUNIOR.

The welcome of the Juniors, to all new students, is warm and hearty.

Several Junior girls are in charge of classes at the Civic Service House. Among them are Elizabeth Darnell, Margaret Pinkerton, Christine Punnett, and Catherine McCormick.

Ruby Walter gave a charming program before the Woman's Club of Charlestown, on October 7, it being the opening meeting of the club. Miss Walter also read at the Methodist church in Wollaston, on October 26.

A series of evening programs in Stoneham, Oct. 27; Medford, Nov. 2; and in Lowell, Nov. 15, was given by Ruth Van Buren. Her work proved to be most satisfactory and pleasing.

On Nov. 14, the Beacon trio is to furnish a lyceum program for West Acton. The trio is composed of Joseph Gifford and Richard De Bellis, vocalists, and Joseph Connor, reader. Miss Beatrice Coates is the accompanist. The trio has been touring New England during the summer and from all sources come reports of its fine programs and their satisfactory presentation. The material for both vocalists and reader is of high classical and literary order.

Catherine Green is staging and producing an original pantomime in Chelmsford, at the Unitarian church.

Miss Ruth Pancost was the reader at the Eddy silver wedding in Whiting Hall, Dorchester, a short time ago.

A most pleasing motor party was given by Effie Marison and Hazel Manley a short time ago. The group invited consisted of Helen Guild, Grace O'Leary, Dorothy Mitchell, Ann Fowler, Rosemary Hilton, Mrs. Maxham, Evelyn Ellis and Rena Macomber. A delightful trip was made to Nantasket, where a delicious lunch of sandwiches, olives, cakes, cookies, fruits and candy was eaten with keen relish. The return trip was made over Blue Hills. The party came into Boston about five o'clock and all gave a hearty expression of their thanks to the delightful hostesses.

The play "Experience" was read in Brooklyn, N. Y., by Samuel Kern during the vacation period. Mr. Kern also played the cornet in Mattapan and gave a program with cornet and readings at the Orpheum Theatre in Somerville.

On Columbus Day a party of Juniors had a most enjoyable hike from Lexington to Concord. Among those going were

Marguerite Ruggles, Izer Whiting, Marjorie Stackhouse, Grace Zerwekh, and several members from other classes.

JUNIOR RECITAL.

November 2, 1916.

- | | | |
|------|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| I. | The Necklace | <i>De Maupassant</i> |
| | Marguerite Agatha Fox | |
| II. | Penrod's Affliction | <i>Tarkington</i> |
| | Anne Fowler | |
| III. | (a) October | <i>Bliss Carman</i> |
| | (b) How the Leaves Came Down | <i>Susan Coolidge</i> |
| | (c) Hiawatha's Farewell | <i>Longfellow</i> |
| | Christine Mary Punnett | |
| IV. | Rebecca's Defiance | <i>Scott</i> |
| | Beatrice E. Coates | |
| V. | A Social Promoter | <i>Wilbur Nesbit</i> |
| | Ina L. Duval | |
| VI. | Experience. (Episode II) | <i>George V. Hobart</i> |
| | Samuel S. Kern | |

SOPHOMORE.

President.....Joseph Connor
 Vice-President.....Beulah K. Folmsbee
 Secretary.....William R. Byer
 Treasurer.....Frances Russev

Joseph Connor spent the summer at Harwich, Mass.

Florence Cutting read recently at the Centreville Methodist church and also at Mr. Percy W. Edmunds' musicale.

Helen Lynch spent the summer in Boston where she was engaged in settlement work.

Sylvia Folsom spent several weeks of the vacation in the South visiting Ann East and Alice Sigworth, '16, at Norfolk and Washington, D. C.

We regret that Isabel Goheen has been called home because of illness in the family, but hopes to be with us again after the holidays.

Among those of the class teaching at the Civic Service House are Marjorie Stackhouse and Beulah Folmsbee.

FRESHMEN.

President.....	Winifred Osborne
Vice-President.....	Lester Blood
Secretary.....	Ethel Berner
Treasurer.....	Justina Williams
Representatives to Student Council	{ Pearle Atkinson Imogene Hogle
Reporter.....	
	Doris Poole

On Tuesday, October 10, an enjoyable evening was spent by Emerson students when Mount Vernon church entertained.

The Freshmen were brought in closer relation to the Seniors by being guests at an afternoon tea on October 2.

The Freshman class hazing was all a "freshie" could desire. Starting at Copley Square in sight-seeing cars we went through Boston until reaching Charlestown. We viewed Bunker Hill monument and from there went to the Navy Yard. How popular our guide was! Everyone was watching his every move and listening intently lest one word be lost to them. While in the Navy Yard we went on board the frigate "Constitution" and nearly all wrote their names in the large book. From there we came through the North End and thence home.

TWO-YEAR SPECIAL.

With the opening of the college year comes the establishment of a new course known as a Two Years' Course in Interpretation. The course consists exclusively of interpretative and dramatic studies and is for the benefit of such students as seek immediate preparation for platform, lyceum and Chautauqua work.

On October twenty-fifth the class organized and the following officers were elected:

President.....	Mary Griffin
Vice-President.....	George Le Barr
Secretary.....	Ruth Hildabrandt
Treasurer.....	Eva Little
Representatives to Student Council	{ Lorayne Larson { Dorothy Leroy
Class Reporter.....	
Miss Lilia Smith was chosen Class Advisor.	

SORORITIES.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Kappa Gamma Chi extends cordial greetings to all Emersonians.

The Chapter House is this year, as previously, at the Hotel Hemenway.

The following members have returned: Ann Minahan, Nettie Hutchins, Grace Thorson, Leah Kendall, Phyllis Jenkins, Dorothy Mitchell, Rena Macomber, Selina Mace and Beth Tack.

Kappa Gamma Chi welcomes as new members Arline Crocker, Elizabeth Field, Loretta McCarthy, Evelyn Ellis, and Constance Hastings.

A number of our alumnae are in Boston or vicinity this year and are frequent guests at the Chapter House. Among them are Jean Fowler, Marion Wells, Edna Schmidt, Beth Sturdivant and Mildred Johnson.

Kappa Gamma Chi entertained at a theatre party, October 14th. Mrs. Kenney was the guest of honor.

Mrs. Southwick was a guest of the girls at the Chapter House on the evening of October 11th.

Dorothy Mitchell visited Madeleine Tarrant at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., during the month of August.

Beth Tack spent the summer with her brother in camp on Lake Ontario.

Rena Macomber and Evelyn Ellis were on the coast of Maine during the summer.

Nettie Hutchins spent a recent week-end with friends in Lynn, Mass.

Georgette Jetté, '15, is playing ingenue parts in stock company at Haverhill, Mass.

Jessie Smith, '15, who is teaching in Cushing Academy at Ashburnham, Mass., was a recent visitor at the Chapter House.

The sorority entertained at a Hallowe'en party, Tuesday evening, October 31st.

ZETA PHI ETA.

Zeta Phi Eta extends a hearty welcome to all Emersonians and announces the return of Dorothy Hopkins, Helen Bartel, Inez Banghart, Marguerite Brodeur, Hazel Call, Fay Goodfellow, Rena Gates, Catherine Green, Helen Guild, Margaret Longstreet, Astrid Nygren, Christine Punnett, Barbara Wellington and Caroline Walker.

Zeta Phi Eta welcomes as pledges: Gertrude Allen, Martha Marie Allen, Elizabeth Darnell, Ann East, Beulah Folmsbee, Sylvia Folsom, Verre Johnston, Norma Olson, Margaret Pinkerton and Sarah Stocking.

Margaret Longstreet entertained Sylvia Folsom, Ann East and Astrid Nygren at her home in Brooklyn, N. Y., for a few days during the summer.

Dorothy Hopkins spent the summer at Poland, Maine.

The *Philadelphia Press* speaks highly of the success of Miss Olga Newton, '14, who is playing the part of "Love" in the "Experience" company there.

Rena Gates and Alice Sigworth, '16, visited Ann East at Willoughby, Va., during the summer.

Jean McDonald, '16, is teaching at the State Normal School in Bloomsburg, Pa.

The Alpha girls were called upon recently by Mrs. Hanson of Beta Chapter, Northwestern University.

Virginia Beraud, '15, of the Lasky Motion Picture Company of Hollywood, Cal., played with Geraldine Farrar in "Jeanne D'Arc," released now in New York.

Edna Fisher, '16, is teaching at the Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Maine.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding reception of Miss Florence Hinckley, '14, and Mr. Sumner A. Dole on Saturday evening, November eighteenth, nineteen hundred and sixteen.

Barbara Wellington spent the summer at Camp Oloha, New Hampshire.

Alice Sigworth, '16, Edna Spear, '15, and Zinita Graf, '14, are teaching at the College of Industrial Arts in Denton, Texas.

Astrid Nygren coached a play and read at Freeport, New York, High School during the vacation.

Inez Banghart, after attending the Harvard Summer School, went to New York for the rest of the summer where she staged plays and taught folk dancing.

Marguerite Brodeur and Helen Guild spent the summer at the Wianno Club, Wianno, Mass.

Ruby Loughran, '14, is teaching again this year at Chevy Chase, Washington, D. C.

Margaret Longstreet gave several Kipling programs at Camp Inkowa this summer.

Ruby Ferguson, '16, is teaching at the Woman's College, Montgomery, Alabama.

Dorothy Hopkins read at Hope Chapel recently.

Fay Goodfellow filled a two weeks' engagement as reader at the Inn, Buckhill Falls, Pa., during the vacation.

Christine Punnett spent part of her vacation in Canada.

Mary Ella Perry, '16, is teaching in Fort Valley, Georgia.

PHI MU GAMMA.

A most cordial greeting is extended to all Emersonians by the following Phi Mu Gammas who have returned to Emerson this year: Anne Vail, Estelle Van Hoesen, Molly Sayre, Helen Carter, Beatrice Coates, Ethel Caine, Elizabeth Ellis, Ellen

Lombard, Mary Winn, Romona Gwin, and Marguerite Thompson.

Our Chapter House is again located at 70 St. Stephen Street, and we are most glad to have Mrs. Lena Chase with us again as matron.

We welcome the following new members: Sara Lewis, Mildred Little, Helen Hynes, Edith MacCulley, Mary Roberts, and Vidah Robertson.

Florence Fransioli has been a recent week-end guest at the chapter house. She is playing in the Cecil Spooner Stock Co. in Lawrence, Mass.

Marion Vincent, '15, is doing lyceum work near her home in Rochester, New York.

Estelle Van Hoesen coached the play "All-of-a-Sudden-Peggy" this vacation in Alexandria, Minn.

On October 10th, Iota Chapter entertained at tea in the tea-garden of the Copley Plaza Hotel.

Harriet Brown, '15, has announced her marriage to Mr. Arthur Scott. At present Mr. and Mrs. Scott are residing in Boston.

On June 22nd, Leila D. Harris was married to Mr. Norman T. Hobson at Champaign, Illinois. They are at home at Stony Island Avenue, Chicago.

Iota Chapter entertained at dinner at the Tuileres on the evening of October 13th. Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. Black, Miss Sleight, Miss Wright and Mr. Tripp.

On September 14th Bess Ellis attended the wedding of Miss Sadie Robinson, '11, to Dr. Clinton Demming at Hartford, Conn.

Last month Molly Sayer coached and took part in the play "Mr. Bob."

Janet Chesney was recently married to Mr. Howard Colt of Hartford, Conn.

Katurah Stokes, '13, is spending several weeks as the guest of Gertrude Chapman at her home in Franklin, Mass.

Bertha MacDonough, '14, is doing lyceum work under the direction of the White Lyceum Bureau.

Carolyn Jones, '15, spent the summer with Gwendolyn Henry at her summer home in Michigan.

Mildred Galloway has the position of assistant teacher in expression and music at The Southern Seminary, Buena Vista, Va.

Gladys Hunt is attending the Chandler Business School.

Mary Winn, '16, is teaching at the Dearborn School in Dorchester and attending Emerson on Saturday.

PHI ALPHA TAU FRATERNITY.

Fred Willson Hubbard.....	President
William Downs.....	Vice-President
Walter B. Tripp.....	Treasurer
Lawrence J. Smith.....	Secretary

Albert R. Lovejoy, '16, spent a most successful summer with the Clifton Mallory Company, producers of modern plays, in Chautauqua.

Fred Willson Hubbard read twice and was stage manager for Madame Matja Nissen Stone of the Metropolitan Opera Co. at her benefit performance, August 29th, at the Lake Placid Club, New York.

Lawrence Smith and William Byer were members of Sir Herbert Tree's "Henry VIII" Company.

Robert Howes Burnham directed the play "Rosemary" at Melrose recently.

Arthur Winslow, '14, is teaching at Marionville College, Missouri.



EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF HARTFORD.

The annual meeting of the Emerson College Club of Hartford, Connecticut, was held at the home of Mrs. Ina Wright Price, Saturday afternoon, October 7th. Twelve members were present and plans for the coming year were discussed.

The election of officers for the year 1916-17 resulted in:

President.....	Mrs. Jean Clement Butts
Vice-President.....	Miss Ruth Viola Adams
Secretary.....	Mrs. Ina W. Price
Executive Committee.....	{ Mrs. Curtis
	{ Mrs. Dresser

EMERSON ALUMNI CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The New York Emerson Alumni Club will open on Saturday evening, the eleventh of November, at 47 West 44th Street, New York City.

The club this year will study "Modern Dramatists," each month to be in charge of a different leader.

Miss Bertha Colby is the chairman of programs.

November 11th—8.15 P. M.

English Miss Margaret Klein

December 9th

Russian Mrs. Elise West Quaife

January 13th—President's Night

French Mrs. Gerta Colby Donnelly

February 10th

Scandinavian Mrs. Grace Bronson Purdy

March 10th

Irish Miss Anna T. McIntyre

April 14th

Banquet.

A cordial welcome is extended to all Emersonians when in the city.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'88-'89. Carrie Berry Phelps is filling a position as Dean of Women, Wesley College, Greenville, Texas.

'92. It is with grief that we hear of the death of Miss Nellie Louise Woodbury, who has for years held the position as teacher of public speaking in the State Normal School, Mankato, Minnesota. Miss Woodbury died at her sister's home in Minneapolis after a long and severe illness. Her beneficent life, her great soul, her unfailing success as a teacher, the patience and suffering and the noble devotion of her friendship all make her loss keenly felt by the faculty and friends of her Alma Mater.

'98. Dr. Walter Swift has just published "Studies in Speech Disorder Number Four. The Elimination of Voice Defects Following Adenoid and Tonsil Operations."

'98-'99. James T. Stanley, director of oratory in Ellsworth College, recently conducted a contest preparatory to the State Oratorical Contest of Iowa.

'03-'04. Estelle Cooke, instructor in English at the Minnesota College of Agriculture, has written "Kindling the Hearth Fire." It is a play dealing with the possibilities of making farm home life more attractive.

'05-'06. Nellie Parker-Spaulding played the part of the Duke's mother in an adaptation of Browning's "Flight of the Duchess," a five-reel master-picture, De Luxe (Mutual) Tanhauser Co.

'07-'08. Mrs. Willis Elmer Urich, née Blanche Nannette Williams, announces the birth of a son, Willis Elmer Urich, Jr.

'07-'08. Announcements have been received of the marriage of Frances Dora True to Dr. John Jacob Dunning, July twenty-fourth, at Portland, Maine.

'08-'09. The pupils of Blanche Boyden Hutchinson won finals in the State Declamatory Contest that took place in Grand Forks, North Dakota. The winning of this contest is a great victory for the students as well as for Mrs. Hutchinson.

'08-'09. Mildred P. Forbes is teaching this year at Montpelier Seminary, Vermont.

'08-'09. Robert Wakefield has a position at Athens College, Athens, Alabama.

'08-'09. Announcements have been received of the marriage of Martha Fowlkes to Wendell William Haun, Tuesday, October 3rd, 1916.

'11-'12. On September 14th, Miss Mary Sanstrom was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Childs, at Oregon City, Oregon. At home after October 1st, Brownsville, Oregon.

'13-'14. Announcements have been received of the marriage of Jean MacKenzie Matheson to Mr. Charles Guy Black, September 6, at Lake Ossipee, Maine.

'13-'14. Amelia M. Green is continuing her work in San Rafael, California.

'13-'14. Hazel A. Jones is with the Star Lyceum Bureau of New York City.

'14-'15. On October 19th, Gladysmae Waterhouse was married to Elmer Walker at South Poland, Maine.

- '16. Margaret Akin is teaching expression in the State Normal School at Mankato, Minnesota.
- '16. Charlotte W. Butler has been engaged as teacher of expression in Brenau College, Gainesville, Georgia.
- '16. Lois Teal is teaching public speaking and history in the Mason City High School, Mason City, Iowa.
- '15-'16. On September 18th, 1916, Evelyn Benjamin was united in marriage to Joseph H. Reed at West Acton, Massachusetts.
- '16. Jessie G. Smith has an excellent position at Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass., as teacher of violin and expression. In addition to these subjects she is physical director for girls and has charge of field hockey, tennis and basketball. One night each week she spends at the high school in Fitchburg teaching gymnastics and folk dancing to the Freshman and Sophomore classes.
- '16. Jessie MacAloney is playing with the Halifax Star Stock Company, Nova Scotia.

Propriety is not power.—Mrs. Southwick.

The beauty of Nature is exemplified by the rainbow. One cannot detect where one color ends and the next begins, so skilfully are they blended.—Mr. Burnham.

"It's no use" is not in the dictionary of the universe.—Mrs. Southwick.

All art is the selection of the significant.—Mrs. Black.

Don't let your reflex centers do your praying!—Miss Sleight.

We can do in art things which are not literally consistent if they appeal sufficiently to the imagination.—Mrs. Southwick.

The things that are happening in the world today must make a definite impression upon your art.—Mrs. Black.



The Christ Light

Ages ago in glory shone a star
Above the manger where the Christ-
child lay,
A Babe Divine; and journeying from
afar
Three holy Wise Men of the East
to pay
Their homage came o'er sand and
desert way.
They lowly bowed and worshipped
at his feet,
Gave gifts most rare on that fair
Christmas Day:
Pure precious gold, myrrh, and frank-
incense sweet.
They prayed and went—but still
again to meet
The blessed Christ. He in his youth-
ful years,
Men tell, dwelt with them; eber glad
to greet
Great Souls and wise who know
when Christ appears.
The Wise Ones watch today, as those
did then,
For Christ-Light in the loving hearts
of men.

Jessie Eldridge Southwick



The Emerson College Magazine

VOL. XXV.

DECEMBER, 1916.

No. 2

THE HOLY NIGHT.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

BEING A MASQUE TO BE PERFORMED BY YOUNG CHILDREN
AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

PERSONS OF THE MASQUE.

MARY—*She shall be a little maiden, fair-haired, and her gown shall be white, covered over with a long-hooded cloak, sky-blue. The hood she weareth about her face.*

JOSEPH—*He is a sturdy lad in a rough gown, long and brown. In his hand he holdeth a carpenter's wooden mallet; at his girdle do hang three iron nails, very large. Joseph hath a grizzled head, which may be powdered.*

THE HOLY CHILD—*This may be a little figure of wax or porcelain, fashioned very delicately.*

THE THREE SHEPHERDS—*They be three little lads, wearing short gowns of a light tanned color, and mantles of sheep's skins; but if these be not convenient, they may wear cloaks of cotton-flannel, unbleached. And these must carry shepherds' crooks.*

THE THREE WISE MEN—*These shall be three boys of divers ages. The one which is Melchior shall be fourteen years of age, or thereabout. He shall go bent, on a staff, with a beard flowing as far as to his waist-band, and yet farther. This beard shall be white cotton, and tied about his chin. In his hand he beareth a crown of bright gold, or that appeareth like gold, which he shall give to The Holy Child. The other king, which is Caspar, shall be of a swarthy countenance, or even a young negro, if such an one be at hand. Ten years of age shall he be; and walking he swingeth a censer.*

Now Balthasar is the most youngest of these three kings. He is a little lad of eight years. In his hand he lifteth up the box of ointment. And all they three be turbaned as to their heads, richly clad in long robes, and girded with a sash.

THE ANGELS—*All the little girls and young maidens shall be Angels. Their robes are white, long, and there are no sleeves; and crosswise on the breast be two bands of braided gold, narrow, and underneath a girdle of a third narrow band, a high girdle. These Angels' wings shall be tall, pointed, and white, or else golden.*

THE COCK—*He weareth a yellow vest, made to be rounded out with a little pillow beneath. A red coat he weareth, and the sleeves of this be cut and sewn after such a fashion that when he flappeth his arms these make a semblance of wings. And a green tail he weareth, which is made with many strips of cambric curved by wires and caught in a clustering knot. He hath a black cap, and on the top of this there standeth upright a cock's comb, bright red. Over his nose he weareth a sharp beak, but his mouth remaineth uncovered that he may speak the more easily. Yellow are his stockings, and his shoes cut in three points on the toe. But at his heels there is a long spur. And if any little boy have very fat legs he shall not play the part of the cock.*

THE RAVEN—*This is a black bird. His tail standeth out stiff behind him. His beak is very long. His wings he must spread very wide when he will. Let him have black hair.*

THE LAMB—*He lieth on the ground beside the Shepherds.*

He weareth a sheep's skin, or a white coat, and a little tail that he may frisk by a string what time he bleateth.

THE OX AND THE ASS—*These two be only heads of paste-board, which do lean out of window. It needs but one boy that shall speak for them twain, and nod the head of the Ox and wag the Ass his ears.*

AND NOW BEGINNETH THE MASQUE TO PLAY.

The stage appeareth so and so: To the one side there may be the gable end of a little shed. This hath a door that shall open down its mid length when the time appointed is come. Above, on the gable, sitteth an Angel; wherefore this frame work needs to be stout builded. To the one side and the other of the door Angels stand likewise. All these three have a face as of one that waiteth, thinking his own thoughts; neither are they observed of the Shepherds nor of the Beasts. In that side of the shed most near the front of the stage shall be a little window, and the Ox and the Ass look forth. Over against this shed a little mound riseth up—and mayhap it is made of sand—and on this the Cock is perched, who anon doth rake with his toes in the sand, anon he pecketh at the Raven, which walketh sedate about the heap of sand, or resteth still with his head covered underneath his wing in the seemly fashion of his kind. But ere long he must walk again. Now midway betwixt this little shed and this mound, and in the front of the stage, the Shepherds lie on the ground, and their Lamb with them. And the Shepherds sing:

THE SHEPHERDS' SONG.

King David was a shepherd lad,
A ruddy countenance he had,
He harped for Saul when Saul was sad.
Alleluia!

He slew the lion and the bear;
No hungry beast henceforth may dare
Draw nigh the flock in David's care.
Alleluia!

A shepherd reigned in Israel,
A shepherd reigned, our fathers tell,
A shepherd reigned, and all was well.
Alleluia !

King David's greater son shall reign,
Shall reign and triumph yet again,
And lead the nations in His train.
Alleluia !

O shepherds, now rejoice, and weep !
This Shepherd-King, His flock to keep,
Shall lay His life down for the sheep.
Alleluia !

THE COCK—(*he flappeth his wings and crieth*) Cock-a-doodle-doo ! Cock-a-doodle-doo !

THE OX—(*he noddeth his head*) Oooooe ! Oooooe !

THE RAVEN—(*he spreadeth his two broad wings*) Cawn ! Cawn !

FIRST SHEPHERD—What a clatter do these beasts make !

THE ASS—(*he waggeth one ear and the other alternate*) Haw Hay ! Haw Hay !

THE LAMB—(*he maketh his little tail to frisk*)—Ba-a-a-a !

SECOND SHEPHERD—And thou too, silly one ! Go to sleep !

THIRD SHEPHERD—My grandam saith that one day the beasts shall speak.

SECOND SHEPHERD—When ?

THIRD SHEPHERD—'Tis but a tale of my grandam.

FIRST SHEPHERD—Tell it !

SECOND SHEPHERD—Yea ; tell it ! The night is long.

THE ASS—Haw Hay ! Haw Hay !

THIRD SHEPHERD—My grandam saith, that night the Messias is born all the beasts shall speak. 'Twas a wise woman told her.

SECOND SHEPHERD—When think you Messias shall be born ?

FIRST SHEPHERD—Not in our time, I trow. Shall not hap in our time but these heavy taxings.

SECOND SHEPHERD—Grumble not—'tis a good year with the sheep.

THE LAMB—Ba-a-a!

THE THREE ANGELS—(*they put the finger to the lip and say*)
Hush-sh!

THIRD SHEPHERD—(*he speaketh soft*) Heard you not a voice? What was't?

THE THREE ANGELS—Hush-sh!

(*And for a full minute shall not be any sound in that place. Only the Star of Bethlehem shall rise, till it hang above the gable of the little shed. Then shall the cock flap his wings and cry in a mighty voice.*)

THE COCK—Christus natus est! Christus natus est!

SECOND SHEPHERD—Hark you! The bird spake!

FIRST SHEPHERD—And in the Roman tongue.

(*Then these Shepherds sit as lost in a maze.*)

THE COCK—Christus natus est! Christus natus est!

THE RAVEN—(*he stretcheth his wings*) Quando? Quando?

THIRD SHEPHERD—But these be learned fowl!

THE RAVEN—(*as he were impatient*) Quando?

THE ASS—(*he twirleth one of his ears*) Hac nocte! Hac nocte!

SECOND SHEPHERD—(*he whispereth as it were fearfully to his brethren*) Didst hear the Ass said, Messiah is born to-night?

FIRST SHEPHERD—How shall an Ass know?

THE COCK—Christus natus est! Christus natus est!

THE RAVEN—Quando?

THE ASS—Hac nocte!

THE OX—(*he noddeth his head and speaketh slow*) Ubi? Ubi?

THIRD SHEPHERD—Yea; where?

THE LAMB—Be-e-e-e-th-le-hem! Be-e-e-e-th-le-hem!

SECOND SHEPHERD—Nay; I'll not believe that!

THE LAMB—Be-e-e-th-le-hem! Be-e-e-th-le-hem!

THE THREE ANGELS—Alleluia!

(And there is a sound as of many voices of Angels which sing unseen) Alleluia!

THE ANGEL ON THE GABLE—*(she speaketh to the Shepherds)* “Fear not! for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this year, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.”

THE THREE ANGELS—Alleluia!

(Now immediately are the heavens opened, which by-meaneth that there hath been around the back and sides of this stage, some two feet separate from the wall, a dark curtain, and, this being withdrawn, there are disclosed Angels, as many as may be, which stand in a long row a four foot space from the floor, on a narrow scaffold builded close by the wall. The Angels be garmented like to the three, but they stand close one after one: their hands be laid cross wise on their breasts and their wings do rise up in points folded above their heads. And from henceforth while this Masque dureth the Angels shall stand here, and it is their part to sing “Alleluia!” But first do they chaunt, immediately the curtain is withdrawn.)

THE ANGELS—“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will to men. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.”

(Now while the Heavenly Host chaunteth after this fashion, the two angels beside the door of the little shed do fold back the leaves of the door. And within is seen Mary and Joseph, sitting, and betwixt them two the Holy Child lieth on a tuft of straw in a little box which shall be called the Manger.)

MARY—*(she foldeth one against the other her two hands and singeth soft to the Holy Child.)*

Sleep, little Shepherd-King,
Sleep while I sing.

ANGELS—(*very soft*) Alleluia!

Sweet son, wilt suffer pain?

King—be not King in vain!

Conquer and reign!

ANGELS—(*very soft*) Alleluia!

Shepherd—Thy flock wilt keep?

Fall not in death asleep;

Stay with the sheep!

ANGELS—(*very soft*) Alleluia!

My little Lamb, my Son,

My little Human One,

Thy will be done.

ANGELS—(*very soft*) Alleluia!

Sleep, little Shepherd-King,

Sleep while I sing.

ANGELS—(*very soft*) Alleluia!

(*The Shepherds draw anear. They kneel one after one, in a straight row.*)

FIRST SHEPHERD—Is this Messias?

MARY—Yea.

THIRD SHEPHERD—(*he peereth over his brother's shoulder*)
Born in a stable?

SECOND SHEPHERD—'Tis a shepherd bethink thee. I have slept in a stable full oft; yea many a time had I not even a shed to cover me. I have slept 'neath the open sky.

FIRST SHEPHERD—And I too.

THIRD SHEPHERD—And I.

SECOND SHEPHERD—If this be King, must He not be worshipped?

MARY—Yea; come nigh! See, He is a very child.

(*They come yet more close to the door.*)

ANGELS—Alleluia!

(*Now the Three Wise Men do enter. Melchior is the first. After him cometh Caspar, and Balthasar is the last.*)

MELCHIOR—What may this place be?

THE LAMB—Be-e-e-th-le-hem.

ANGELS—Alleluia!

BALTHASAR—"Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him."

THE SHEPHERDS—(*they stand aside out of the door*) This is He—this Babe. Come and worship!

THE THREE WISE MEN—(*they sing that old hymn, "We Three Kings of the Orient Are." After, they do kneel beside the Holy Child.*)

THE SHEPHERDS—Why may we not give gifts?

CASPAR—Yea, do so!

SECOND SHEPHERD—What have we, poor shepherds? Nothing!

FIRST SHEPHERD—I have a little ball; Babe likes a ball.

THIRD SHEPHERD—Here have I a bob o' cherries, red cherries. Would Babe laugh to see the red?

SECOND SHEPHERD—This lamb is my little lamb, wilt have him for thy little Lamb, Mother? Two lambs, snow white.

(*Now do the Shepherds give these gifts.*)

ANGELS—Alleluia!

THE ANGEL ON THE GABLE—Joseph!

JOSEPH—(*he cometh out of the door and looketh up*) Here am I.

THE ANGEL ON THE GABLE—"Arise, and take the young child and His mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word; for Herod will seek the young child to destroy Him."

JOSEPH—Well, I must saddle the ass; we go away.

THE ASS—(*he speaketh in surprise and some discontent*) Hac nocte?

JOSEPH—Yea: it must be. We go away.

THE OX—Ubi?

JOSEPH—Into Egypt, the Angel said.

MARY—But He shall come again to dwell in Nazareth.

THE RAVEN—Quando?

MARY—That shall be when the Lord willeth.

THE COCK—Christus natus est! Christus natus est!

(Now doth Mary arise. Joseph hath his hand on the head of the Ass. On the one side of the door there stand an Angel and the Three Shepherds, on the other side of the door an Angel and the Three Wise Men.)

(The Cock standeth still upon his mound, the Raven is below. Then do all the Angels, the Shepherds, the Wise Men, the Cock, the Raven, the Lamb, the Ox, the Ass, Mary, Joseph, and all they that do sit in Audience to hear this Masque, sing with a loud voice and right joyfully, the first stanza and the third of the hymn called Adeste Fidelis.)

“Oh, come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant;
Oh, come ye, oh, come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him, born the King of Angels;
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Oh, come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.”

“Sing choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God in the highest;
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Oh, come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.”

And this is the End of the Masque.

Mark these things:

If there be any child that knoweth no Latin, he is to be told that Christus natus est, signifieth Christ is born, Quando signifieth When, Hac Nocte signifieth This night, Ubi signifieth Where.

Now this shall be the music of The Shepherds' Song, the old tune, “Oh, Sons and Daughters, Let us Sing.”

A SIMPLE BILL OF FARE FOR A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

All good recipe books give bills of fare for different occasions, bills of fare for grand dinners, bills of fare for little dinners; dinners to cost so much per head; dinners "which can be easily prepared with one servant," and so on. There are bills of fare for dyspeptics; bills of fare for consumptives; bills of fare for fat people, and bills of fare for thin; and bills of fare for hospitals, asylums, and prisons, as well as for gentlemen's houses. But among them all, we never saw the one which we give below. It has never been printed in any book; but it has been used in families. We are not drawing on our imagination for its items. We have sat at such dinners; we have helped prepare such dinners; we believe in such dinners; they are within everybody's means. In fact, the most marvellous thing about this bill of fare is that the dinner does not cost a cent. Ho! all ye that are hungry and thirsty, and would like so cheap a Christmas dinner, listen to this:

FIRST COURSE—Gladness.

This must be served hot. No two house-keepers make it alike; no fixed rule can be given for it. It depends, like so many of the best things, chiefly on memory; but, strangely enough, it depends quite as much on proper forgetting as on proper remembering.

Gladness, then, is the first item, the first course on our bill of fare for a Christmas dinner.

ENTREES—Love garnished with Smiles.

Gentleness, with sweet-wine sauce of Laughter.

Gracious Speech, cooked with any fine, savory herbs, such as Drollery, which is always in season, or Pleasant Reminiscence, which no one need be without, as it keeps for years, sealed or unsealed.

SECOND COURSE—Hospitality.

The precise form of this also depends on individual prefer-

ences. We are not undertaking here to give exact recipes, only a bill of fare.

In some houses Hospitality is brought on surrounded with Relatives. This is very well. In others, it is dished up with Dignitaries of all sorts; men and women of position and estate for whom the host has special likings or uses. This gives a fine effect to the eye, but cools quickly, and is not in the long-run satisfying.

In a third class, best of all, it is served in simple shapes, but with a great variety of Unfortunate Persons,—such as lonely people from lodging-houses, poor people of all grades, widows and childless in their affliction. This is the kind most preferred; in fact, never abandoned by those who have tried it.

FOR DESSERT—Mirth, in glasses.

Gratitude and Faith beaten together and piled up in snowy shapes. These will look light if run over night in the moulds of Solid Trust and Patience.

A dish of the bonbons Good Cheer and Kindliness with every-day mottoes; Knots and Reasons in shape of Puzzles and Answers; the whole ornamented with Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver, of the kind mentioned in the Book of Proverbs.

This is a short and simple bill of fare. There is not a costly thing in it; not a thing which cannot be procured without difficulty.

If meat be desired, it can be added. That is another excellence about our bill of fare. It has nothing in it which makes it incongruous with the richest or the plainest tables. It is not overcrowded by the addition of roast goose and plum-pudding; it is not harmed by the addition of herring and potatoes. Nay, it can give flavor and richness to broken bits of stale bread served on a doorstep and eaten by beggars.

And though we have called it a Bill of Fare for a Christmas Dinner, that is only that men's eyes may be caught by its names and that they, thinking it a specialty for festival, may learn and understand its secret, and henceforth, laying all their dinners according to its magic order, may "eat unto the Lord."

SUGGESTED CHRISTMAS MATERIAL.

The Romance of a Christmas Card.—*Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

The Last Christmas Tree (An Idyl of Immortality).—*James Lane Allen.*

And Thus He Came (A Christmas Fantasy).—*Cyrus Townsend Brady.*

This Way to Christmas.—*Ruth Sawyer.*

Angel Unawares (A Story of Christmas Eve).—*C. N. and A. M. Williamson.*

The Shepherd Who Watched by Night.—*Thomas Nelson Page.*

Three Legends of The Christ Child.—*Fiona Macleod.*

The Better Treasure.—*Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.*

Christmas Roses.—*Anne O'Hagan.*

Dalosa Bonbright's Christmas Gift.—*Grace MacGowan Cooke.*

The First Christmas Tree.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Peter's Christmas Present.—*Anne Story Allen.*

Santa Claus and Little Billie.—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

The Captured Santa Claus.—*Thomas Nelson Page.*

The First Christmas.—*Lew Wallace* (Also found in *Ben Hur*).

The Happy Prince.—*Oscar Wilde.*

CHRISTMAS VERSE.

A Little Garland of Christmas Verse.—*Moshen, publisher.*

Christmas Poems (Selected from many sources).—*Amy Neally.*

A Book of Verse for the Christmas Season.—*Edited by Edward A. Bryant.*

The Christmas Treasury of Song and Verse.—*Compiled by Temple Scott.*

CHRISTMAS STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

The Golden Cobwebs (A Story to tell by the Christmas Tree.)—*Sara Cone Bryant in How to Tell Stories to Children.*

Yuletide in Many lands.—*Mary P. Pringle and Clara A. Urann.*

The Children's Book of Christmas Stories.—*Edited by A. D. Dickinson and Ada M. Skinner.*

Christmas—Its Origin, Celebration, and Significance.—*Edited by Robert Haven Schauffler.*

In the Temple.—*Selma Sagerlof in Christ Legends.*

The Worker in Sandalwood.

Christmas Here and There.—*Everyland, December, 1913.*

Hans Wagner and the Angel.

The Shepherd Who Didn't Go.—*Jay T. Stocking in The City That Never Was Reached.*

A Story of the Forest.—*Nora Smith in The Story Hour.*

Legend of the Christ Child.—*Elizabeth Harrison in Christmas-Tide.*

The Stars and the Child.—*Child's Christ Tales.*

The Birds' Christmas.—*Poulssohn in the Child's World.*

The Symbol and the Saint.—*Eugene Field in Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse.*

The Little Green Elf's Christmas.—*Bailey in Stories and Rhymes for a Child.*

The Christmas Visitor.—*Story Teller's Magazine, December, 1913.*

The Little Gray Lamb.—*Archibald B. Sullivan in Christmas in Legend and Story.*

The First Christmas Tree.

The Coming of the Prince.—*Eugene Field in Little Book of Profitable Tales.*

Beasley's Christmas Party.—*Booth Tarkington.*

Vuletide Cheer.

(Carols are still sung in almost numberless churches, lights glow on altars bound and wreathed with spruce and holly, trees are set up in innumerable homes and hosts of men and women keep the day in their hearts in all peace and piety. The following carols grew upon the lips of the English people so long ago that their date and authorship are unknown, but their words and spirit have lived in the hearts of generation after generation. Surviving in their quaint simplicity they gladden our hearts today as they gladdened the hearts of our forefathers centuries ago.)

CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

Listen, lordings, unto me, a tale I will you tell,
Which, as on this night of glee, in David's town befell.
Joseph came from Nazareth, with Mary, that sweet maid:
Weary were they, nigh to death; and for a lodging prayed.

CHORUS.

Sing high, sing low, sing to and fro,
Go tell it out with speed,
Cry out and shout all round about,
That Christ is born indeed.

In the inn they found no room; a scanty bed they made:
Soon a Babe, an angel pure, was in the manger laid.
Forth came He as light through glass; He came to save us all.
In the stable ox and ass before their Maker fall.

Shepherds lay afield that night, to keep the silly sheep,
Hosts of angels in their sight came down from heav'n's high
steep.

Tidings! tidings! unto you: to you a Child is born,
Purer than the drops of dew, and brighter than the morn.

Onward then the Angels sped, the shepherds onward went,
God was in His manger bed, in worship low they bent.
In the morning, see ye mind, my masters one and all,
At the Altar Him to find who lay within the stall.

GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE.

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say:
 News! News!
Jesus Christ is born today;
Ox and ass before him bow,
And He is in the manger now.
Christ is born today!
Christ is born today!

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
 Joy! Joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heav'nly door,
And man is blessed for ever more.
Christ was born for this!
Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
 Peace! Peace!
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all
To gain His everlasting hall.
Christ was born to save!
Christ was born to save!

THE BOAR'S-HEAD CAROL.

The Boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.

CHORUS.

*Caput apri defero,
Reddeus laudes Domino.*

The Boar's head as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in all the land;
When thus bedecked with a gay garland,
Let us *servire cantico.*

Our steward hath provided this
In honor of the King of Bliss;
Which on this day to be served is
In regimensi atrio.

From a Balliol MS. of about 1540.

MERRILY RING THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Merrily ring the Christmas bells their greeting,
Merrily friends are one another meeting,
Gladly to one and all the Christmas news repeating.

Friends far away, whom half the world doth sever,
Friends far away, whom love forgetteth never,
Friends who will keep a place in anxious hearts forever:

Gladly with them we meet around the manger,
We in our peaceful homes—they girt by danger,
Where other bright stars are shining o'er the stranger.

Homeward and heav'nward, hearts today are turning,
Thoughts all of home in kindred souls are burning,
Who for our Christmas love in foreign lands are yearning.

Joy on this day from all the world ascendeth,
Bridging the gulf that half the ocean rendeth,
Till o'er the earth shall break the song that never endeth.

BETHLEHEM.

Bethlehem, Bethlehem,
Shimmering afar,
Underneath the sunlight,
Underneath the star,
You are like a precious gem
(Gold and ivory)
Set upon the morning hills
For the world to see!

Bethlehem, Bethlehem,
With your domes and towers,
Do you ever brood and dream
Through the fleeting hours,
That you have for diadem
What none other knows,
Set upon the morning hills—
White Judean rose?

Bethlehem, Bethlehem,
Consecrate afar,
Glad beneath the sunlight,
Blest beneath the star.
You have Him for diadem,
Him to whom men pray,
Born upon the morning hills—
That first Christmas day!

—Clinton Scollard.

'NEATH MISTLETOE.

'Neath mistletoe, should chance arise,
You may be happy if you're wise.
Though bored you lie with pantomime
And Christmas fare and Christmas rhyme—
One fine old custom don't despise.

If you're a man of enterprise,
You'll find, I venture to surmise,
'Tis pleasant then at Christmas time
 'Neath mistletoe!

You see they scarcely can disguise
The sparkle of their pretty eyes;
And no one thinks it is a crime,
When goes the merry Christmas chime,
A rare old rite to exercise
 'Neath mistletoe!

—*J. Ashby Sterry.*

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares to stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

—*"Hamlet."*



President Southwick has been spending several weeks in an extended recital tour of the South. He has given recitals in New York, Kentucky, Virginia, Georgia, Texas, Arkansas, Missouri and Pennsylvania. The student body will be greatly interested to know that Mr. Frost, who is President of the Berea College, Kentucky, and who lectured to us last year, invited President Southwick to fill a week's engagement at Berea where he lectured before the faculty and students. President Southwick expects to be with us again at Christmas and at that time we hope to hear more fully of his tour.

Thursday morning, November 16th, our former chaplain, Reverend Allen A. Stockdale, gave an interesting and most helpful lecture to us. Mr. Stockdale told us about his work among the soldiers at the Mexican Border and then chose as the subject of his address, "The Challenge of the Near."

Needless to say, our welcome to him was a warm and hearty one, and we look forward with pleasure to the time when he shall be with us again. Dr. Stockdale left behind him the following message of Christmas cheer to be given to our students through the pages of this magazine:

THE TRUE MEASURE OF A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The holiday season is coming,
With rushing and speeding and humming,
While dollars to millions are summing
 As madly we hurry to buy.
So strongly traditions come telling,
With logical powers compelling,
But lacking in motives indwelling
Well born of a deep loving, Why—
A perfect gift, what is the measure
By which we may know it a treasure
That lingers a mystical pleasure
 And blesses as long as we live?
'Tis not in some value astounding,
Nor beauty with mystery confounding,
But lies in the *true love* surrounding,
 The thought in the impulse to give.

—Allen A. Stockdale.

THE ALLIED ARTS ASSOCIATION.

"To the Faculty and Senior Students of the Emerson College of Oratory: The faculty and students of the Department of Architecture of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology cordially invite you to an informal gathering of the students of the fine arts to be held in Rogers Hall on Saturday evening, November eighteenth, from eight to eleven-thirty o'clock."

Such was the invitation that Dean Ross read to us. He explained that the Department of Architecture had launched this new venture with the object in view of promoting more friendly relations between the students of the arts of architecture, sculpture, painting, music and the drama.

Never before in Boston had such a gathering taken place but large Allied Arts Associations exist in foreign cities. It was with a view to some permanent and similar organization that the committee in charge issued these invitations. There are

large bodies of students in this city all engaged in the study of the fine arts. Though the means and method of pursuit may differ with each branch of the subject, the end and aim of all is the same, and the inspiration that would come to them by being brought into touch with the other fine arts would broaden their horizon and bring an appreciation which would increase their own creative capacity. This is perhaps more evident in our work of Interpretation than in any other branch, so we were delighted to do our bit to start the ball rolling towards better and finer relations between Boston art students.

The guests gathered shortly after eight and were ushered to the seats reserved for their schools. Each group had adopted some distinctive insignia and flowers, armbands and badges were very much in evidence. Representatives from twelve schools filled the hall to its capacity. Those represented were: Department of Architecture, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Department of Architecture, Harvard; Boston Architectural Club; Department of Landscape Architecture, Harvard; Cambridge School of Landscape Architecture; School of English Folk Dancing; "47" Workshop, Harvard; Emerson College of Oratory; School of the Museum of Fine Arts; Massachusetts Normal Arts; Faelten Pianoforte School, New England Conservatory of Music.

The hosts of the evening, the Technology Architectural Students, started the entertainment with a series of college yells. Then followed the program of the evening.

Address of Welcome	Prof. Ralph A. Cram
Address	Hon. T. Randolph Coolidge
Instrumental Solo	Faelten Pianoforte School
Vocal Solo	New England Conservatory of Music
'Cello Solo	New England Conservatory of Music
"The Dark Lady of the Sonnets,"	Emerson College of Oratory
Trio	New England Conservatory of Music

The program revealed what an identity of interest exists between the different schools. Each bit of work as representative of their aim was a revelation of their unity of purpose.

The audience showed its interest and appreciation by its enthusiastic applause.

Hon. T. Randolph Coolidge in the "Address" of the evening brought us many new and delightful thoughts. Among these was a realization that our terminology was the same as that of all the other fine arts. He also said: "Art is to be found first with the people, rising from the people the isolated person gathers within himself the thoughts and feelings of the common people and declares them again to the people."

The entertainment was followed by an informal dance in the Exhibition Gallery, where the School of English Folk Dancing contributed their share of the program. In the rooms and halls of the first floor was a large and splendid exhibition of Sculpture and Architecture. To most of us the time for breaking up came only too early.

Beyond the fact of the mere good time lies a deep and serious purpose on the part of our hosts. This was partially accomplished by the fact that to many of us the relationship of the different branches of art assumed a new and finer meaning and that we saw that the goal of all was "Nature passed through man's mind and fixed in form."

To Professor Alexander Jenney is due much of the honor for the success of the gathering. Now the movement is gaining fresh impetus and the end in view is a state-wide Association with perhaps a competitive exhibition each year. If this end is attained, while it will necessarily become more formal in nature, the Association will also become more valuable to each individual.

We sincerely hope that each succeeding class in Emerson may have the inspiration that we were privileged to receive. May this movement grow until some organization may result which will fill this long-felt need of Art students and bring about not only a realization of the unity of purpose but an actual unity of aim.

Georgia Paddock, Chairman of Students' Committee.

The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

EDITORIAL STAFF

NETTIE M. HUTCHINS	Editor-in-Chief
ANNE W. VAIL	Literary Editor
BEULAH K. FOLMSBEE	Student Editor
FRED WILLSON HUBBARD	Business Manager

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory, 30 Huntington Avenue, on the 15th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Business Manager. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE. Entered in the Post Office at Boston, Mass., as second class mail matter.

VOL. XXV.

DECEMBER, 1916.

No. 2

What shall we give at Christmas? It is, we know, more blessed to give than to receive but often it seems to us, perhaps, even more to be desired to know *what* to give. We give lavishly and lovingly to our fathers and mothers and sisters and friends and brothers and cousins and all—to everyone toward whom we feel that welling up of love in our hearts. Then, too, we give to those to whom we feel perhaps a sense of duty or of gratitude, and maybe, after all, it is not so reprehensible to grace our act of remembrance for favors shown us with the name of the Christ spirit. But has it ever occurred to any of us, I wonder, to bring a loving Christmas gift to our Alma Mater—a gift more rare than even gold and frankincense and myrrh? True, we are not wise men of the East; we are but simple students seeking wisdom and beauty and truth. And yet there lies in our power a gift so precious—the gift of Helpfulness to our college. Our college is not a thing of walls and campus—it means to us the traditions,

the service, the inspiration, which others have cherished and handed down to us. Unendingly it bestows on us all that we diligently seek. Is it not our privilege to give back to it Ourselves? So many little things make for Helpfulness—kindness to each other, courtesy in the classroom, co-operation in our common tasks. Surely if we bring with us daily this gift of Helpfulness some star shall point us to opportunities for service, and in this spirit of loving sacrifice we shall find, like the wise men of old, our redemption.

“God gives us all
Some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.”

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace!
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men
Begin an dnever cease.

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house
One creature was stirring, and that was a mouse.
The stockings that hung by the chimney with care
He'd nibble the toes of them, pair after pair.
He ate all the candy, six candy canes, too.
Not a morsel was left when the mouse had got through.

The moral of which—if you know what a sight is,
A mouse that has perished of acute gastritis—
That Christmas itself may be called into question,
If carried so far it creates indigestion.

—*Ralph Bergengren.*



STUDENT

Comes the Christ Child gentle
In December drear,
With deeds of loving kindness
All the world to cheer.
May it be our endeavor—
Be we great or small—
To be like this dear Christ Child,
Kind to one and all.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

We wish everyone would drop into Room 510 on every Friday afternoon from two until three o'clock and enjoy the "Quiet Hour" along with the faithful few. The devotional meetings this year have been exceedingly inspiring.

On October 27th, Miss George, the student secretary of Boston, brought us greetings from the different students' associations and gave us a very earnest talk on "Spiritual Growth."

Miss White, a former student of Goucher College, inspired us on November third by her heart to heart talk on "Our Responsibilities to Our Neighbors" and of the countless opportunities for Christian workers.

About twenty-five of our girls enjoyed the Conference for the Students of the Northeast held at the Milton Country Club on November fifth. Mrs. A. W. Tedcastle was our hostess and much appreciation is due her for the profitable and pleasant day.

Mrs. Southwick's beautiful talk to us on November tenth aroused in us a deeper realization of "The Significance of Influence." Previous to Mrs. Southwick's talk Miss Brenner, who is very much devoted to the Red Cross work, suggested

that we show our interest in the work by taking banks to be filled for the benefit of the society and several girls generously responded to her suggestion.

On November seventeenth Miss Bertha Goldthwait, the student visitor of Trinity Church, very sweetly and frankly brought to our minds the importance of a positive religion and the danger in becoming indifferent to Christianity.

We wish to thank Misses Russey and Wellington for the attractive new posters.

SOUTHERN CLUB.

Frances Cornick spent the Thanksgiving holidays with friends in Norwich, Conn.

Eloise Tanner spent a recent week end with Dr. and Mrs. Goodpastor in Brookline.

Eleanor East has had as a guest her sister, Mrs. E. J. Taylor of Drivers, Va.

Marguerite Thompson and Bess Ellis were recently entertained by Mrs. Hitchcock at "The Cabin," Clifton, Mass.

Margaret Newell spent the Thanksgiving vacation with Agnes Sickles at her home in Nyack, N. Y.

Jeannette Warshawsky left before Thanksgiving for her home and will return after Christmas.

SENIOR.

Freda Walker read for the D. R. society at Hotel Westminster recently.

Faye Eaton spent a week-end during November with relatives at North Abington, Mass.

Mrs. Fanoretta Booth of Rockfort, Ill., is spending a few weeks with Lucy Upson.

Gertrude Allen read at the Florence Crittendon House and at the Hale Settlement House recently.

Carolyn Walker coached the play "The Arrival of Kitty," at Mansfield, Mass., recently. Helen Reed made up the cast.

Jessie Haszard spent a week-end during November in Lynn, Mass.

Margaret Scureman, assisted by several Tufts College students, gave a program during Thanksgiving vacation, at Westchester, Connecticut.

Mildred Southwick has read recently in Montpelier and Burlington, Vt.

Ruth Pancoast was the reader at the annual entertainment of the Ladies Aid Society of the Central Congregational Church, Wellesley.

Ruby Sutherland has given readings in Wollaston and Dorchester.

Mrs. Amy Toll appeared as Mrs. Perkins with the Jewett Players at the Copley Theatre during the week of October 9, in Barrie's play "The Admirable Crichton."

The play presented by Mildred Southwick in Huntington Chambers Hall, with a cast of Seniors, was most delightfully performed. The following students participated:

THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA.

Cast

The Earl of Hassenden	Edith MacCulley
Sir George Sylvester	Helen H. Bartel
The Rev. Mr. Blimboe	Mildred Little
Mr. Dent	Harriet Stille
Mr. Castleton	Hazel Call
Mr. Devereux	Gertrude Allen
Mr. Ward	Catherine McCormick
Sir Robert Clifford	Marie Bellefontaine
Quilton	Ruby Sutherland
Mills	Fay Eaton
Servant	Margaret Longstreet
Mrs. Fenton, Aunt to Dorothy Fenton	Astrid Nygren
Dorothy Fenton, Betrothed to Lord Hassenden	
Olive E. Guthrie	
The Lady Ursula Barrington, Sister to Lord Hassenden	
Mildred Southwick	

JUNIOR.

The following is the program for the Junior class stunt, given Thursday, November 9, 1916:

“THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS”

BY

BERNARD SHAW

Cast of Characters

The Beefeater	Samuel Kern
William Shakespeare	Joseph Gifford
Queen Elizabeth	Helen Guild
Dark Lady of the Sonnets	Marguerite Fox

Setting: Fin de siecle 15-1600. Midsummer night on the terrace of the Palace at Whitehall, overlooking the Thames.

A party of Juniors was conducted by Hazel Manley to the Perkins Institute for the Blind in Watertown on November 14. The students were ushered through various departments of the institute where several phases of the work were demonstrated.

Hazel Manley recently gave programs in Needham, Auburn-dale, and at the opening meeting of the Women’s Club in Wal-tham.

Marguerite Ruggles is teaching expression, physical culture, and vocal technique to a class of twenty girls, in Somerville.

A program was presented by Neva Wright at a New England church supper in Roxbury recently.

Ruth Van Buren took the leading part in a play presented before the Woman’s Club of Stoneham on November 17.

The Excelsior Club at the Civic Service House is under the capable management of Fay Goodfellow and Barbara Wellington.

Ruth Levin presented her large class of pupils in a recital in Winthrop, a short time ago.

JUNIOR RECITAL

Thursday, November 23

- I. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm . *Kate Douglas Wiggin*
Marguerite Ruggles
- II. Pelleas and Melisande . . . *Maurice Maeterlinck*
Margaret Ella Plank
- III. The Kentucky Cardinal . . . *James Lane Allen*
Emma A. Kranz
- IV. The Lost Joy *Olive Schreiner*
Evelyn Gertrude Ellis
- V. The Mechanical Doll *Anonymous*
Constance Hastings
- VI. Within the Law *Bayard Veiller*
Grace O'Leary

SOPHOMORE.

A group of readings were presented by Elaine Rich at the First Baptist Church at Lowell.

Lucille Chandler is to take part in a play soon to be presented in Braintree.

Marjorie Stackhouse was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Schipper of Newtonville over one of the week-ends.

FRESHMAN.

We regret that Margaret Porter has been called home because of the death of her brother.

Agnes Mahony has recently entertained with readings at the Quincy House.

Doris Poole has been presented with a gold medal given by the W. C. T. U. in a speaking contest.

Beatrice Talmas has been elected as class cheer leader.

TWO-YEAR SPECIAL.

Alice Cohn spent the week-end at Winthrop, Mass.

Miss Elizabeth Bates of Williamsport, Pa., was the guest of Helen Fry for several days.

The Two-Year Specials gladly welcome a new member to their class, Beatrice Raunsley.

Dorothy Levy had as her guests during the week-ends of November 11 and 18 Miss Dorothy Beeler of Rogers Hall, Lowell, Mass., and Miss Ethel Rife of Mt. Ida School, Newton, Mass.

Myrtle Moss, Lovayne Larson and Helen Fry attended a Y. W. C. A. conference at Milton, Mass., November 4.

SORORITIES.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Kappa Gamma Chi entertained informally at the Hotel Hem-enway on the evening of Tuesday, November 14.

Elizabeth Field, Arline Crocker, Ann Minahan and Elizabeth Tack attended a matinee performance of the Academy Players at Haverhill, Mass., Saturday, November 18. Georgette Jette, '16, played the role of Cynthia Wainwright in "The Man of the Hour."

Leah Kendall and Nettie Hutchins underwent throat operations at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Friday, December first.

Arline Crocker spent her Thanksgiving vacation with her mother at South Paris, Maine.

Phyllis Jenkins is coaching a play in Whitman, Mass.

Nettie Hutchins and Elizabeth Tack were dinner guests of Constance Hastings at her home in Somerville on Sunday, November 12.

Constance Hastings gave a miscellaneous program for The Listeners Club at Hyde Park.

Selina Mace was a guest of the Campfire Girls of Medford at a Thanksgiving tea. She is acting as the Campfire guardian.

Elizabeth Field spent the Thanksgiving vacation with her parents at Brockton, Mass.

The sorority gave a birthday party Wednesday afternoon, December 22, in honor of Selina Mace. Mrs Southwick and Mrs. Mace, who is visiting her daughter, were present.

ZETA PHI ETA.

Helen Bartel is assisting the teacher of dramatics at Dana Hall, Wellesley.

Barbara Wellington was hostess at a dance given at her home in Newton, November 16th. Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Wellington were the patronesses of the evening.

Hazel Call is teaching at the Y. W. C. A. in Lowell on Thursday evenings.

Inez Banghart read this week at Carnegie Hall, New York City. Miss Banghart also read before the Theatre Club at the Waldorf Hotel.

Marion Brainard of Glens Falls, New York, spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Christine Punnett.

Sarah Stocking and Margaret Pinkerton are coaching a play at the Civic Service House.

Hazel Call gave a Shakespearean program before the Woman's Club of Newton Highlands, November 13th.

Astrid Nygren and Margaret Longs treet were entertained during the Thanksgiving vacation at the home of Caroline Walker in Mansfield.

Dorothy Hopkins read at Orient Heights recently.

Catharine Green coached a play last week at Chelmsford, Mass.

Norma Olson read at a meeting of the Woman's Business League of Boston.

PHI MU GAMMA.

Phi Mu Gamma entertained at supper in honor of Mr. Tripp, after his recital of Martin Chuzzlewit, on Friday evening, November 10. Mr. Tripp's sister, Mrs. Monteith, and his niece, Miss Evelyn Monteith, were also guests.

Beatrice Coates is chairman of a committee for a Christmas play to be given at the club house of the Lynn Women's Club, under the auspices of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church.

Helen Hynes is coaching a play given by the Boy Scouts at the Emmanuel Settlement.

Estelle Van Hoesen spent a most enjoyable week-end at a house party in Worcester.

Marguerite Thompson has been giving a program of Southern stories in various towns around Boston; most recently in Chelsea, West Acton and Dorchester.

Ann Vail entertained her cousin, Ruth Carman, who is a student of the Pine Manor School of Wellesley, over the week-end of November 25.

Ellen Lombard and Molly Sayre spent the week-end in New Haven and while there attended the Yale-Harvard game.

Sarah Lewis, Edith MacCulley and Mary Roberts told stories to the children in the Children's Hospital on Thanksgiving morning.

Molly Sayre gave a house party at her home in Cambridge, to friends from Warwick, during the Thanksgiving recess.

Ellen Lombard spent the vacation at her home in Colebrook, N. H.

Mary Roberts spent a recent week-end at her home in New Rochelle. While in New York she visited the Emerson College Alumni Club.

Helen Hynes, Marguerite Thompson, Helen Carter and Mildred Little gave a program of readings and songs at Lamson Hall on Monday evening, November 27, for the Y. W. C. A.

PHI ALPHA TAU.

William Downs spent the Thanksgiving holidays with friends in Lowell.

The fraternity will be represented in the dramatic club plays by Messrs. Downs, Byer, and Smith.

November 17.

Frederick Dixon, a former Alpha man, visited the College, All the Emerson men enjoyed a theatre party at the Hollis recently.

Fred Willson Hubbard is again associated with '47 Workshop at Harvard.

Heard in Lyric Poetry—"An ode is a lyric."

Dr. Black—Yes, but what kind of a lyric?"

Mr. Smith, sotto voce—"An odeous lyric."

Mr. Kenney in Vocal Technique—"Miss Haszard, use one of your own thoughts in high voice."

Miss Haszard, taken by surprise, intones wildly—"To feel his little hand in mine."

Mr. Smith, defining fate in Omar Khayyam class—"The inevitable, unescapable destiny."

Miss Sleight, quoting—"I myself am heaven and hell."

Mr. Smith—"Yes, but we may have heaven in the midst of a hell—of a situation." And yet Mr. Smith is not ordinarily a profane man.

Mrs. Southwick, quoting in "Merchant of Venice"—"Tell me, where is fancy bred?"

Miss Folsom, prosaically—"In the bake shop."



CHRISTMAS GREETING.

A merry Christmas morning
To each any every one!
The rose has kissed the dawning,
And the gold is in the sun.

And may the Christmas splendor
A joyous greeting bear,
Of love that's true and tender
And faith that's sweet and fair.

EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF HARTFORD.

The November meeting of the E. C. O. Club of Hartford took place at the home of Mrs. George Flanagan with twelve members present. It had been decided at a previous meeting to study the "Fools of Shakespeare's Plays." Mrs. Flanagan gave a splendid talk on the use that Shakespeare makes of the fool in his plays, quoting from different plays.

A list of the members of the club follows:

Fanny G. Darrow
Marion Blake Campbell
Clara Plummer Dresser
Julia M. Smith
Caroline Grunley Reid
Ruth Viola Adams
Bernie L. Loveland
Janet Chesney Colt
Jean Clement Butts
Frances Bradley
Golda Curtiss

Dorothea Deming
Clara Coe
Pauline Phelps
Mrs. Burdette Farnum
Catherine Tinker
Sadie Robinson Deming
Ina W. Price
Ethel Swartwood Flanagan
Marion Colby Clapp
Eunice J. MacKenzie
Martha L. Spencer

ALUMNI NOTES.

- '96. Arleen Hackett during the last theatrical season, toured the South with William Faversham as his leading lady. Miss Hackett has also made a success in moving picture work.
- '97. After an illness of two weeks, Lucy Le Furgery died in a hospital in Chicago last March.
- '97. Mabel G. Sawyer has resumed her teaching in Ruskin Cave College, Tennessee.
- '98. Walter B. Swift, M. D., now has two speech clinics at the Massachusetts General Hospital, he teaches speech disorder to the fourth-year students in the Harvard Medical school, and at the voice clinic of the Psychopathic Hospital he teaches the students in the Harvard Graduate School of Medicine.
- '00. Mrs. L. W. Adams has resumed her teaching in the Adams Academy of Dancing, Salem, Mass.
- '01. Alice Amelia Clarke is teaching in Batten High School, Elizabeth, New Jersey.
- '06-'07. Announcements have been received of the marriage of Herbert Drakely Bard to Alfreda Coil at Marietta, Ohio.
- '07-'08. Mrs. Nellie Cassay Wilson announces the birth of a son, John Roger, born Tuesday, April 20th, 1915.
- '08-'09. Mr. Spencer Emery Holland announces the marriage of his sister, Ethel Flora, to Mr. Clarence Sheldon Dike on July 2nd, at Lake Placid, N. Y.
- '10. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Adams of Quaker Lane, West Hartford, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Ruth Viola, to Walter Crane Hathaway of Brooklyn, New York.

'11. The home of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Bushnell in South Battle Creek was the scene of an unusually interesting wedding when their daughter, Meda, was united in marriage to Frederick Stewart of Aitken, Minn. The wedding took place on the lawn, near the house, which with a background of trees and shrubbery made a beautiful setting.

Miss Bushnell for the past three years has been instructor of English and history in the Battle Creek High School. Mr. Stewart is a graduate from the Michigan College of Mines. They will make their home at Cromwell, Minn.

'11. Bernice Loveland of Hartford, Connecticut, was a guest at the wedding of Meda Bushnell at Battle Creek, Michigan, August 10th.

'11-'12. "The Peace Masque presented Wednesday afternoon by the Senior class of St. Johnsbury Academy—written and directed by Miss Madeline Randall—was a most excellent portrayal of a popular theme and was enjoyed by a large and appreciative throng of townspeople and commencement guests. Great credit is due Miss Randall for the excellent manner in which the folk dances were taught, while the delightful way in which they were danced by those taking part showed that much effort and hard work was done to make the masque one of the finest portrayals of a worthy theme admirably handled and excellently executed."—*The Caledonian*.

"One of the most distinctive features of commencement week in St. Johnsbury was the presentation of 'As You Like It' by the graduating class of the Portland St. school at Colonial theatre, Friday evening, under the direction of Miss Madeline Randall. It seemed almost impossible that this was a play being given by a class of boys and girls, so faultlessly were the lines committed and so perfect was the enunciation."—*The Caledonian*.

'11-'12. Announcements have been received of the marriage of Julia Elizabeth Krantz to Stanford Harding Harts-horn, Thursday, October 26th, at the city of Washington.

'12. A son, Talcott Barnes, was born September 19th to Mrs. Clarence Clapp, nee Marian Colby, at Hartford, Conn.

- '12. Lois Beil Sandall is doing studio work in Seattle, Wash.
- '13. Frederick A. Dixon has accepted the pastorate at Bethel Congregational Church, Bethel, Vt.
- '13. Lillian Lee Clark is teaching at Maryland State Normal School.
- '13-'14. Announcements have been received of the marriage of Inez Bassett to Barney Lee Alder, August 25th, at Middleboro, Mass.
- '14-'15. The following is the program of a recital given by Bessie Belle McMichael, assisted by Miss Toohey, violinist, at Yankton College, Yankton, S. Dak.:

PROGRAM

Billie Brad and the Big Lie	<i>Ellis Parker Butler</i>
Bobby at the Ferry		
It		
Liebes freud	<i>Kreisler</i>
	Miss Toohey	
The Will	<i>James Mathew Barrie</i>
(a) Poem	<i>Zolenko Fibich</i>
(a) Au loud d'un ruisseau	<i>Rene de Boisdeffie</i>
	Miss Toohey	
The Littlest Rebel	<i>Edward Peple</i>

- '14. Arthur Winslow is directing the department of expression and physical culture at Marionville College, Marionville, Mo.
- '14-'15. Frieda Michel is continuing her work at Sayre College, Kentucky, and has given several interpretative recitals. After her reading of Lincoln Colcord's "Vision of War," the following item appeared:

"Miss Michel has a delightful voice and gave a fine idea of the poem of Lincoln Colcord which was quoted with wonderful understanding of the subject."

Another after the Senior play at the college reads:

"The work under the splendid training of Miss Michel showed to a very superior advantage. Miss Michel at the head of the expression department has done much to make it a decided success during the year which has just closed."

'15. Olive Grover reports an interesting season. She has made a circuit of the mountain hotels, reading at the New Mt. Livermore, Holderness, N. H., "The Wiers," Wiers, N. H., Colonial Inn at Centre Harbor, and others. Miss Grover has had also numerous engagements at her home in Nahant and has coached several plays for girls' and boys' clubs. In "Young Mrs. Winthrop" she took the leading part. As a climax to the year's work, Miss Grover took the New York school examinations.

The Emerson College Magazine

VOL. XXV.

JANUARY, 1917.

No. 3



THE FOOL IN "KING LEAR."

By E. CHARLTON BLACK, LL.D.

In an Eastern tale we read of an elixir whose potency was such that whoever partook of it was enabled to throw himself back into the past, or project himself into the future, as he might please. Of this elixir we are oftentime reminded by the genius of Shakespeare, who not only despises distinctions of age and time himself, but makes us despise them too. When he speaks to us of enchanted woodlands that flash with elves, and of blasted heaths with weird witches, the oldest of us becomes a child listening to a tale of glamourie and fairyland; but when, in our own strange enough world, he tells of the unhappy king of the three daughters, the youngest of us feels as old and life-worn as if dashed with the wind and the rain of an hundred years. So when the curtain is rung down on this strange, eventful history of Lear, we bow the head in reverence to the poet, and go over the words of the mysterious Fool again, trying to find the truth that lies beneath the spoken lines, and why it is that we feel old and sad.

As with Touchstone in *As You Like It*, it is with the skill of a master-artist that the poet prepares for the introduction of the Fool into the play. The storm of passion that hurried Lear to give up his crown and cast from him his one true daughter, has spent itself. In the after-calm he begins to realize what he has done; and, in uneasiness, he calls for his Fool whose jests may dispel dark forebodings. But his Jester does not come; and, when the old man calls for him again, he is told that since Cordelia's "going into France, the Fool hath much pined away." For the first time a shiver of remorse seems to seize the restless Father: "No more of that," he cries, "I have noted it well."

* * * * *

In this tenderness which sorrowed for banished Cordelia, is given the keynote of the Fool's character; herein, at once, and so subtly that the working of the artistic machinery is undisturbed, is revealed the mainspring of all he will do and say. Mysteriously a light from his inner life flashes on our hearts like the glint of a javelin in the dark; and we await the entry of no Merry-Andrew who will only make us laugh, but of one who is deep in the pathos of the play, and who has wrested from us our sympathy before we have seen his face.

If, however, the Fool draws out our sympathy ere we see him, he does not overdraw it when he appears. He neither sighs like furnace, nor collapses in tears, but enters in playful mood; and, with the offer of his coxcomb, he rewards the faithful Kent for his true service to forlorn Lear. Humorous irony! for the very service which he thus ridicules he then emulates, striving as best he can to avert the melancholy whose shadow is black across the old man's heart. Our sympathy for the Fool is now supplemented by a kind of awe. He wears his cap and bells as if it were a crown, and wields his bauble like a sceptre. He has a lofty sense of the worth of his vocation; nor can a nobler sentiment than this adorn the heart of any man, for it represents a something as truly sublime as the blue roof of heaven. This sentiment makes a man loyal to

himself and all the world. It is the consciousness of standing behind an angel's shield—of being trebly armed in God-like chastity.

As I have already hinted, men have wondered that Shakespeare made a man of such possibilities of parts and pathos a court-jester. For our part we wonder how he could have made him anything else. The Fool was, sure enough, a grotesque ornament of a barbarous age, but he was something more. In the wild times of our tale he was often the monarch's wisest counsellor. In quip and jest he could make known to the king what, if told in plain words by the noblest of the court, would have cost the teller his head. And, if the Fool teaches us no other lesson, by the truth of his action he at least drives home to our hearts what is too readily forgotten—that it little matters what we do, for it all lies in how we do. A baby's fist may be in warrior's gauntlet, but it is ever the hand that wields the sword that makes the warrior.

A man of infinite possibility the Fool undoubtedly is. His nature is deep, melancholy, and mysterious as the sea. He has an intellect, searching and irresistible, piercing to the inmost soul of things, gripping ever what is most subtle. This intellect is his prophet, showing him, away to the sea, the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, that, ere the day be done, will rain its lightnings on a quaking earth. He has an imagination that knows no limit, flashing through this world, and beyond it even into the Infinite, burying itself there in the eternal mists. He has humour, genuine as it is most fantastic, making a funny face at itself and the universe, dashing things the solemnest with the wildest of fun, entangling Death himself in a robe of masquerade. But as is the height so is the depth; and coexistent with this humour is a melancholy, tender and pensive, refining the wild fun into a something that is sublime, as it gazes with tearful eyes through the gay vizard. Deep in, too, is Creative Satire, as far removed from vulgar caricature as from caustic sarcasm, truthful, sharp, and inevitable. Turning at unexpected times to every actor in the play, the Fool

reflects and condenses the life-truth of each. He hunts to destruction what he sees to be false, and purges the soul as by terror of death. But deeper than all, and strongest, is Love—the ruling spirit and central fire that permeates and quickens his whole being, uniting the Fool with us “and with all men, and with the Maker of all men, in sacred, mysterious, indissoluble bonds, in an all-embracing love, that encircles alike the seraph and the glow-worm.”

Outraged though his love be by the fiercest of circumstances, and to be seen neither in court nor vestibule that ring with frolic, it is yet there in the inner chamber, mourning for Cordelia gone, and revealing itself only in infinite pity for hapless Lear. It is the depth of his pity that moves the satire of the Fool, for, come what may, the old man must see the ragged rim of the impending thunder-cloud; it is the intensity of his pity which calls into play his humour and imagination, that the bitterest of truths may be clad in the kindest of smiles. But, be the satire and wild fun what they may, the pity will ever look forth at the windows and show itself through the lattice. How it is seen in that passionate cry for forgiveness when he has told Lear of his folly in having made his daughters his mothers:—“Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: *I would fain learn to lie!*” It is as if a sea that was dancing to the breeze and laughing in the sunshine, moved uneasily and opened before us, revealing far down the wrecks of ages and whitened bones!

Small wonder that his truth-shafts, feathered with fun and sent from a heart-string quivering to breaking, pierce the crocodile-plates round the breast of Goneril. They rankle in what of heart she has, and she lets fall her mask; and, pouring a torrent of wrathful invective on her helpless father, she stands forth as the loathly type of filial ingratitude to all time. The idol held most dear by the old man is shattered before him, and round him crash its splinters. We feel for him as for a beggar who is beaten with his own crutch. It was all foretold him by the Fool; and now how nobly the Fool demeans

himself! He turns not on the wretched old man with the coarse exultation and the 'I told you how it would be' of the mean natures that foresee an event only after it has happened. But all his soul goes out in sympathy to his poor master; and, when at length Lear totters from the scene, with the unearthly light of madness already blazing in his eye, the Fool remains behind, and discharges at the breast of Goneril a shaft shod with naked truth, and he does not miss his mark. Ay! well may you shudder and grow pale, wickedest of women, at the words of him who is, as you say, more knave than fool, for, written in life-blood, you may read there your death-warrant!

In the foregoing scene we note particularly what indeed is conspicuous throughout the play—the employment by the poet of the Fool's words, comic in form if throbbing with tragic significance, to evolve the plot. Not only is Goneril's outburst of fiendish passion palpably the result of his scathing wit, and not only is thereby set in motion the machinery which brings about the final overthrow of Lear's mind and the concluding scenes of devilry and death, but, think as we like, we must realize that the very jests with which the Fool strives to avert his master's madness, powerfully co-operate to augment it, fixing, as they do, the old man's mind on that which is the irritant. Strikingly this is seen when, in the court before the Duke of Albany's Palace, the Fool is doing his best to prepare Lear for the way he will be treated by his other daughter. The old man hears, and he writhes as a plant does when thrown in a fire that sucks the sap out of it. At length he utters that awful cry that rings in our ears—the death-yell of sanity when it feels the dragon-clutch of madness:

"O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!"

Not only, however, does the comic humour of the Fool tend to develop the tragic *passion*, but, by its close proximity, the tragic *effect* itself is strengthened and deepened. His words in their comic masquerade are as the mists which swathe the

base of a mountain, throwing the tragic passion into such heights of clearness and intensity that they are as if etched upon the very zenith. But the jests of the Fool seem to have an effect, subtle and mysterious, and one gripped by neither of these illustrations. They add an extreme of wickedness to the character of Goneril, and reflect a pathos and passion on that of Lear—an extreme and a pathos that we feel arise not from contrast, but from a relation more vital. Such is the pitch of passion in the outpourings of Goneril and Lear that our feelings are suspended, the wheel is as broken as the cistern, we hear yet we are insensate; but, when the Fool breaks in with his words of motley, there is a reaction—we begin with a shudder to realize what we have come through, and the flood of full feeling again rushes through our veins, tingling as if it were our death. Our meaning may be illustrated from an experience as true as it is agonizing. When, in the darkened room, we look upon the face of our dead, we may weep yet we hardly feel; but when we step into the glare of noon-day and the rattle of the world, ah! then is the 'Oh that 'twere possible!'—the heart-anguish that never knew words or tears. Infinitely, too, is the feeling of the pathos and passion intensified, when, beneath the froth and foam of the jests, we find a depth of significance that comprehends not only the whole tragical passion of the play, but, in its dark profundity, whatever of passion is in human life.

But the words of the Fool fulfil a function purely aesthetic, which, so far from interfering with the artistic functions referred to, constitute the very condition under which alone they can be fulfilled. When the mind has been stretched beyond its tone, it must needs seek relief in change. The eye wanders from the God-forsaken heights of a Shreckhorn, from glistering rock and jagged glacier, and rests itself on green of pine and valley. We go to a grave as sad as night; we delve it in, and then at but little we will laugh loud and long. Thus it is in the play. The passion of Lear strings our heart-chords far beyond their pitch. They are tense even to snapping, and are

rendered tuneless. But the Fool's words ease the awful strain. And here we note in the nature of his jests deep design and self-supporting arrangement. A temperament that is never earnest is, as a rule, more wearisome than one that is never gay. If we cannot at times touch the depth, the ceaseless bubbles, brightness and idle tumult of the surface will create a certain sense of impatience if not of actual want. Were the words of the Fool as comic in significance as they are in form, they would in turn render our heart-chords tuneless through utter flaccidity. As it is, their comic guise has for a moment this effect, but ere long their tragic import, powerful as it is most tranquil, restores tone and braces up to full harmony.

Nowhere in the play is the working of the last-mentioned artistic and aesthetic functions more impressively revealed than in the night-scene on the heath, where the material passion of the elements is mingled in an awful harmony with human passion, pathos and madness—a scene so terrible that we had passed it over in silence but for the golden glory that therein is reflected from the mystic nature of the Fool. All day long the clouds have been gathering into the vast blackness that now on Lear bursts pelting and pitiless. In the blind love of a father he gave his crown of gold to his daughters, and, in tender mercy, they have plaited for him a crown of thorns, and pressed it on his old, white head until the spines are in his brain. Maddened and agonized he is out into the awful night, nor do we wonder; for, though welkin and world are at dire war, the elements are in tune with the tumult of his soul. Out into the awful night, clinging to his master as never did ivy to a broken tower, reverencing the crown of thorns as never the crown of gold, is the Fool, all the sharp satire over, labouring now only "to out-jest his master's heart-struck injuries." Soft and low amid the hell-babel of wind and thunder and the out-pourings of human passion wilder than either, is his voice—sweet and sympathetic amid all the clangour and resonance

as a seraph's song, solemn withal as the "central monochord of the inner main itself." But madness is a serpent that heeds not charmers, charming never so wisely. Saul flung a javelin at the head of David harping as never man harped; and to the shocks of the foe the king's mind must yield. Fall bastion and battlement; falls the central citadel itself, but even then, when all around is wildest delirium, untaken there remains an inner casemate of sanity—love for the Fool. That, too, falls, and Lear's mind is one utter ruin. What matters it now for the Fool to remain? To weep amid the ruins?—he can weep as well elsewhere. And, wielding his bauble and shaking his bells as merrily as when he entered, and leaving us as his adieu a witticism that seems a sparkling diamond, but which is flecked and streaked with the ruby redness of life-blood, he goes we know not whither. Fare-thee-well, worthiest of Fools and noblest of men! Thou hast served thy God, for thou didst thy duty, when most have served demons for fruit of Sodom. Thou hast shewn how the Divine can indeed dwell in man, choosing for habitation not the purple of a king, but the motley of a Fool, throwing the halo of heaven round a cap and bells.

"Oh noble fool!

A worthy fool! motley's the only wear."

So the Fool leaves us and for ever. All goes on as badly as it can. Cordelia returns to kiss her father and then is hanged. Lear is soon in the hands of a mightier than madness. But while Death is with him, and as, broken-hearted, the old man hugs his destroyer, the pale lips moan out—"And my poor fool is hanged!" Will no one tell us what it means? Is this the light of the near Eternity, letting Lear see the indissoluble unity which Love welds?—and are Cordelia and the Fool still held in that love which long ago he noted well? Through death is he stumbling into the truth?—and in dead Cordelia is dead Fool? Whatever it mean, on Lear's whitening face there comes a glory like an after-glow, and it is reflected from the Fool in somewhere, we know not where, of life or death.

This we do know—that in this mysterious after-glow there lingers on the worn face all the pathos of the play. The pathos of the play has been its only light, for all its love is pity; and this light last touches here the life it first struck, while we feel as if, out beyond the darkening night, it were vibrating in the long-since pining for Cordelia gone, as star to star.

We have gone over the words of the Fool in "King Lear," and we have tried to divine the truth. We have been baffled at well-nigh every turn by vivid reality in an imaginative creation. We have tried to explain *life*, and the result may be less to be trusted than the stichomancy of a quack magician, Dante was pointed out as the man who had been in hell; and, when we have been with Shakespeare, we are aged and changed. In "King Lear" he sweeps us through worlds of sorrow to the jingling of the bells of a Fool. Can we wonder that we feel old and sad? Where has he not taken us? We have followed that which flew before, over mysterious seas, tempestuous ever and at brightest but phosphorescent, and through a night on which has broken no dawn of hope. We have been amid spheres and stars, emanating never light of heavenly harmony, have been entangled in the confusion of comets, and past us on our quest have flashed meteors, coruscant only with the light of swift death. Down we have been in the awful depths of human nature and human passion, have heard the clanking of the enginery, and, in the glare of hell, seen devils turning the wheels. Something we have understood; much is black mystery. But we look to the years for light, and it will come. For, O mightiest of Poets! whose human personality has dropped in the centuries and left thee a Divinity, thy works are no collocations of happy accident, the existence of which will be tolled out by the bells of passing ages. Thou art in the secret of Space and of Time. Thy works are like God's, where all is design and predestined harmony.

If it wasn't for the optimist, the pessimist would never know how happy he isn't.

MY FINANCIAL CAREER.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

When I go into a bank I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me; the sight of the money rattles me; everything rattles me.

The moment I cross the threshold of a bank and attempt to transact business there, I become an irresponsible idiot.

I knew this beforehand, but my salary had been raised to fifty dollars a month and I felt that the bank was the only place for it.

So I shambled in and looked timidly round at the clerks. I had an idea that a person about to open an account must needs consult the manager.

I went up to a wicket marked "Accountant." The accountant was a tall, cool devil. The very sight of him rattled me. My voice was sepulchral.

"Can I see the manager?" I said, and added solemnly "alone." I don't know why I said "alone."

"Certainly," said the accountant, and fetched him.

The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my fifty-six dollars clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

"Are you the manager?" I said. God knows I didn't doubt it.

"Yes," he said.

"Can I see you," I asked, "alone?" I didn't want to say "alone" again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident.

The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an awful secret to reveal.

"Come in here," he said, and led the way to a private room. He turned the key in the lock.

"We are safe from interruption here," he said; "sit down."

We both sat down and looked at each other. I found no voice to speak.

"You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume," he said.

He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a

detective. I knew what he was thinking, and it made me worse.

"No, not from Pinkerton's," I said, seeming to imply that I came from a rival agency.

"To tell the truth," I went on, as if I had been prompted to lie about it, "I am not a detective at all. I have come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank."

The manager looked relieved but still serious; he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild or a young Gould.

"A large account, I suppose," he said.

"Fairly large," I whispered. "I propose to deposit fifty-six dollars now and fifty dollars a month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant.

"Mr. Montgomery," he said, unkindly loud, "this gentleman is opening an account, he will deposit fifty-six dollars. Good morning."

I rose.

A big iron door stood open at the side of the room.

"Good morning," I said, and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager coldly, and showed me the other way.

I went up to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick convulsive movement as if I were doing a conjuring trick.

My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said, "deposit it." The tone of the words seemed to mean, "Let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us."

He took the money and gave it to another clerk.

He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked in a hollow, vibrating voice.

"It is," said the accountant.

"Then I want to draw a cheque."

My idea was to draw out six dollars of it for present use. Someone gave me a cheque-book through a wicket and some-

one else began telling me how to write it out. The people in the bank had the impression that I was an invalid millionaire. I wrote something on the cheque and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it.

"What! are you drawing it all out again?" he asked in surprise. Then I realized that I had written fifty-six instead of six. I was too far gone to reason now. I had a feeling that it was impossible to explain the thing. All the clerks had stopped writing to look at me.

Reckless with misery, I made a plunge.

"Yes, the whole thing."

"You withdraw your money from the bank?"

"Every cent of it."

"Are you not going to deposit any more?" said the clerk, astonished.

"Never."

An idiot hope struck me that they might think something had insulted me while I was writing the cheque and that I had changed my mind. I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper.

The clerk prepared to pay the money.

"How will you have it?" he said.

"What?"

"How will you have it?"

"Oh"—I caught his meaning and answered without even trying to think—"in fifties."

He gave me a fifty-dollar bill.

"And the six?" he asked dryly.

"In sixes," I said.

He gave it me and I rushed out.

As the big door swung behind me I caught the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling of the bank. Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trousers pocket and my savings in silver dollars in a sock.

SUGGESTED CONTEMPORARY HUMOR.

Let Me Feel Your Pulse	O. Henry
Pigs is Pigs	Ellis Parker Butler
The Need of Change	Julian Street
Lyceum Lectures	Irvin Cobb
At Good Old Siwash	George Fitch
Spreading the News	Lady Gregory
Literary Lapses }	Stephen Leacock
Nonsense Novels }	
Seventeen }	Booth Tarkington
Bing }	
The Norse Nightingale	Booth Tarkington
You (Moonbeams of a Larger Lunacy)	Stephen Leacock
May Iverson Stories	Elizabeth Jordan
Cabbages and Kings	O. Henry
Molly-Make-Believe	Eleanor H. Abbott
Just So Stories	Rudyard Kipling

TO MAKE BURNS BETTER.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
 To see oursel's as others see us!"
 Why, Robert, that's no sort of present!
 Such seeing might prove most unpleasant!
 If you, our gratitude to earn meant,
 You should request the sprites and elves
 To give to others the discernment
 To see us as we see ourselves.

—George B. Morewood.

Salt your food with humor, pepper it with wit and sprinkle
 over it the charm of good fellowship. Never poison it with the
 cares of life.



SMILES



APPRECIATION.

My muvver's ist the nicest one
'At ever lived wiz folks;
She lets you have ze mostes' fun,
An' laffs at all your jokes.

I got a ol' maid auntie, too,
The worst you ever saw;
Her eyes ist bore you through and through,—
She ain't a bit like ma.

She's ist as slim as slim can be,
An' when you want to slide
Down on ze balusters, w'y she
Says 'at she's horrified.

She ain't as nice as Uncle Ben,
What says 'at little boys
Won't never grow to be big men
Unless they're fond of noise.

But muvver's nicer zan 'em all,
She calls you "precious lamb,"
An' lets you roll your ten-pin ball,
An' spreads your bread wiz jam.

An' when you're bad, she ist looks sad
You fink she's goin' to cry;
An' when she don't you're awful glad
An' den you're good, oh my!

At night, she takes ze softest hand,
An' lays it on your head,
An' says, "Be off to Sleepy-Land
By way o' trundle-bed."

So when you fink what muvver knows
An' aunts an' uncle tan't,
It skeers a feller; ist suppose
His muvver'd been a aunt.

—*Paul Lawrence Dunbar.*

A PANTOMIME.

The streets were filled with passers-by;
The summer sun sank down
With golden beam and slanting ray,
Behind the busy town.
Across the street from where I sat,
A window, open wide,
Was partly hid by curtains
Sweeping back on either side.

And so the window-ledge appeared
All fair and white between,
And resting kindly on its edge
A pair of hands were seen.
A pair of quite unequal hands
If measured in a scale,
For one was very muscular,
The other very frail.

But, judging by the sequel,
I concluded that, of course,
The smaller of the hands I saw
Had more magnetic force.
Because the large and sunburned one
Had such an easy way
Of ever moving near it,
As it on the window lay.

They touched; of course, it was by chance
And done with easy grace.
The little hand slid coyly back
And hid beneath the lace;
And then peeped out, as if to say
That must not happen more,
And looked just twice as tempting
As it had looked before.

So after much of skirmishing—
Advancing and retreat—
The hands, in some peculiar way,
Again had chanced to meet.
This time with easy confidence
The brown hand held the white,
And clasping it about so close
It hid it from my sight,

Except one finger; which appeared
So fair and tapering,
On which a third hand came to place
A slender diamond ring.
I had seen the old, old story told
In many and many a way;
By eyes to eyes that spake again
And in Shakespearean play.

But never yet had I beheld
A tableau half so fine
As that enacted o'er the way,
In living pantomime.

TU QUOQUE.

She: If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
Beckon and nod a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you!

He: If I were you, when persons I affected
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,
If I were you!

She: If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
I would not dance with odious Miss M'Tavish,
If I were you!

He: If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer
Whiff of the best—the mildest “Honey-dew,”
I would not dance with smoke consuming Puffer,
If I were you!

She: If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
Even to write the “Cynical Review”—

He: No. I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
If I were you!

She: Really! You would? Why, Frank, you're quite delightful,
Hot as Othello, and as black of hue;
Borrow my fan. I would not look so *frightful*,
If I were you!

He: "It is the cause." I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu!
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you!

She: Go, if you will. At once! And by express, sir!
Where shall it be? To China, or Peru?
Go. I should leave inquirers my address, sir,
If I were you!

He: No,—I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems on the whole, the proper thing to do—
Ah, you are strong,—I would not then be cruel,
If I were you!

She: One does not like one's feelings doubted,—

He: One does not like one's friends to misconstrue—

She: If I confess that I a wee bit pouted—

He: I should confess that I was *piqué*, too.

She: Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you!

—*Austin Dobson.*

THAT FRAUD, OMAR.

When Omar sang, the bloomin' liar
Extolled the alcoholic spree;
An' yet, this O. Khayyam, Esquire,
Walked jest as straight as you an' me.

The Proper Folks reviewed his lays
As wrong, of course, but awful nice,
An' gave his work unbounded praise—
The tribute Virtue pays to Vice!

But Omar knew, the crafty lad,
That folks is eminently thus,
An' kep' his pose of bein' Bad
To make a hit—the same as us.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

IRISH.

My father and mother were Irish,
And I am Irish, too;
I pipe you my bag of whistles,
And it is Irish, too.
'Twill sing with you in the morning,
And play with you at noon,
And dance with you in the evening,
To a little Irish tune.
For my father and mother were Irish,
And I am Irish, too;
And here is my bag of whistles,
For it is Irish, too.

—*Edward J. O'Brien.*

I wish I was a stone,
A-settin' on a hill,
A-doin' nothin' all day long
But jest a-settin' still.
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep,
I wouldn't even wash!
I'd jest set still a thousand years
And rest myself, b'gosh!



THURSDAY MORNING LECTURES.

On December 7th, the student body listened to an admirable interpretation of Kipling's "If," by Dr. Rose. The lecture was inspiring and helpful and when, as a close to his address, Dr. Rose recited the entire poem, we felt that it had indeed become a personal message to each one of us.

On December 14th, Miss McQuesten read for us Dickens' "Christmas Carol." The old, yet ever new, story filled the students and their guests with delight. It was indeed a happy ending for the Thursday morning lectures of the old year.

FOUNDER'S DAY.

CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON.

Born, Pittsfield, Vermont, November 30, 1837.

Died, Millis, Massachusetts, November 3, 1908.

"In traveling about the country I have been impressed with the fact that wherever I find sound teaching in Elocution either the teachers are pupils of Dr. Emerson, or they gladly recognize him as the pioneer in elevating their study to a scientific position."—*Richard Grant Moulton.*

"Art is nature passed through mind and fixed in form."—*Charles Wesley Emerson.*

The evening of December 13th was observed as Founder's Day and an appropriate program was carried out by members of the faculty and student body in Convention Hall. A large and appreciative audience was present at the celebration, which consisted of address by Mrs. Southwick, followed by a pageant and a Yuletide entertainment of the most unique nature. The program follows:

ADDRESS

JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK

Educational Aims in Expressive Art

CHRISTMAS AT OLD BERMONDSEY HOUSE

A *Yuletide* of the period when Sir Thomas Pope was appointed by Queen Mary as the guardian of the Princess Elizabeth, shortly after Wyatt's insurrection. The feast was planned by Sir Thomas Pope in old Bermondsey House in honor of the Princess Elizabeth, at his own cost; and even in the days of magnificent pageants was one of marked importance. It was in the time of Elizabeth that country dances enjoyed their heyday of popularity, as rich and poor were wearied of foreign dances, with their fine airs and graces.

This old English Christmas Festival has never before been presented in its entirety in this country. It is a pageant of song, dance, and Christmas cheer and customs.

A CHRISTMAS IN OLD BERMONDSEY HOUSE, 1554

Scene: A Hall of Old Bermondsey House

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PROLOGUE

Mildred Southwick

SIR THOMAS POPE

Fred Hybbard

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH

Grace Thorson

And for the amusement of the Royal Prisoner

THE LORD OF MISRULE

Lester Blood

Attended by

A LORD KEEPER

Charles Parsons

A LORD TREASURER

Merril Marvin

A CAPTAIN

Scott Williamson

CHAPLAIN	George La Barre
TRUMPETER	Samuel Kern
HARPER	Catherine Dravvbavgh
THE FOOL	Mildred Little

And His Five Sons

PICKLE HERRING	Sarah Stocking
BLUE BREECHES	Catherine McCormick
PEPPER BREECHES	Elizabeth Field
GINGER BREECHES	Arline Crocker
JOHN ALLSPICE	Eva Little
MARJERY	Astrid Nygren
JONATHAN	William Byer
DAME CICELY (The Fiddlervvoman)	Marjorie Savnders
SERVING MAN	Florence Cytting
YVLE-LOG BEARERS	Ina Duval, Elaine Rich, Edith MacCvley
CANDLE BEARERS	Esther Van Allstyne, Margaret Plank
FIRST YOKEL	Anne Vail
SECOND YOKEL	Marjorie Stackhouse
THIRD YOKEL	Margaret Scureman
FOURTH YOKEL	Helen Ford
THE VVAITS	{ Joseph Connor, Joseph Gifford
	{ Francis McCabe, William Downs
SOLO SVVORD DANCE	Margaret Longstreet
EPILOGVE	Margaret Plank
CHORVS OF COVRTIERS	{ Mina Harrison, Mildred Ahlstrom, Ruth Hubbs
	{ VVinifred Osborn, Bevlah Folmsbee
LADIES IN VVAITING	{ Ruth Parker, Madeline McNamara, Pearl Atkin-
	{ son, Louise Munday, Dorothy Mitchell
RVSTICS	{ (Lads) Emily Criffman, Helen Roarty, Barbara VVellington
	{ Margaret Griffin; (Lassie) Margverite Brodevr, Grace Tomb
	{ Lvcie Knovvles, Edna Cvlp, Sara Levvis
DANCERS	{ Margaret Longstreet, Margaret Zink, Neva VVright, Gertrude
	{ Don, Frederica Magnvs, Fay Goodfellovv, Rena Gates, Amy
	{ Toll, Rvth Pancost, Christine Pvnnett, Georgia Paddock,
	{ Margaret Pinkerton

MUSIC, DANCES, AND SONGS

MUSIC: "Nazareth," *by Gounod*

A PROLOGVE FOR YVLETIDE

THE FEV DE JOIE (A Covenry Dance)

CAROL, "Good King Wenceslas"

COVRT MINVET

HARP SOLO: "Holy Night" (Violin Obligato)

CAROL, "The Boar's Head"
 TRENCHMORE (A Covntry Dance)
 OFF SHE GOES (A Covntry Dance)
 FOOL'S SONG
 A-HVNTING VVE VVILL Go (Song and Dance)
 A SVVORD DANCE
 THE DANCE OF THE HOBBY HORSE
 THE VVAITS' SONG
 THE ROSEMARY DANCE, OR DANCE OF REMEMBRANCE
 "GOD SAVE THE KING"

Chairman of Costume Committee, Astrid Nygren

Chairman of Decoration Committee, Mary VVinn

Mvsic by Avon Trio

Miss Ada Chadvvick, Violin Miss Ora Larthard, Violoncello

Miss Hester Deasey, Piano.

Dances vnder direction of Miss Elsie Riddell

Pageant vnder direction of Mrs. Mavd Gatchell Hicks

Mvsic vnder direction of Mr. William Hovvland Kenney

Mrs. Southwick, criticizing Miss Walker's recitation in Expressive Voice: "Freda, I wish you would get something that would give you a larger ring."

Whereupon followed loud laughter from the class and blushes from Miss Walker.

Mrs. Southwick, trying to mend matters: "I mean, like the ringing of bells."

Class, uproariously: "Wedding bells!"

Notice, Co-eds!

Miss Pinkerton, quite distracted, as the pageant started: "Mrs. Hicks, I haven't a man to march in with!"

Mrs. Hicks, soothingly: "That's a very small item."

The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

EDITORIAL STAFF

NETTIE M. HUTCHINS	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
ANNE W. VAIL	<i>Literary Editor</i>
BEULAH K. FOLMSBEE	<i>Student Editor</i>
FRED WILLSON HUBBARD	<i>Business Manager</i>

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory, 30 Huntington Avenue, on the 15th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Business Manager. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE. Entered in the Post Office at Boston, Mass., as second class mail matter.

VOL. XXV.

JANUARY, 1917.

No. 3

We have begun the new year of our magazine by sprinkling a few smiles throughout its pages. In our opinion, it is like waking up in the morning with a laugh on our lips; it starts the day aright. We hope that it may prove to all a freshener and inspiration for the work before us.

SALUTATION.

Did you choose the journey, friend?

No, nor I;

But to make it cheerfully,

Let us try.

When the day is dark, I pray,

Sing a song to cheer the way,

For tomorrow we will be

One day nearer to the sea.

Did you choose the journey, friend?

No, nor I;

But we know the end will come

By and by.

All today we bear the load

Up the weary, winding road,

But tomorrow we may be

At the Inn in company.

—*Ruth Sterry.*

Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

“Speaking of operas,” remarked a contemporary, “What did William Tell?”

“Something funny, evidently, for it made Lohengrin.”—*Boston Transcript.*

I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad.—*Shakespeare.*

STUDENT

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

Under the direction of our Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Hubbard, the five classes have been kept busy selling lunches in turn.

We are pleased to announce the recovery of our President, Anne Vail, after her severe illness during the holidays.

Watch this space for an announcement that will be a pleasant surprise to both student body and alumni.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

In Jordan Hall on December 9th, the Emerson College Dramatic Club presented the first of its two annual entertainments. Three one-act plays were presented by members of the club and all who were present were greatly pleased with the artistic finish of the production. The casts for the plays were as follows:

ROSALIND.

BY SIR JAMES M. BARRIE.

Rosalind	Dorothy Hopkins
Charles	Samuel Kern
Dame Quickly	Ruth Hubbs

Scene: Room in cottage of Dame Quickly.

Time: Present.

CHATTERTON.

BY SUTHERLAND.

Thomas Chatterton	Joseph Gifford
Andrew McGrath	William Byer

Rose Leicester	Sylvia Folsom
Grizel	Ann East
Bob Freshlitt	Francis McCabe
Grunce	Lester A. Blood
Vibbett	Merrill Marvin

Scene: Garret rooms in London house of Andrew McGrath.
Time: Late afternoon of August 25, 1770.

HYACINTH HALVEY.

BY LADY GREGORY.

Hyacinth Halvey	Joseph Connor
Quirke, a butcher	William Downs
Fardy Farrell, a telegraph boy	Lawrence Smith
Sergeant Carden	Harl Eslick
Mrs. Delane, postmistress at Cloon	Carolyn Walker
Miss Joyce, the priest's housekeeper	Arline Crocker

Scene: Outside the post office in the town of Cloon.
Time: Present.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Dr. Guthrie, our chaplain, was heartily welcomed at our meeting on November 24th. He brought us a message of gladness for the Thanksgiving season. After Dr. Guthrie's address, Mr. William Locke, of Barnard Memorial, a settlement house in this city, told us of the work that is being done there and the need of workers. Some of our girls met him at the close of the meeting and offered their services as teachers of English and folk dancing.

On December 8th, we had our Christmas meeting. Dean Ross led the devotional services and gave us a short but inspiring talk. Miss Buck, of the New England Conservatory of Music, sang some Christmas songs which were greatly appreciated.

Just before Christmas the Association purchased ten dozen stockings, which were generously filled by the teachers and students, and Christmas Eve found a merry group of girls

distributing them to kiddies suggested by the Associated Charities. Needless to say, both the kiddies and the girls, who were remaining in town over Christmas, were made happier.

SOUTHERN CLUB.

Several of our girls attended the dance given by the Southern Club of Boston on December 15th.

Ann East and Eleanor East spent the Christmas vacation at their homes in Norfolk, Va.

Florence Fransioli, '16, recently spent a week-end with Frederica Magnus.

Grace Cornick was in Norwich, Conn., during the holidays.

Margaret Newell went to her home in Richmond, Va., for Christmas vacation.

Josephine Penick recently read for the Reciprocity Club at the Bellevue Hotel.

Helen Sayles spent Christmas Day with Frances Russey.

SENIOR.

Olive Guthrie has accepted a position in the Academy of Assumption at Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Alma Brown read recently at Wells Memorial and at Sailors' Bethel.

Helen Roarty spent Thanksgiving vacation with Marie Bellefontaine.

Georgia Paddock spent the Christmas holidays in Meriden, Conn.

Mrs. George Sutherland spent a week during December with her daughter, Ruby.

Margaret Scureman gave a recital of "Peg o' My Heart" for the Settlement Association at her home in Kingston, Pa., during the holiday vacation.

Estelle Van Hoesen spent Christmas vacation with friends in Washington, D. C.

Freda Walker has been coaching a play given by the Camp-fire Girls of Woburn, Mass.

Edna Schmitt read at a Masonic banquet in Somerville, December 12th.

SENIOR RECITAL PROGRAM

Huntington Chambers, December 8, 1916.

Daddy Long Legs	<i>Jean Webster</i>
Estelle Van Hoesen	
The Death of the Hired Man	<i>Robert Frost</i>
Margaret Longstreet	
The Butterfly	<i>Lucine Finch</i>
Lucy Upson	
Children of Earth	<i>Alice Brown</i>
Gertrude Allen	
The Two Virtues, an arrangement	<i>A. Sutro</i>
Ann Minahan	
Across the Border	<i>Beulah Marie Dix</i>
Harriet Stille	

JUNIOR.

Many of the Juniors, during Christmas vacation, gave presents in the form of readings at their homes or elsewhere, among them being Jane Beynon, who read at her home in Wilkes-Barre, Penn.; Catherine McCormick, who read a Christmas story set to music for the Woman's Musical Club of London, Ontario; Fay Goodfellow, who entertained by reading Peple's "Prince Chap," in Lambertville, N. J.; and Anne Fowler, who read in Keene, N. H.

Helen Guild and Marguerite Brodeur spent Christmas at the Wianno Club, Wianno, Mass.

Mrs. H. C. Darnell has been spending the holidays with her daughter, Elizabeth Darnell.

A program was given at the Medical Mission in North Boston by Ruby Walter a short time ago.

The class was most fortunate in having as a visitor recently, Gertrude Swan, the former Junior president. Miss Swan visited a Junior class meeting where she tendered her resigna-

tion, which was deeply regretted. The office is, however, to be filled for the remainder of the year by Beatrice Coates, while Marguerite Fox has been elected vice-president.

A joint program was given by Grace Tomb and Annabel Conover at the Social Service House.

The nurses of the Newton Hospital were entertained recently by Barbara Wellington, Harriet Fancher, Fay Goodfellow, Christine Punnett, and Helen Ford.

Marguerite Fox read at the alumni reunion of the Mansfield High School, New Year's Eve. Miss Fox is also coaching a play in Mansfield.

JUNIOR RECITAL.

Thursday, November 23.

- | | | |
|------|--------------------------------------|---|
| I. | Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm | <i>Kate Douglas Wiggin</i>
Marguerite Ruggles |
| II. | Pelleas and Melisande | <i>Maurice Maeterlinck</i>
Margaret Ella Plank |
| III. | The Kentucky Cardinal | <i>James Lane Allen</i>
Emma A. Kranz |
| IV. | The Lost Joy | <i>Olive Schreiner</i>
Evelyn Gertrude Ellis |
| V. | The Mechanical Doll | <i>Anonymous</i>
Constance Hastings |
| VI. | Within the Law | <i>Bayard Veiller</i>
Grace O'Leary |

SOPHOMORE.

Norma Olson and Alma Brown spent the Christmas vacation at the home of Esther Van Alstyne, Ilion, N. Y.

Mabel Thresher and Susan Phillips were guests recently at the home of Martha Whellock, a former student of Emerson.

Frances Russey gave a most interesting Riley program recently at the Civic Service House.

Mina Harrison is to take a leading part in a play given by the Class of '14 of the Wakefield High School.

Mabel Thresher will play in "Minerva's Daughters," a pag-

ent representing famous women, which is to be presented by the Brockton Women's Club.

Florence Cutting will participate in a drama to be given at the Trinitarian Congregational Church, Lowell.

FRESHMAN.

Catherine Perry spent the Christmas vacation with her sister in Hartford, Conn.

Harriet Prunk has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis. We are pleased to know that she is recovering rapidly.

TWO-YEAR SPECIAL.

The Two-Year Specials spent a very enjoyable Christmas vacation, and wish to extend to the faculty and their school-mates their most sincere wishes for a happy and bright New Year.

Alice Cohen spent the Christmas holidays in Wellsboro, Pa.; Bernice Frank in Mansfield, Ohio; Helen Fry in Williamsport, Pa.; Mary Griffin in Nashville, Tenn.; Lucille Husting in Fargo, N. Dak.; Myrtle Moss and Lorayne Larson in New York City; Dorothy Levy in Columbus, Ohio; and Ida Singer in Lewiston, Maine.

Ida Singer and Helen Fry are coaching a play at the Salem Street Settlement House.

SORORITIES.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Kappa Gamma Chi extends heartiest greetings and best wishes to all Emersonians for a pleasant New Year.

The following members of the sorority spent the holiday vacation at their respective homes:

Ann Minahan in Pittsfield, Mass.; Dorothy Mitchell in Yonkers, N. Y.; Loretta McCarthy in Glens Falls, N. Y.; Constance Hastings in Somerville, Mass.; Phyllis Jenkins in Whitman, Mass.; Grace Thorson in Medford, Mass.; Arline

Crocker in South Paris, Maine; Elizabeth Field in Brockton, Mass.; Rena Macomber in Waltham, Mass.; Selina Mace in Keeseville, N. Y.; and Elizabeth Tack in Newark, N. Y.

Edna Schmitt and Leah Kendall were in Boston for Christmas.

Nettie Hutchins was the guest of Elizabeth Tack during the holidays.

Evelyn Ellis visited friends in Bridgton, Maine, during the vacation.

Selina Mace was the guest of her brother at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., over the week-end of December 15, and while there attended the Sophomore dance.

Rena Macomber and Arline Crocker were guests at a house party and Inter-Fraternity dance at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.

Grace Thorson read for the Woman's Club of Wakefield, Mass., on December 9th.

ZETA PHI ETA.

Zeta Phi Eta wishes all Emersonians a Happy New Year.

The girls of the chapter house entertained at dinner December 4th at the Hemenway Hotel.

Barbara Wellington has been one of the Allied Bazaar Workers at the Mechanics Building.

Ann East has a class of Juvenile Court boys in pantomime, story-telling and short plays. The class is a new plan of Judge Cabot of the Juvenile Court to interest the probation boys in literature.

Martha Marie Allen entertained Alice White of New York for a week at the Hotel Hemenway.

Catherine Green gave a program at the Congregational Church, Chelmsford, Mass.

Helen Guild entertained Marion Smith of New Hampshire for the week-end of December 9th.

Elizabeth Darnell gave a Christmas program in Readville, December 23rd.

Barbara Wellington spent the latter part of the holidays in New York.

PHI MU GAMMA.

Phi Mu Gamma extends wishes for a bright and prosperous New Year to each and every Emersonian.

Dorothea Deming, '15, recently visited at the chapter house for a few days.

Beatrice Coates is to take part in the production, "Disraeli," to be given by the Galahad Club of Lynn.

Helen Hynes gave two recitals in Washington, Georgia, on December 15th and 22nd.

Vidah Robertson, with a friend from Wellesley College, had a delightful trip to Washington, D. C., during vacation. They were the guests of Miss Jeanette Rankin, Member of Congress.

Helen Carter filled several singing engagements while at her home in Carthage, N. Y. Just before returning to Boston, she spent a most enjoyable week-end at a house-party in Rome, N. Y.

Ramona Gwin spent the vacation in the White Mountains.

Phi Mu Gamma entertained at a bungalow party in Mattapan, December 11th.

Marguerite Thompson was a guest at a house-party given by Lucille Barrow, '16, in Blackstone, Virginia. Mildred Gallows was also a guest.

Estelle Van Hoesen, Marguerite Thompson and Vidah Robertson were the active delegates from Iota Chapter who attended the annual national convention of Phi Mu Gamma, held at the Hotel Chamberlain, Old Point Comfort, Virginia, from January 1st to January 4th.

PHI ALPHA TAU FRATERNITY.

A Happy New Year to all.

William Byer spent the holidays at his home in Kingston, N. Y.

Lawrence J. Smith is acting as the boys' dramatic coach for the Thorndyke Evening Center in Cambridge.

William Downs visited Lowell, Mass., and Montpelier, Vt., during vacation.

Fred Hubbard took part in the '47 workshop play under the direction of Prof. Baker at Harvard, recently.

Lawrence J. Smith spent Christmas in Franklin, Pa., and took part in entertainments there.

Albert R. Lovejoy, '15-'16, is located at the Lake Placid Club, New York. We are glad to report he is recovering from his long illness.

There is humor in all things, and that is the truest philosophy which teaches us how to find and enjoy it.—*W. S. Gilbert.*

A little work, a little play
To keep us going, and so—good day!
A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing, and so—good morrow!

Humor is what Huxley would have called a kind of reflex action with the mind bending back on itself and making a funny face at itself and all the world. The wit laughs at the world; the humorist laughs at himself first.—*Dr. Black.*



EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF RHODE ISLAND.

The Emerson College Club of Rhode Island announces its officers and program for the year 1916-17.

President Ida T. Bowen
Vice-President Cora D. Fessenden
Secretary Agnes H. Gray
Treasurer Gertrude R. Lamb

Executive Committee

Adelaide Patterson Edith G. Littlefield

PROGRAM, 1916-1917.

October 9—Shakespeare

Mrs. Hesse, Mrs. Martin
Hostess, Mrs. Littlefield

November 13—Elizabeth and Robert Browning

Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Bowen
Hostess, Miss Randall

December 11—English Art and Architecture: Castles,

Artists, Cathedrals
Mrs. Lamb, Mrs. Littlefield
Hostess, Mrs. Murphy

January 8—Sir Walter Scott

Mrs. Fessenden, Mrs. Murphy
Hostess, Mrs. Knutton

February 12—Ian MacLaren, Barrie

Miss Patterson, Miss Randall

Hostess, Mrs. Carroll

March 12—Dickens Party

Mrs. Nutter, Miss Nichols

Hostess, Miss Patterson

April 9—Edinburgh

Mrs. Gray

Hostess, Mrs. Gray

May 14—Annual Meeting

Hostess, Mrs. Fessenden

June—Field Day

Hostess, Mrs. Bowen

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Mrs. Ida Thompson Bowen, 1897, R. F. D. 4, Oak Hill Ave., Attleboro, Mass.

Mrs. Gertrude Gariepy Carroll, 1901, 79 Linwood Ave., Providence, R. I.

Miss Mildred Clarke, 1909, Cumberland Hill, R. I.

Mrs. Cora D. Fessenden, 1891, 125 Everett Ave., Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Agnes Henderson Gray, 134 Pleasant St., Providence, R. I.

Miss May T. Hackett, 1912, 76 Davis St., Providence, R. I.

Miss Edith E. Hayworth, 1891, 20 Medway St., Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Eva Holzner Hesse, 1892, 25 Glenham St., Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Ethel Brownell Knutton, 1902, 63 Chapin Ave., Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Gertrude Knapp Lamb, 1911, 197 South Main St., Attleboro, Mass.

Mrs. Edith Gould Littlefield, 1898, 260 Morris Ave., Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Irene Merrell Martin, 1910, 51 Francis St., Auburn, R. I.

Mrs. Ramona Goodnow Morse, 88 Coe St., Woonsocket, R. I.

Mrs. Helen Sylvester Murphy, 1904, 322 Blackstone Boulevard, Providence, R. I.

Miss Nellie May Nichols, Hope Valley, R. I.

Mrs. Marian Baxter Nutter, 1897, 60 Dutcher St., Hopedale, Mass.

Miss Adelaide Patterson, 1910, 131 Prospect St., Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Adelaide Carey Quinn, 1901, 486 West Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.

Miss Elizabeth Randall, 1895, 57 Arnold Ave., Edgewood, R. I.

Mr. Ray Rawlings, 1907, Mrs. Irene Gammel Rawlings, Wyoming, R. I.

Miss Jennie B. Stanton, 1892, Westerly, R. I.

Miss Mary M. Sullivan, 1912, Westerly, R. I.

Mrs. Evelyn Davis Westcott, 101 Jenkins St., Providence, R. I.

HONORAY MEMBERS.

Mrs. Harriet Brooks Moss, 1902, 27 Ainsworth St., Roslindale, Mass.
Miss Frances Cameron, Montreal, Canada.

EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON.

The first meeting of the Emerson College Club of Boston was held Tuesday evening, November 7th, in Room 508, Huntington Chambers Building. A business meeting at 8 o'clock was followed by an interesting and instructive program under the direction of Miss Irene Wellington.

Miss Agnes Smith of the *Christian Science Monitor* spoke of her work on that great daily.

Miss Minette Vuver spoke on "Social Evening Centers in High School Work." We also heard from Miss Marion Johnson, who did pioneer work among the stammerers and the deaf and dumb in Minnesota, and from Miss Victoria Cameron, who has been working with the deaf and dumb in St. Louis.

EMERSON ALUMNI CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The December meeting was held at the Twelfth Night Club rooms, 47 West 44th Street, Saturday evening, December ninth, at quarter-past eight. The program on Russian literature was arranged by Elise West Quaife.

PROGRAM.

Cuttings from stories by Anton Tchekoff

"An Event" Miss Colburn

"Sleepyhead" Mrs. Quaife

Scenes from "The Seagull" by Anton Tchekoff, and Synopsis

Mrs. Quaife

Cuttings from "That Whereby Men Live" by Tolstoi

Mr. Richard Carmody

Russian Songs With Violin Accompaniment

Miss Edith Tooker and Miss Cherie Bentley

Mrs. H. Rasmus Hansen was appointed delegate to represent the Club on Founder's Day, December 13th, at Emerson College, Boston.

Mrs. Marie Beals was the Chairman of Hostesses for the evening.

President's Night at the club will be held on the 13th of January, Saturday, 8.15 P. M.

SPECIAL NOTICE—CLASS OF '97.

The twentieth reunion of the Class of '97 will be held during Commencement week, May 7th to 12th, 1917. All those who are interested in making the reunion the very best ever, may receive further information by addressing Olive Palmer Hansen, 125 Primrose Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'09. Theresa B. Hayes has returned to take up her duties as private secretary to the Hon. E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, after spending the holidays at her home in Syracuse, N. Y.

'12-'13. Jane Rae is at the head of the Expression Department at Irving College, Mechanicsburg, Pa. On Thanksgiving evening she produced "The Little Puritan," in which she played the leading rôle.

'14. Florence Newbold is continuing her studio work in Lancaster, Pa. In addition she has recently coached a mission play, "The Great Trail," which was so successful in its first appearance that several performances were later given in Lancaster and nearby cities. A Lancaster press notice reads:

"So pleasing was the presentation of 'The Great Trail,' the mission play given by members of St. John's Parish House, that a second performance will be given. The rôle of 'Mother Church' is the most prominent and difficult of the play, and was taken in a manner befitting a professional by Miss Florence Newbold, who coached the play, and who, through her untiring efforts, made the play the success it was. The other members of the cast, of which there are about sixty, also took their parts in an excellent manner."

The *Williamsport Sun* comments:

"Extremely artistic and intensely interesting from beginning to end was the missionary play, 'The Great Trail,' which was produced for the first time in this city at Christ Church parish house, last night, to a capacity audience. All were generous in their praise of the production and of Miss Florence Newbold, of Lancaster, who came to this city to coach the players. It has been the popular report that this production was the strongest piece of local talent work seen in Williamsport for many years."

'14-'15. Ethel Bailey is continuing her successful work at Virginia College, Roanoke, Virginia. In addition to her work as teacher of expression, Miss Bailey has charge of the physical culture and dancing classes.

'15. Louise Mace directed a successful Mother Goose pageant during the summer, and is now working upon a pageant to be produced in connection with the Community Chautauqua at her home in Huntington, Mass. Miss Mace is also director of the Dramatic Club of Huntington.

'15. Helen R. Baxter is teaching in the Lucy Cobb School, Athens, Georgia.

'15. Emily Brown is teaching in West Hampton College, Virginia, and continuing her studio work in Richmond.

'16. Ruth Southwick, who is teaching in the Department of Expression, State Normal School, Moorhead, Minnesota, spent the holidays with President and Mrs. Southwick in Brookline.



What Is An Encore?



THE ENCORE should be a generous response to the applause received, and must be chosen with some reference to the program number---a variation of the same theme, in direct contrast, or a modulation to lead the minds of the audience to what is to follow. This part of the program should receive as careful attention as the more pretentious selections, and ample material for the purpose may be found in the works of our standard and classic writers.

Elvie Burnett Willard

The Emerson College Magazine

VOL. XXV.

FEBRUARY, 1917.

No. 4



MODERN PLAYS FOR AMATEURS

A. M. DRUMMOND.

There may be many valid excuses for amateur dramatics. Club, school, settlement-house, grange, church,—any organization knows sufficiently the base commercialism of the theatre to utilize a play as the soft blandishment to lure half-proffered shekels from the half-reluctant, but certain-to-be-present victims. And why not? To augment the organ fund, to aid the poor, to preface a dance, to make a social occasion—there are worse reasons for giving a play than any of these, in fact, few better.

For such purpose almost any play of the right length, and some play of action, and patter of dialogue will do, and even admitting the better the better, no one would feel enegretic or conscientious enough to make ado over such choice of plays as "The Deestrick Skule," "Mrs. Jarley's Far-Famed Wax Works," or "Milkmaids' Convention."

But after all there is a more intelligent interest in plays and in the theatre. Despite the imagined balefulness of the movies and other influences—popularly and perhaps erroneously thought of as blighting—there is greatly increased demand

among a certain number of folks for good plays. Probably there never will be enough such to more than mildly influence the commercial producer, but their interest and support is felt. They want good plays—classic, Continental, British, American. If the commercial theatre responds slowly to their demand, they can and are doing much for themselves. Hence the increased serious interest in the amateur production of worth while plays. For many of these folks the professional theatre can be expected to do little or nothing. But the rapid multiplication of the interested community is performing a real service in these matters. Such organizations have enormously increased the production of good plays—particularly those, of course, that the commercial theatre does not present—generally for good reasons.

Whatever the excuses for amateur dramatic work may be, to take it seriously is its only justification. And to attempt to do this means time and energy. And as most of this serious play-producing interest is directly or indirectly of schools or colleges, it is a debatable question whether the whole thing or any of it, is a worthy lavishment of effort. But if debatable, debate will not settle this problem. Experience may, I think, demonstrate that serious amateur dramatic work is a proper and illuminating discipline for whoever will add to interest in the matter willingness and ability to work at it. To produce a play, its entertainment value is not reward enough, unless we can surely add some proper and adequate development and training of the individuals who assist in the production.

Certainly first the plays ought to be at least worth while, and to most of us that ought to mean the best obtainable and fit for our purposes. There are not too many really good plays in the world, and when the ones unfit or ill-shaped for amateur use are eliminated, it becomes a problem to keep a supply for the continuous work of an ambitious company of players. Nor does wide and scholarly reading in the drama enable me to name offhand a dozen plays suitable for such use. Plays for amateur clubs should be actable, of sufficient literary value, by a writer of known ability, save when they may be original;

the staging should not be too difficult; the acting ability required not too great; unpleasant plays, involving the customary "sex triangles" or "problems" are best left untried. Here we exclude, of course, most of our best plays—particularly of the modern theatre. Such restrictions need not be prudish, and difficult material can be effectively done by amateurs if taste and discretion is shown in cutting and arranging and playing. But even so, if not for ethical or educational reasons, such matter is well avoided. Socially it is apt to be depressing and fertile with practical difficulties.

For amateurs, Shakespeare has long been the popular resource, and well so. Pre-Shakespearean drama, the eighteenth century comedy, and other fields have afforded excellent opportunities for school and college dramatics. In general, the present tendency is toward modern plays, both American and European. There seems to be a greater interest in plays by modern dramatists, and not unnaturally so. And there are so many good modern plays that can seldom be seen on the professional stage that the ambitious amateur has a real mission in getting some of the best available ones before his public.

There are plenty enough comedies and dramas of late on the commercial stage that, lacking any particular literary merit, are very usable for certain purposes—"Arizona," "The Man From Home," "May Blossom," "Mile Stones," "A Rose of Plymouth-town," "What Happened to Jones," "The County Chairman," "Too Much Johnson," "The Fortune Hunter," "The Gold Mine," "Strong Heart," "The Road to Yesterday," "The Senator Keeps House," "Believe Me, Xantippe," and half a hundred such others.

But much more valuable—perhaps much more difficult, but not beyond amateurs of some skill and experience and determination—are such American plays as MacKaye's "Anti Matrimony" and "Mater"; Fitch's "Nathan Hale"; Moody's "Faith Healer"; Robinson's "Van Zorn"; Miss Peabody's "The Piper" and "Marlowe."

There is a wealth of plays from the better known English

dramatists, a good many of them, however, (Pinero's comedies especially) being perhaps too well known. But Pinero's "Amazons," "Magistrate," "Dandy Dick," "The Times," "The School Mistress," "Trelawny of the Wells" and "Sweet Lavender," do continue to interest. And some one really ought to attempt his great "The Thunder Bolt." And there is Jones' "The Rogue's Comedy" and "The Maneuvers of Jane," "The Liars," the delightful "Dolly Reforming Herself," and "Mary Goes First." And Shaw affords amateurs splendid opportunities—the much done "You Never Can Tell," and better, "The Devil's Disciple," "Arms and the Man," "Major Barbara," "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," and the brilliant one-act pieces, "How He Lied to Her Husband," "The Man of Destiny," and the suffrage skit, "Press Cuttings." There are the plays of Wilde, Sutro, Galsworthy, Barker, Jerome, Barrie, Arnold Bennet, Stanley Houghton, St. John Hankin, Elizabeth Baker—all of whom have written things not beyond amateur ability. "The Ideal Husband," "The Builder of Bridges," "The Silver Box," "The Voysey Inheritance," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "Quality Street," "What the Public Wants," "The Cassili's Engagement" and "Chains" are typical.

Then, of course, there is the whole school of Irish playwrights—Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory. And less known but worth knowing, William Boyle, Rutherford Mayne, and Lord Dunsany—Boyle with "The Family Failing," "The Mineral Workers," "The Eloquent Dempsey"; Mayne with "The Drone," "The Turn of the Road"; and Dunsany with a number of his shorter pieces of poetic charm and dramatic power.

But it is probable that the modern Continental drama is a field still more worth working by amateurs who desire to acquaint both themselves and their public with some of the masterpieces of the contemporary theatre. To be sure, the Continental drama in general is less adapted by reason of its "unpleasant" themes to the working social conditions of amateur clubs, but a search for plays which can be produced would be rewarded. Translations, of course, are needed, too. But in spite of all difficulties there are available a goodly number of masterpieces

which amateurs can do effectively, and which only amateur production is apt to get to even a bit of the American public—if the professional producer of Quixotic courage even touches them.

Such plays are Ibsen's "Pillars of Society" and "Enemy of the People"; Björnson's "Leonarda," "A Lesson in Marriage," "The Editor," and "Sigurd Slembe"; Becque's "The Crows"; Giacosa's "Like Falling Leaves," "The Stranger," and "Sacred Ground"; Echegaray's "El Gran Galeoto"; Gogol's "Revizor"; Goldoni's "A Curious Mishap" and "The Fan"; Zamacois' "The Jesters"; Rostand's "A Fantasio," "The Romancers" and "Princess Faraway"; Tchekhov's "Sea Gull," "Cherry Orchard"; Maeterlinck's "The Intruder" and "The Interior" and "Sister Beatrice"; Sudermann's great one-act plays, "Fritzchen," "Das Ewige Mannliche" and "The Princess Faraway"; Strindberg's "Dance of Death"; Augier's "The House of Fourchambault"; Capus' "The Adventurer," and others of like interest and merit.

A real service, not alone to those interested in amateur dramatics, but for all those interested in the drama, is being done by such work as Barrett H. Clark and others are doing in the translation and adaptation of plays of the contemporary Continental theatre. Only a beginning has been made, but the number of plays suggested above shows that a good number are already available. And many more, especially one-acters, are being rapidly made reachable by this work in translation. Not all these will suit everyone. The poor soul who has the dire task of deciding "what play it will be," will probably feel that none of all these is just what he wants for his purposes and resources—especially when he ordinarily has no money, no scenery, little time, few actors with any qualities save good intentions, a small, indifferent, but hypercritical public, and when really he would like a play for seven men and six women and "with no star parts."

Nor should he neglect in his further excursions Sardou's "Diplomacy," Besier's "Don"; that brilliant social satire, Vansittart's "The Cap and Bells"; Masfield's "Tragedy of

Nan," which experienced amateurs might do about as well as professionals; Monkhouse's "The Education of Mr. Surrage"; Henley and Stevenson's "Macaire"; "Brignol and His Daughters," by Alfred Capus; "Green Stockings" by A. E. W. Mason, or the increasing number of excellent one-act plays, American, British and Continental, which, after all, are perhaps the best medium for the regular work of an active amateur club—a hundred of them we might, and will not, list here, but see such lists as The Drama League's "Plays for Amateur Acting"; Barrett H. Clark's "The World's Best Plays by European Authors," and those lists published in the "Quarterly Journal of Public Speaking."

One principle of selection we ought to stand for strongly—though aware of a practical difficulty in realization—nothing is too good for the amateur. Whatever the other merits of the venture, the play at least can be good,—and there are many kinds of good plays, and plays are good in their different fashions. While warmly appreciative of the interest and benefit of amateur work in Shakespearean and other fields, even the original written play, there is an added interest apparent in the production of modern standard plays that may well be directed and encouraged to the advantage of those who will be amateur actors, and to the edification of those who witness such performances.

Struggling Student, reciting from "Taming of the Shrew":
"I burn—I burn—I burn—"

Mr. Tripp hereupon extinguished the conflagration by saying, succinctly: "I think you do. Sit down."



ENCORES



OVERHEARD AT THE TELEPHONE.

Negro Bob lived in Atlanta, Georgia. The following conversation took place over the telephone between him and Marse Henry Watson, who lived a few blocks away.

"Hello, hello—is dis Mrs. Telephone? Pleaseum give me Marse Henry. Yassum. O—what dat? O—yassum. Scuse me, honey. I means Marse Henry Watson. He lib in de big yaller house, jes back ob de new schoolhouse. Yassum. Bleege to you. Yassum. Hello—hello—is dis Marse Henry? Yassar, dis Bob. Yassar. O, Marse Henry, Maude, dat air mule, she done balked. Yassar, 'bout two blocks from the stable. Yassar, yassar. Yassar,—we done dat. Yassar, we done twis' her tail. Yassar. Yassar, a little ole travelin' man from Boston, he twis' her tail. Yassar—yassar, he's in de hospital now. Dey done carried him there. Yassar, I'se feered he's hurt servigus.

"Yassar, yassar. We done done dat, too, Marse Henry. Yassar, we tied up her fore-foot. Yassar. No, sir—No, sir, it didn't work. No, sir, ca'se she hab two hind foots lef'. Yassar, yassar. No, sir, I don' know what his entitlements was, but it was de nice man what preaches. Yassar. Yassar—he said as how no mule could do it with one foot tied up. Yassar—yassar. She done it. Yassar. Why, de police am pourin' watah on his haid now. Yassar. Yassar. Yassar. We done dat, too. Yassar. We done built a fire under her. Yassar. Well—yassar. Burned up part ob de cart. Yassar. Done burned up right smart ob de cart. Yassar. Yassar. Well, dat's jes' what I was gwine to tell you, Marse Henry. Yassar, yassar. Done burned de whole cart all up. Yassar, an' I was jes' gwine to ax you would you

please send down another cart. Yassar. Yassar. Bleege to you, Marse Henry. Yassar. Good-bye."

ETIQUETTE IN THE DINING CAR

ALTON PACKARD.

Before bouncing into the diner, always count your cash. Do the same on leaving the diner, taking care to brush the crumbs and oyster crackers out of your hair and the small change out of your pocketbook.

Follow the skipper to the seat pointed out to you, and endeavor to sit in it, instead of sitting in the soup of the gentleman across the aisle. As the train rounds a curve you dodge a water bottle and pick a ripe olive out of your ear, politely handing it back to George. Be careful to catch the olives before they roll off on the floor. Windfalls are never so nice as those picked fresh from the table.

Celery, crackers and other noisy foods can be eaten with great comfort on the dining car, as the grinding of the wheels and the air brakes make the edibles less audible.

The waiter serves the ham and eggs on the table in front of you, if possible, but, in case he serves them in your lap or down the back of your neck, do not complain. Be thankful he did not serve them through the ventilator, and if he lands everything on the table safely, tip him a quarter at once.

Your next problem is to keep the stuff on the table till it is safely stowed away under your vest or on it. It is safest to eat the eggs with a ladle. As for the ham, grasp it firmly with the sugar tongs, cleverly flopping it between a couple of slices of bread and eat it by hand. Continuing the process, you are able to capture and consume much of the food before it escapes and you finish the act by splashing a cup of coffee around the scenery and furniture. Coffee, on a diner, should be served with a squirt gun, as you cannot drink it fast enough to save much.

As the finger bowl shoots across the table you take a canary flutter in it, just to prove to George that you are not a common lunch-counter man. Pay your bill—if you have enough coin, and give the rest to George.

Eating in dining cars is an amusing game and splendid exercise for the equilibrium and imagination. By the time you have chased a dollar's worth of food round a three-foot table a few times, you have worked up a healthy appetite and the amount of food you have been able to capture and consume would not seriously discomfort a dyspeptic rabbit. So, let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we dine—in the dining car.

SUGGESTED ENCORES.

Lost and Found	John Kendrick Bangs
The Coquette	John G. Saxe
The Bluebell	Margaret Deland
If I Had Time	Richard Burton
A Penitent	Margaret Etinge
Kitty of Coleraine	Charles Dawson Stanly
Mia Carlotta	}	T. A. Daly
Two Mericana Men		
Prior to Miss Belle's Appearance	James Whitcomb Riley
Madame Eef	Anonymous
Bairnies, Cuddle Doon	Alexander Anderson
Winken, Blinken and Nod	Eugene Field
My Ships	Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Candor	H. C. Buner
Secrets of the Heart	Austin Dobson

IN BOOKS

Impertinent Poems	E. V. Cook
Book of Verse	Ben King

Songs O' Cheer	}		James Whitcomb Riley
Poems Here at Home	}		
Green Fields and Running Brooks	}		Jean Blewett
The Corn Flower and Other Poems	}		
Second Book of Verse			Eugene Field
Poems			Adelaide Proctor
Each in His Own Tongue			William H. Carruth
Anthologies of Verse			Carolyn Wells

Mrs. Hicks, in "As You Like It": "Why does Jacques point out the infant stage of life as one of the disagreeable features of the ages of man?"

Voice in the rear: "Because he was a bachelor."

Great interpretations turn on subtleties.—*Mrs. Southworth*



Darting Shots

A PHILOSOPHY.

There came a lizard to a wall,
All on a summer's day;
He lingered once, he lingered twice,
And then—he went away.

There came a bee to suck a flower,
All on a summer's day;
He sucked it once, he sucked it twice,
And then—he went away.

There came a man to woo a maid,
All on a summer's day;
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
And then—he went away.

Now, the wall wasn't sunny,
The flower had no honey,
And the poor maid had no money,
Now, wasn't that funny?
True!

TREES.

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the sweet earth's flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree!

—*Joyce Kilmer.*

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD.

I saw the Spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay.
The hoary Colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

—*W. M. Letts.*

The Westminster Gazette.

THE LOOK.

Strephon kissed me in the spring,
Robin in the fall,
But Colin only looked at me
And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,
Robin's lost in play,
But the kiss in Colin's eyes
Haunts me night and day.

—*Sara Teasdale.*

KNOCKING ON WOOD.

A primitive father once lived in a wood,
With a primitive daughter of primitive mood;
And a primitive wife, who attended the pair,
And served them with choicest of primitive fare.
The primitive daughter was fearful and shy,
And scared of her life if a hare nestled by;
The primitive wife had no valor at all,
And shivered and shook if a nut chanced to fall.

The father was often away on the chase,
Or running with danger an obstacle race,
And dreaded a loss in his primitive home,
If e'er in his absence a peril should come.

He dreaded, she dreaded, they dreaded all three
The sprites of the air and the sprites of the sea;
The little gray gnomes that live under the ground,
And the gossamer elves that in flowers abound.

It was only the fairies that live in the trees
Whose spells could protect them from evils like these.
And so as they threaded their primitive ways,
In the midst of the woods through its devious maze,
They'd knock on the tree, and would timidly say
To the fairy who might be within there that day:
"Fairy fair, fairy fair, wish thou me well!
'Gainst evil witcheries weave me a spell!"

Then keen would they listen with primitive ear,
Their hearing made finer and sharper by fear,
And soon would the leaves make a whispered reply:
"Fear not, ye mortals, no harm shall come nigh."
Thus primitive mother and primitive child
Protected themselves in the primitive wild.
And e'en to this day is the practice made good
When to ward off disaster, we knock upon wood.

—Nora Archibald Smith.

A FANCY FROM FONTENELLE.

"De mémoires de Roses on n'a point vu mourir le Jardinier."

The Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
As she thought of the Gardener standing by—
"He is old,—so old! And he soon must die!"

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare;
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread—
"He is older now! He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found
That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them gently under the mould.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener, Time.

SMUGGLERS' SONG.

If you wake at midnight, and hear a horse's feet,
Don't go drawing back the blind, or looking in the street,
Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie,
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!

Five and twenty ponies
Trotting through the dark;
Brandy for the Parson,
'Baccy for the Clerk,
Laces for a lady, letters for a spy,
And watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!

Running round the woodlump if you chance to find
Little barrels, roped and tarred, all full of brandy wine;
Don't you shout to come and look, nor take 'em for your play;
Put the brishwood back again,—and they'll be gone next day!

If you see the stable-yard setting open wide;
If you see a tied horse lying down inside;
If your mother mends a coat cut about and tore;
If the lining's wet and warm—don't you ask no more!

If you meet King George's men, dressed in blue and red,
You be careful what you say, and mindful what is said;
If they call you "pretty maid" and chuck you 'neath the chin,
Don't you tell where no one is, nor yet where no one's been!

Knocks and footsteps round the house—whistles after dark—
You've no call for running out till the house dogs bark.
Trusty's here, and Pincher's here, and see how dumb they lie—
They don't fret to follow when the Gentlemen go by!

If you do as you've been told, likely there's a chance,
You'll be give a dainty doll, all the way from France,
With a cap of Valenciennes, and a velvet hood—
A present from the Gentlemen, along o' being good!

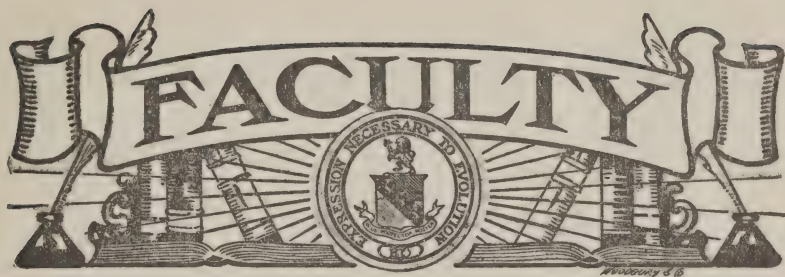
Five and twenty ponies,
Trotting through the Park—
Brandy for the Parson,
'Baccy for the Clerk.

Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie;
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

Character is crystallized choice.—*Miss Sleight.*

Variety should not be sought for itself alone, but to serve the
end of the whole.—*Mrs. Hicks.*



The faculty and students join in welcoming President Southwick upon his return from a recital tour in which he visited the states of the middle west. The president spoke to us in chapel the day after his return, and told many interesting details about his trip.

On the morning of Thursday, January eleventh, Frances Fenwick Williams gave a lecture before the student body. Mrs. Williams had as her subject, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets."

The Boston Emerson College Club has offered a scholarship to a member of the Senior Class who through attainments and ability is recommended by the College. The honor this year goes to Edna I. Schmitt, and it is hoped that the Club may be able to continue this in other years, and that possibly other clubs may be able to emulate this excellent example set by the Emerson College Club of Boston.

The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

EDITORIAL STAFF

NETTIE M. HUTCHINS	Editor-in-Chief
ANNE W. VAIL	Literary Editor
BEULAH K. FOLMSBEE	Student Editor
FRED WILLSON HUBBARD	Business Manager

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory, 30 Huntington Avenue, on the 15th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Business Manager. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE. Entered in the Post Office at Boston, Mass., as second class mail matter.

VOL. XXV.

FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 4.

A dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at nine o'clock
And now you come at noon.

Verily, verily, an impartial critic could apply this Mother Goose rhyme quite as truthfully to the students of Emerson College as to any kindergarten in our land. We are not of the opinion that it is our duty in an editorial capacity to preach sermonettes or to hand out sugar-coated pills of moral conduct. Neither are we of the opinion that the world hangs upon our utterances. Therefore it is in all modesty and sincerity that we thus pronounce our last words upon this much-talked-of but nothing-done-about subject:

Chapel attendance at Emerson is carried out practically on an honor basis. It is not considered by the faculty that students who have travelled long distances to come to our college, who are earnest in their work and high in purpose, who have

supposedly reached years of sufficient discretion to leave the home circle for life in a strange city—that these perfectly sensible grown-ups should need to be treated like children and made to “mind teacher” on pain of awful punishment. Certainly not! We bristle with indignation at the thought. It is an insult to our superior intelligence.

But you who bristled first, look about you tomorrow morning in our chapel hall at nine o'clock! Count the empty seats, or, if you are poor at math, the occupied ones. What are we doing with our chapel hour to make it helpful and worth while? Nothing! We are given privileges and we abuse them. We are killing the *esprit de corps* that should exist in our student body as a whole. We have one half hour each day to meet together where we may look upon ourselves as a unit before we pass to our respective classrooms. A sorry, lame and disabled fraction of a unit we have made it. We wonder if there is any one of us who feels proud of our own handiwork?

We have created the situation. There is no habit easier to acquire than that of cutting chapel because we have the habit of rising too late in the morning because we have the habit of staying up too late at night because we have the habit of wasting time during the day before, *et cetera* in a circle as long as you can stand the rotary motion. And when we do finally straggle in there are habits flourishing such as whispering—we *have* heard giggling, though you may not believe that.

It is a truism that we get out of any organization or institution exactly as much as we put in. And that does not necessarily imply that your share is to inflate the balloon with hot air. Actions speak louder than words, and there is a certain place the way to which is paved with good intentions.

And yet we hear it said on all sides: “But what can we *do*? I'd come if everybody did.” The answer is COME. Bring your one and only individual self promptly and regularly and see how long it is before your chum or roommate will be falling in line beside you.

Friends, is the experiment worth trying? Then DO IT NOW!

THE Like every question of moment, this one of stricter
 OTHER fulfilment of our duties has its other side. It would
 SIDE. be, indeed, "a sight for sair een" to be able to detect
 even a solitary member of the faculty down in what,
 tradition declares, used to be the faculty row. And more than
 this, the student body desires to put our class work on a basis
 of business efficiency. We want to concentrate to bring out,
 not only the best in the pupil, but in the teacher, too. May we
 ask your co-operation, Faculty, in holding us up more severely
 to the standards you have already established for us? We
 want Emerson to stand out in the foreground of New England
 schools and colleges. If our work is not of sufficient standard
 to make this so, show us no mercy! If we ought to work
 harder, make us work or flunk us! Faculty, we appeal to you!

FANCIES

Idle, silver fancies,
 Traced upon the sand—
 Glint of sun on waters—
 Lovers hand in hand.

Shifting, drifting fancies—
 Warmth of summer sun—
 Laughter, tears and kisses,
 And the world is sweet begun.

Fancies, gray, forgotten
 Traced so long ago—
 Sullen moan of waters—
 Ah, we two loved so!

Where fled the smiles and kisses
 Forgive! we do not dare—
 Were they promise or fulfillment
 Of the fancies written there?



STUDENT

STUDENT'S ASSOCIATION.

Announcement was made in chapel on Friday, February second, of the opening of a song contest. The terms of the contest are as follows:

1. The contest shall be open to any Emerson student who has paid his or her matriculation fee for the year 1916-1917.
2. The contest shall close February 24th, at 2 P. M.
3. There shall be the following prizes offered: First prize, five dollars; second prize, two dollars and a half.
4. Honorable mention shall be given to the three next best songs.
5. There shall be no signatures to these songs, a number being assigned to each contestant at the time of submission of song.
6. All songs shall be submitted to Mrs. Rogers.
7. The music may be original or adapted, but the words must be original.
8. The board of judges shall be Mr. Kenney, Dean Ross and Anne Vail, representing the faculty and student body from literary and musical standpoints.
9. The judges reserve the right to withhold all prizes.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Miss Kenny of the Sunday Evangelistic Party was welcomed by our association on January seventh. She gave us a very instructive talk on Bible study.

On January twelfth, Miss Mary George White of Goucher

College, Baltimore, gave us another of her inspiring talks. Everyone who heard Miss White was impressed by her sincerity and enthusiasm as she told of the great opportunities for Christian workers.

Miss McQuesten delighted us on January twenty-sixth with her beautiful message of optimism, expressed in Frances Hodgson Burnett's "A Dawn of Tomorrow."

SOUTHERN CLUB.

Marguerite Thompson read for the Community Club of Central Falls, Rhode Island.

Marjorie Will read recently for the Church of the Messiah.

Frances Cornick read for the annual banquet of the Zens Club in Norwich, Conn.

Marguerite Thompson and Helen Hynes told stories for the Emerson College Club of Boston, Wednesday, January thirty-first.

Frederica Magnus gave a program of southern dialect numbers for the Physical Culture Club of Boston in Tremont Temple.

CANADIAN CLUB.

The Canadian Club has organized for the year with "*Hoo-Rah-Pour-Canadaw*" as its slogan. The club will be heard from later in the form of a stunt.

SENIOR.

The members of the Senior class were guests of honor at a formal dance given by the Sophomore class, January twenty-fifth, in Whitney Hall. It was indeed an enjoyable evening, and the class wishes to express its appreciation.

Marguerite Thompson and Gertrude Allen are coaching a play at North Bennett School to be given for the benefit of the Children's Summer Camp movement.

Frances Cornick and Nancy Mae Turner are in charge of the Fireside socials at Union Congregational Church.

Faye Eaton entertained informally in honor of her mother, January fourteenth.

Nancy Mae Turner read at West Medford recently.

The marriage of Ethel Greene to Mr. Sydney Sullivan was solemnized January first in Providence, R. I. Jessie Haszard acted as bridesmaid.

Helen Reed gave an evening's program for the Royal Arcanum of South Acton, on February sixth.

The Senior class presented the eighth annual revival of old English comedy in Shakespeare's play of "Henry the Fourth," Part I, in Copley Hall, on the evening of January thirtieth. The following Seniors participated:

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King Henry the Fourth	Miss Paddock
Henry, Prince of Wales, his son	Miss Bartel
Earl of Westmoreland	Miss Kendall
Sir Walter Blunt	Miss Nygren
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester	Miss Stille
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland	Miss Bailey
Henry Percy, his son, surnamed Hotspur	Miss Southwick
Archibald, Earl of Douglas	Miss Thorson
Sir Richard Vernon	Miss Minahan
Sir John Falstaff	Miss Little
Poins	Miss Johnston
Gadshill	Miss Hutchins
Peto	Miss Van Hoesen
Bardolph	Miss Stocking
Sheriff	Miss Roarty
Francis, a drawer	Miss Walker
Messenger	Miss Eaton
Lady Percy	Miss Call
Mistress Quickly	Miss Vail
Travellers	Misses Kendall, Longstreet, Reed, Turner, Lillian Walker

SENIOR RECITAL

Friday Evening, January 5, 1917

- I. The Lion and the Lady . . . *Marjorie Benton Cook*
G. Ruby Sutherland
- II. Billy Boy *Jeannette Lee*
Freda L. Walker
- III. A Doll's House, Act V *Ibsen*
Helen Reed
- IV. The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife *Anatole France*
Ruth Kennard
- V. Hamlet, Act III, Scene 3 *Shakespeare*
George Francis Pearson

SENIOR RECITAL

Friday Evening, January 12, 1917

1. His Mother's Sermon *Ian MacLaren*
A. Lillian Walker
- II. Green Stockings (An adaptation) *A. E. W. Mason*
Alma Faye Eaton
- III. The Love of Ulrich Nebendahl . . . *Jerome K. Jerome*
Georgia Paddock
- IV. The Sire de Maletroit's Door . . . *R. L. Stevenson*
Grace Thorson
- V. Madame Butterfly (An adaptation) *John Luther Long*
Martha Marie Allen

SENIOR RECITAL

Friday Evening, January 19, 1917

- I. Two of Them *J. M. Barrie*
Sarah Psyche Stocking
- II. The Land of the Blue Flower . . . *F. H. Burnett*
Eura M. Kester
- III. Through the Flood *Ian MacLaren*
Margaret B. Scureman

- IV. Behind the Beyond . . . *Stephen Leacock*
 Mildred L. Little
- V. Beau Brummel, Act IV . . . *Clyde Fitch*
 Hazel G. Call

SENIOR RECITAL

Friday Evening, January 26, 1917

- I. Jonathan and David . *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*
 Ruth A. Pancost
- II. Seventeen . . . *Booth Tarkington*
 Florence Bailey
- III. Deidre of the Sorrows . . . *J. M. Synge*
 Mary Sayer
- IV. Japanese Monologue, Hasimura Togo *Wallace Irwin*
 Elizabeth Ellis
- V. The Melting Pot, Act III . . . *Israel Zangwill*
 Astrid W. Nygren

SENIOR RECITAL

Friday Evening, February 2, 1917

- I. The Far-away Princess . *Hermann Sudermann*
 Ellen DeLaine Reed
- II. The Passing of the Third Floor Back (The
 Prologue) . . . *Jerome K. Jerome*
 Edna I. Schmitt
- III. The Crucifix . . . *Yeats*
 Fred Willson Hubbard
- IV. Caesar and Cleopatra, Act I . *G. Bernard Shaw*
 Carolyn V. Walker
- V. A Thousand Years Ago . . . *Percy MacKaye*
 Marie Bellefontaine

 JUNIOR.

Marguerite Ruggles read a miscellaneous program at New Braintree, a short time ago.

Ethel Caine and Marguerite Fox were the guests of Beatrice Coates over a recent week-end.

A program was given in connection with the Pierian Club by Rena Macomber, at Dana Hall, Wellesley.

Izer Whiting is coaching a play at the Roxbury School Center.

Two programs were recently presented by Catherine Greene at the Baptist Church in Chelmsford, and at St. John's Hospital in Lowell.

A group of readings was presented on the evening of February ninth at Roslindale, by Jane Beynon.

A short time ago, Emily Crisman read several selections at the Civic Service House.

Marguerite Brodeur had the privilege of demonstrating the Emerson system of physical culture to the members of the Students' Club, Huntington Chambers.

An evening's recital was given by Ruby Walter at Andover.

Samuel Kern recently read portions of the play "Experience" at the 47th Regimental Armory. Mr. Kern also read "The Beau of Bath" at the Eastern District High School.

JUNIOR RECITAL

Thursday, January 4, 1917

- | | | |
|------|---|-------------------------|
| I. | The Last Leaf | <i>O. Henry</i> |
| | Mary Ruby Walter | |
| II. | The Highwayman | <i>Noyes</i> |
| | Evelyn MacNeil | |
| III. | A Charming Woman | <i>Jerome K. Jerome</i> |
| | Grace Annabel Zerwekh | |
| IV. | Two Painters | <i>Noyes</i> |
| | Rena G. Macomber | |
| V. | The Elephant's Child | <i>Kipling</i> |
| | Barbara Wellington | |
| VI. | Iphigenia in Tauris (trans. Gilbert Murray) | <i>Euripides</i> |
| | Elva Nelson | |

JUNIOR RECITAL

Thursday, February 1, 1917

- I. The Two Virtues *Alfred Sutro*
Neva Marie Wright
- II. Christmas Day in the Morning . . . *Grace Richmond*
Ruth Van Buren
- III. A Flash in the Pan *George Fitch*
Frances Elizabeth Cornick
- IV. The Play is the Thing . . . *Elizabeth Jordan*
Mary Helen Hynes
- V. The Romance of a Busy Broker . . . *O. Henry*
Edith M. MacCulley
- VI. The Amateur Gentleman (An arrangement)
Geoffrey Farnol
Fay Scarlett Goodfellow

SOPHOMORE.

Joseph Connor gave a recital January seventeenth before the Choir Concert of the First Congregational Church, and on January fifteenth Mr. Connor rendered "Half Hours with Kipling" with the Beacon Trio at Putnam's Chapel, Roxbury.

Dorothy Crocker recently read at the Methodist Church in Stoneham.

Sylvia Folsom is coaching a play to be produced soon in Bridgewater.

On January twenty-fifth, Sophomore Day was celebrated for the first time in the history of Emerson College. The Sophomore stunt took place in the morning, an auction lunch was sold at the noon recess, and a dance was held in Whitney Hall in the evening.

WHEN THE GODS FAIL

A PANTOMIME BY RUTH MCCLEARY HUBBS

January 25, 1917

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Panisis

Madeline McNamara

Attendants to Panisis	Sarah Stahl, Mary Roberts Romona Gwyn, Norma Olson
Mother of Panisis	Beulah Folmsbee
Pelates, Father of Panisis	William Downs
Paul	Marjorie Stackhouse
Cupid	Esther Van Alstyne
Guards	Helen Lynch, Sylvia Folsom
Ceres	Vidah Robertson
Prophet from Oracle at Delphi	Francis Russey
Attendants to Prophet	Elaine Rich, Florence Cutting
Mercury	William Byer
Warriors from Hercules	Mina Harrison, Dorothy Crocker
Pan	Sara Lewis
Pan's Nymphs	Susan Phillips, Ruth Kelley Bertha Kaufman
Psyche	Arline Crocker
Spirits	Eleanor Dunlap, Helen Darrow, Elaine Rich
Musicians	Mabelle Thresher, Marjorie Saunders Alma Brown, Mary Griffin, Inez Banghart

ARGUMENT

In an ancient garden of the gods, the beautiful goddess Panisis lies reading, far into the night. She finally falls asleep and dreams that her lover has come to her from a far country.

Even as she dreams, Paul enters the garden. He is an innocent shepherd boy, whose aspirations have led him to the garden of the gods. He sees Panisis, is enamoured of her beauty; and not knowing that she is a goddess yields to the temptation to kiss her.

She awakens with his kiss and, believing Paul to be the lover of whom she has dreamed, allows Cupid to seal their fate with his golden lance.

The maidens of Panisis discover them. They are frightened at the sight of a human, and arouse the household. Not, however, before Paul has made his escape.

Pelates, the father, in great rage, bids the guards search for Paul. They soon find him and bring him back to the garden, where he is tried by Pelates and sentenced to death.

The guards are about to execute the sentence when Ceres, the earth goddess, enters. She recognizes Paul as one of her noblest subjects, and intervenes in his behalf. At first Pelates is obdurate. But when Ceres promises to keep Paul from again molesting the garden by taking him back to earth, Pelates relents.

Health	Anna Maguire
Minerva	Ethel Berner
Flirt	Phyllis Dennison
Sense-of-Humor	Beatrice Talmas
Prince Life	Winifred Osborn
Court Ladies	<div> Emeline Huff Josephine Mitchell Rosemary Hilton </div>

TWO-YEAR SPECIAL

Dorothy Levy spent the week-end of January twentieth at Rogers' Hall, Lowell, Mass.

Ruth Hildebrandt read at the First Presbyterian Church January twenty-fifth.

SORORITIES

KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Kappa Gamma Chi entertained at a dinner party on January 13, in honor of the sorority's birthday. Dean and Mrs. Ross were guests of honor.

Dorothy Mitchell was a guest at Cornell University for Junior week.

Constance Hastings has recently filled several reading engagements in Boston and vicinity.

The engagement of Marion Wells to Bruce Davis of Watertown, Mass., was announced on January first.

The sorority wishes to express its deep regret at the death of Alice Evans.

Elizabeth Field was a guest at the Delta Alpha Psi House at Rhode Island State College for the Military Ball.

Edna Schmitt read recently at Forest Hills, Mass., for the Woman's Club.

Ann Minahan read at Somerville, Mass.

On February seventh, a luncheon party was given by the sorority at Du Pont's followed by a matinee performance at the movies.

ZETA PHI ETA

Dorothy Hopkins was entertained at Delta chapter, Syracuse University, and at Beta chapter, Northwestern University, last month.

Inez Banghart read for the New England club of New York city at the Majestic Hotel, New York; also for the D. A. R.'s of Brooklyn at the Monbawk club during January.

Helen Guild read in Quincy, Mass., January sixteenth.

Elizabeth Darnell coached a play at the Civic Service House recently.

Marguerite Brodeur is entertaining her mother from Wianno, for a few days.

Sarah Stocking and Margaret Pinkerton gave a program at the Civic Service House, January twenty-eighth.

Gertrude Allen spent Junior week at the Phi Delta Theta house party at Lafayette college, Easton, Penn.

PHI MU GAMMA

Carolyn Jones '15 of Pittsburg, Pa., is a guest of the girls at the Chapter House for several weeks.

Beatrice Coates has been quite ill for the past few weeks.

Mildred Little is coaching "The Cricket on the Hearth" at the Peabody House.

Bess Ellis spent a recent weekend at a house party in Marblehead.

Maude Fiske is in the vicinity of Boston this winter and is a frequent guest at 70 St. Stephen's St.

Estelle Van Hoesen read the play, "Daddy Long Legs," at the Dorchester Woman's Club.

Ethel Caine has been absent from college because of illness.

Molly Sayre entertained at dinner on February 4th in honor of Carolyn Jones.

Helen Carter attended the Junior week house party of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity at Hamilton College, N. Y.

PHI ALPHA TAU FRATERNITY

William Byer played Forbes in the Boston Playwriters' production of "Beechcraft" at Copley Hall, January seventeenth.

The fraternity enjoyed a dinner and theatre party, January twentieth, and another dinner January twenty-eighth.

Cambridge pupils of Laurence Smith presented "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments" and "Good Morning Judge" in the Thorndike School auditorium, February first.

"Tanya," a three act play of youth and dual personality, was presented for the benefit of the Emerson Endowment Association, February fifteenth. The author is Fred Willson Hubbard.

Edwin Flanders '16 is a student at Boston University Law School.

Lyn Hammond, one of our first fraternity men, played the part of Mr. March in the recent engagement of "Little Women" at the Castle Square.



EMERSON ALUMNI CLUB OF NEW YORK.

An important business meeting was held at Mrs. Quaife's studio, 17 East 60th Street, Saturday evening, January sixth. Our President, who was appointed a delegate at the December meeting, gave a full report of "Founder's Day" at the Emerson College of Oratory.

PRESIDENT'S NIGHT

Our January meeting was held Saturday evening, January thirteenth, at the Twelfth Night Club rooms, 47 West 44th street.

PROGRAM

Arranged by Mrs. Gerta Colby Donnelly	
The Modern French Drama	Mrs. Donnelly
Selections from The Blue Mare by Rene Bazin	
	Mrs. Arvidson
Songs	Angelo Boschetti
Miss Philbrook at the piano	

In Memoriam

Miss Julia Pauline Leavens, a student under Dr. Charles Emerson, passed from her earthly home Tuesday, December twelfth, 1916.

Miss Leavens was founder of the Browning Club of New York also an honorary member of the Emerson Alumni Club. She was a woman of great intellect and a writer and lecturer of rare merit. Her presence will be greatly missed in all literary circles.

ALUMNI NOTES

'03-'04. The Journal of Education pays deserving tribute to the work of Frederick H. Koch, University of North Dakota. Mr. Koch was the director of the masque "Shakespeare the Playmaker," which was written by a group of twenty students of the University to commemorate the tercentenary of the death of William Shakespeare. The Journal of Education says in part:

"It marks another contribution to the new pageantry of the people, and suggests a still further development of co-operative authorship in making community drama. The celebration of the Shakespeare anniversary was one of the finest in the country. It was written by students of the English department under the inspiration and guidance of Professor Frederick A. Koch, whose brilliant vision of Communal Play Making was therein well materialized."

'03. Ruth A. Woodwell, teacher of expression in the Florida Normal Institute, recently coached an operetta "Princess Chrysanthemum" given by the vocal and expression pupils of the institute.

'07. C. Bishop Johnson has been engaged by the Ford Motor Co. as a sociological worker among the employees and their families.

'09. Henrietta McDaniel is playing the part of Beth in "Little Women" at the Castle Square Theatre.

'11. Anna E. Bagstad is teaching in Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon. On January twelfth her senior class produced with great success "Lady Windermere's Fan."

'11-'12. Madeline Randall is teaching aesthetic, folk and social dancing one day a week at the State Normal School at Johnson, Vt. She also has classes at Montpelier, Vt., and at Lyndonville.

'12-'13. Lillian Hartigan is continuing her successful work in dramatics at the Cambridge Latin School. On December twenty-second a very pleasing presentation of the one act

play "The Florist's Shop" was given and on January twenty-sixth "Tom Pinch" was played by the members of the senior class.

'15. Mildred Johnson is teaching in the Rindge Technical School, a preparatory school for boys. Miss Johnson created a Department of Oral English and has charge of courses in debate and literature.

'15. Bertha McDonough is having a successful season with the White Lyceum Bureau.

'15. Albert F. Smith is teaching at the Lexington College of Music, Lexington, Ky. The following press notice appeared after his production of "Pygmalion and Galatea:"

An entertainment of unusual interest was offered Friday evening when the Students of the Lexington College of Music were seen in a performance of W. S. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea." The audience which filled the auditorium to the doors plainly showed their delight and their enthusiastic applause spoke eloquently for the ability of the director, Mr. Albert Francis Smith.—*Lexington Leader*.

'15. Frieda Michel, besides teaching at Sayre College, is actively engaged in dramatic work. The Lexington Leader comments as follows:

A large and sympathetic audience enjoyed the artistic program given by the pupils of Miss Michel and Miss Carr, at Sayre College, on Friday evening, December 8. The "Land of Heart's Desire," the impressive little play by W. B. Yeats, was given by the pupils of Miss Michel, teacher of expression. Miss Michel deserves great credit for her careful, conscientious work as shown in this unusually successful play, and will, no doubt, continue to win laurels in her chosen profession.

'15. An interesting account has reached us of the co-operative work of Frieda Michel, Ethel Bailey and Albert F. Smith. The Lexington Leader says:

Two very delightful bits of dramatic art were enjoyed by the audience at the Lexington College of Music, Friday evening. They were one-

act plays presented by three Emersonian students, who were classmates and friends at the College of Oratory in Boston: Miss Frieda Michel, of the faculty of Sayre College; Miss Ethel Bailey, of Virginia College, Roanoke, Va., who is Miss Michel's guest during the holidays, and Mr. Albert F. Smith, of the faculty of the Lexington College of Music.

The complete program was as follows:

Piano Solo Selected

Mr. Mueller

Galatea of the Toy Shop By Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland
(A Comedy in One Act)

Oscar Schwartz (a German Toymaker) Mr. Smith

Galatea (a Doll) Miss Michel

Place: Germany

Scene: Oscar's Work Room

Time: Autumn of 1912

Piano Solo Selected

Mr. Mueller

In Far Bohemia By Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland
(A Comedy in One Act)

Alec McLaren Mr. Smith

Karen Demar Miss Michel

Mrs. Pennypacker Miss Bailey

Place: Boston

Scene: McLaren's room at Mrs. Pennypacker's Lodging House

Time: Midnight of a stormy night in January

'15. Alice Evans died at her home in Masonville, N. J., after one week's illness of pneumonia. Her sudden death came as a great shock to her friends in the college and both faculty and students extend their sincerest sympathy to her family.



The Emerson College Magazine

VOL. XXV.

FEBRUARY, 1917.

No. 4



OLD PIPES AND THE DRYAD.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

DRAMATIZATION BY META E. BENNETT, '15.

CHARACTERS.

Children:	TOUSLEHEAD	Villagers:	GOODMAN and MIS-
	BLUNDERBONES		TRESS PODGE, parents
	CORNTOP		of Blunderbones
	PANSYFACE		GOODMAN and MIS-
	MERRILEGS		TRESS LONGSHANKS,
	TWINKLETOES		parents of Merrilegs
	MOTHER'S-SCAMP		and Twinkletoes.
	FLITTERFEET		GOODMAN PETERKIN,
	MIGNONETTE		MISTRESS SHARP-
			TONGUE
			(Others if desired.)
THE MAYOR		ROBIN and PHYLLIS, a pair of lovers	
OLD PIPES		SIX PIXIES	
THE DRYAD		TWELVE FAIRIES	
ECHO DWARF		TWELVE DWARVES	
OLD PIPES' MOTHER		TWELVE MILITIA	

PLACE: Merrie England.

TIME: In the reign of James II.

(From "The Bee-Man of Orn"; copyright, 1887, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.)

SCENE I.

(*Afternoon on the village green. Villagers dance the Flora March.*)

TOUSLEHEAD (*alone*)—Hey, Blunderbones! (*Blunderbones runs in.*)

BLUNDERBONES—Ho, Corntop! (*Corntop runs in.*)

CORNTOP—Hi, Pansyface! (*Pansyface runs in.*)

ALL—Hey, Mother's-scamp and Flitterfeet! (*Both run in.*)

ALL—Ho, Merrilegs and Twinkletoes!

TOUSLEHEAD—Let's play the ring-game.

ALL—The ring, the ring!

MERRILEGS—And the one who doesn't get caught will choose the dance.

CORNTOP—Hi, a ring for some ribbon, a ring for some lace, a ring for the freckles on Pansyface!

(*Runs after Pansyface, and puts wreath of flowers over her head.*)

PANSYFACE—Hey! a ring for a stumble, a ring for the groans, a ring for the tumbles of Blunderbones.

(*Chases Blunderbones and puts wreath over his head.*)

BLUNDERBONES—Ho, a ring for her fingers, a ring for her nose, a ring for the bare feet of Twinkletoes!

TWINKLETOES—Then I choose the Ring-Dance.

(*Dance.*)

CORNTOP—Oo-look, there comes Old Pipes! (*Old Pipes enters.*)

OLD PIPES—Children, would one of you find me the Mayor while I rest a bit?

PANSYFACE and BLUNDERBONES—We'll fetch him, we'll fetch him. (*They run off.*)

ALL (*gathering round Old Pipes*)—Tell us a story, a story, Old Pipes.

OLD PIPES—Eh—

ALL—We want a story.

CORNTOP—Yes, a story of the Dryad.

TOUSLEHEAD—The one that kisses us and makes us babies.

OLD PIPES (*drowsing*)—Yes, yes,—eh? Oh—

FLITTERFEET—Where does she live?

OLD PIPES—Why, in a maple-tree.

FLITTERFEET—What does she live there for?

OLD PIPES—To keep warm, of course.

MOTHER'S-SCAMP—But how does she get out?

OLD PIPES—Why, they say someone has to turn the key that grows in the tree, to be sure.

MERRILEGS (*to others*)—I never heard of a key on a tree, did you?

MOTHER'S-SCAMP—No, and I don't believe it, either!

TWINKLETOES—Why, once I saw a teeny green thing on the ground, and my mother told me it was a maple-key.

ALL—Oh! Oh, no, I don't believe that!

FLITTERFEET—There aren't any such things, are there, Old Pipes?

TWINKLETOES—And how does she let anyone know when she wants to come out, Old Pipes?

(*Dead silence. Merrilegs peers at Old Pipes' eyes.*)

MERRILEGS—Why, he's asleep.

TWINKLETOES—And there comes the Mayor and everybody!

CHILDREN—Old Pipes, Old Pipes, wake up! Here comes the Mayor.

(*Blunderbones and Pansyface arrive as children poke Old Pipes.*)

CHILDREN—Here they come, here they come! (*The Mayor, Robin and Phyllis, and villagers enter. Children run to the villagers, and then point out Old Pipes.*)

ALL—Here's Old Pipes!

(*Mayor goes to Old Pipes, who sits blinking and yawning.*)

MAYOR—Well, my good sir, eh—I suppose this little bag of money—eh—is your errand?

OLD PIPES—Thank'ee, thank'ee kindly, sir. Yes sir, but I'll

not be coming this way many more times, sir. I'm afeerd you'll be needing a new piper soon, sir.

MAYOR—Oh, don't be so down-hearted, Old Pipes, spring is coming.

PHYLLIS—See the children!

Spring stirs within their bones, and madly chasing,
They shy like colts just let out to the hills,
The red blood in their veins is gaily racing,
Their living fire outpaces winter's chill.

OLD PIPES—Eh? I be growing so deaf, I can hardly hear the noise of the pipes when I blow them. (*He starts to go.*)

MAYOR—Sit down and rest a bit longer.

OLD PIPES—No, I must be climbing the mountain now, sir. It takes me a long hour to climb it now, sir. The winter's taken a deal out of me and me old mother, sir, and spring do seem a long while on the way. Good-day, and thank ye, sir. (*Exit.*)

GOODWIFE LONGSHANS—Oh, now, see the poor old man stumble.

GOODMAN LONGSHANKS—He do be growing an old man.

GOODMAN PODGE—I doubt he'll come another moon.

(*They talk together while the children come forward. The lovers move aside.*)

BLUNDERBONES—I don't believe it; it's foolish.

PANSYFACE—Neither do I.

MERRILEGS—Well, he told us so anyhow.

BLUNDERBONES—It's not true.

MERRILEGS—It is.

BLUNDERBONES—It isn't.

MERRILEGS—It is!

ALL—It is!

BLUNDERBONES and PANSYFACE (*stamping their feet*)—It isn't!

GOODWIFE SHARPTONGUE—Tut, tut, what's this? What's this?

BLUNDERBONES—Why, they say a Dryad can kiss a person ten years younger.

GOODWIFE SHARPTONGUE—It would be a good thing for you if she could. You might grow up to be a better-behaved boy.

(Villagers gradually approach.)

GOODMAN PODGE *(taking snuff)*—Well, I've heard that on moonlight nights it was quite possible.

CHILDREN *(frightened)*—O-oh!

GOODMAN PETERKIN—You youngers had better see to it that you don't wander up the mountain.

GOODMAN LONGSHANKS—Stuff and nonsense!

MAYOR—Hark ye, it's time for Old Pipes to call the cattle home. *(All listen.)*

GOODWIFE PODGE—Eh, it's too bad. He's so old, he can't make the pipes sound at all.

MAYOR—And it has happened too often lately. Some of the children must call the cattle again tonight.

GOODMAN PODGE—Not mine! I daren't have my Pansyface on the mountain this night.

GOODWIFE SHARPTONGUE—And my Corntop is only eight! I'd never dare let him be kissed by the Dryad. He'd be put out.

GOODMAN LONGSHANKS—Stuff and nonsense! Merrilegs, are you afeerd?

MERRILEGS—No, father, I'm not the least bit afeerd.

GOODMAN LONGSHANKS—And, Twinkletoes, are your afeerd?

TWINKLETOES—No, father, not with Merrilegs, I'm not.

GOODMAN PETERKIN—'Tis a very foolish man you are, my friend.

GOODWIFE PODGE—Nay, 'tis stuff and nonsense! But I think 'twill be a cold night, and you know my Pansyface is delicate.

GOODMAN PETERKIN—And Blunderbones would surely fall in the dark.

MAYOR—Then Merrilegs and Twinkletoes shall call the cattle home.

TWINKLETOES—Let's play "Climbing the Mountain." *(Sets form, and after the dance Blunderbones and Pansyface whisper apart from the others.)*

GOODMAN LONGSHANKS—Come, children, the sun is setting you must hurry up the mountain. (*They kiss the children.*)

MERRILEGS and TWINKLETOES—Good-bye mother, good-bye father, good-bye everyone!

(*Villagers follow them out of sight. The lovers remain.*)

ROBIN—Please—

PHYLLIS—But my mother wouldn't allow it.

ROBIN—Oh, please, in the moonlight by the old stump.

PHYLLIS—But if I should be seen—

ROBIN—Oh, put on a disguise, and no one will recognize you.

(*They wander off, embracing each other. Blunderbones and Pansyface, who have been hiding, appear.*)

BLUNDERBONES—I thought they'd never go.

PANSYFACE—They acted awful funny. Do you suppose they're sick?

BLUNDERBONES—I don't know.

PANSYFACE—Come on, I'll beat you up the mountain. (*They rush off.*)

SCENE II.

OLD PIPES (*alone*)—How old my bones are, I believe I be about to fall. Oh! Eh! (*Sits on stump and tries to pipe, but fails.*) Well, that will have to do for tonight. (*Tries to rise.*) How tired I be. I can't get up. And nobody about to help me. Eh, what's that? (*Listens to children in distance singing.*)

“Leave them alone and they'll come home,
Wagging their tails behind them.”

(*Children enter.*)

TWINKLETOES—Why, here's Old Pipes.

OLD PIPES—Children, I'm very tired tonight, and I don't believe I can climb this steep path. I think I shall have to ask you to help me.

MERRILEGS—Twinkletoes, you help him that side, and I'll help him on this. Does it hurt?

OLD PIPES—Eh?

MERRILEGS—Are we hurting you? (*Old man does not rise.*)

TWINKLETOES—Are we hurting you?

OLD PIPES (*drowsily*)—Oh no, oh no, oh no.

MERRILEGS—Hi, there, don't go to sleep again.

OLD PIPES (*rising with their help*)—Children, here's a copper coin for ye, and thank'ee.

BOTH—Oh, you're very welcome.

OLD PIPES—But what might you children be doing here in the woods at sunset?

MERRILEGS—Oh, we're calling the cattle down.

TWINKLETOES (*behind Old Pipes, shaking her finger at Merrilegs*)—Sh-h-h.

OLD PIPES—What's that?

TWINKLETOES—Sh-h, oh, sh-h.

MERRILEGS—We be calling the cattle down.

TWINKLETOES (*dancing and shaking her finger at Merrilegs*)—Sh, sh.

OLD PIPES—Why, why, I've just been calling them on my pipes.

MERRILEGS—Oh, but they can't hear your pipes. You are too old and feeble.

OLD PIPES (*despairing*)—Eh,—eh,—eh.

MERRILEGS (*cheerfully*)—Oh, no, they've sent us to call them tonight.

TWINKLETOES—Merrilegs, stop. You hurt his feelings.

MERRILEGS—Why should I? He knows he's old; he said so himself.

OLD PIPES—Eh, but I'm grieved. Then they'll not be paying me any more, and my poor old mother will feel very badly.

MERRILEGS—Oh, yes, they are going to keep on paying you just the same, and let you think the cows come to your calling. You needn't feel so badly. It's happened lots of times before.

OLD PIPES—Eh, but it grows worse and worse. Well, run along, children, and call the cattle.

(*Children go off, shouting, Co-boss! Co-boss! Co-boss!*)

OLD PIPES (*shaking head and sitting down again*)—Now, I must take this money back again, for I can't be paid for what I don't do.

(*Loud knocking inside tree.*)

DRYAD (*in tree*)—Let me out, let me out.

OLD PIPES—Do I hear something?

DRYAD (*in tree*)—Let me out.

OLD PIPES—I do believe the Dryad is in this tree. (*Looks up and down tree.*) Wait a minute. Wait one moment. Why, here's a twig that turns. Just a minute.

(*Echo Dwarf, aroused by noise, comes sneaking down. Old Pipes opens the tree and out comes the Dryad.*)

OLD PIPES—Bless my soul!

DRYAD—Oh, lovely, lovely! How long it is since I've seen anything like this. How good of you to let me out! I am so happy and so thankful that I must kiss you, you dear old man. (*She throws her arms about him and kisses him on one cheek.*)

OLD PIPES (*in slightly stronger voice*)—Why, you do my heart good.

DRYAD—You don't know how doleful it is to be shut up so long in a tree. I don't mind it in winter, but in summer it is a rueful thing not to see all the beauties of the world. Why, you're the dearest old man in the world! (*She kisses him again.*) What can I do for you to show you how grateful I am?

OLD PIPES (*in a still stronger voice*)—I am very glad I let you out since it makes you so happy, and if you wish to do something for me you can, if you happen to be going down toward the village.

DRYAD—To the village? I will go anywhere for you, you kind old benefactor.

OLD PIPES—Well, then, I wish you would take this little bag of money to the Mayor. He gives it to me for calling the cattle down the mountainside, but it seems I am too old to blow on the pipes and they have to send the children after the cattle.

DRYAD—How did you find this out?

OLD PIPES—Oh, they both came by just now and told me.

DRYAD—The mean things!

OLD PIPES—No, no, they didn't mean to be naughty; they

helped me when I was tired. But if you would take this back—

DRYAD—Surely. Here!

OLD PIPES—Thank'ee, thank'ee very much. Good night.
(*Exit.*)

DRYAD—This is too bad. That dear old man needs the money. I don't believe the Mayor would take it back if I asked him. I've often heard the sweet notes of his pipes—
(*Echo Dwarf jumps up in front of her.*) Oh! oh, how you frightened me! My, aren't you fat! You have grown awfully fat since I saw you.

ECHO DWARF (*echoing her*)—Saw you—Yes, I have, and I am angry, (*echoing himself*) very angry. That Old Pipes was so old that he couldn't make enough sound for me to echo-echo—and I had a fine time growing fat, and now you have kissed him twenty years younger—years younger—and, yes, you did! you kissed him twice!—kissed him twice!—I saw you.

DRYAD—Well, you naughty Echo, you are grown to be very saucy and rude, and I shan't stay to have you bother me any longer, *now!*

ECHO DWARF—Now-now-now-now-now-now. (*He chases her about, but she eludes him and dances into the woods. Enter the lovers separately. They sing.*)

ROBIN—I'm waiting here for you.

PHYLLIS—Here am I.

ROBIN—I'm longing, dear, for you.

PHYLLIS—Tell me why?

ROBIN—'Cause I love you.

BOTH—Ah, I love you.

(*They are about to kiss when Merrilegs and Twinkletoes enter, shouting. They rush up to the lovers and pull Robin by the coat-tails.*)

BOTH—Don't! don't! She'll make you ten years younger! *Don't!* It's the Dryad. (*Phyllis runs.*)

CHILDREN (*crying*)—Oh, come home, come home!

ROBIN—I shan't. What do you mean, you silly things? That's not the Dryad.

(*Phyllis, on edge of woods, stops and cries weirdly.*)

CHILDREN—It is, it is! Run, oh, run! (*They run off. The lovers come together again.*)

ROBIN—That certainly was a close squeeze.

PHYLLIS—You almost gave me away. Oh! someone is coming. (*They run off.*)

(*Pansyface and Blunderbones enter cautiously.*)

PANSYFACE—I'm awful 'fraid! What was that noise?

BLUNDERBONES—Scared-cat, scared-cat!

PANSYFACE—I—I guess I don't want to turn any keys.

BLUNDERBONES—Scared-cat!

PANSYFACE—I'm not, but I want to be home with my mother. Sh-h! don't make so much noise in the leaves.

BLUNDERBONES—Oh, here's a fine tree, let's try that.

PANSYFACE (*crying*)—I don't want to, I don't want to.

(*Dryad returns, laughing, and stops short on seeing the children.*)

DRYAD—What are you seeking, children?

BLUNDERBONES—We want to find Miss Dryad! We heard she came out on moonlight nights.

DRYAD—Why, I'm the Dryad.

(*Both children shriek and run. Blunderbones falls, while Pansyface runs back to village.*)

DRYAD—I won't hurt you. I think you're awfully cunning little things, why—(*to Blunderbones who is squirming in the grass*) why, I'd kiss you—

BLUNDERBONES (*shrieks*)—Oh! Oh! don't!

DRYAD (*sinks on ground beside him*)—There, there, I forgot. Kissing you would make you ten years younger. Why, I believe you are the boy who made Old Pipes so unhappy. I shall kiss you now, anyhow, you bad, wicked boy. (*As she leans over, she hears noise of people approaching; she rises, and on seeing them, flies, dropping the purse. Villagers and children enter.*)

PANSYFACE (*holding tight to her mother*)—It was right here!

GOODMAN PODGE—My poor boy, where is he?

MISTRESS SHARPTONGUE—I should think, Neighbor Long-

shanks, you'd be mightily feerd for Merrilegs and Twinkle-toes.

GOODWIFE PODGE—Oh, my poor darling, where is he? The poor, poor boy! If he's kissed, he'll be only one year old.

PETERKIN and LONGSHANKS—Here he is! here he is!

BLUNDERBONES (*hiding his face as they lift him up*)—Is she gone? Is she gone, Mother?

GOODWIFE PODGE—Is that you Blunderbones, you bad, good-for-naught? (*Spanking him*) I worried myself to death for fear I'd find you a baby, and here you are safe and sound. Oh, mother's darling! You wicked child! Scaring me to death! Here, father, spank him hard!

PETERKIN (*who suddenly sees purse on ground*)—What's this? What's this? By my beard, the purse we gave Old Pipes.

GOODWIFE LONGSHANKS (*excitedly*)—I don't believe they saw the Dryad. That's a story they hatched up. I believe they came to steal his purse.

GOODWIFE PODGE—Oh, oh, is my darling boy a thief?

(*Dryad has been stealing about edge of crowd.*)

LONGSHANKS—I don't doubt you are right, wife. And after they got the purse, they ran home, and Blunderbones fell down. Where's the Militia?

(*Militia, who have been in background, march with the goose-step to the front of stage.*)

LEADER—Where is the thief?

BLUNDERBONES—Don't let them take me.

PANSYFACE—We didn't steal the purse.

LEADER—Advance! Close in! Off with them!

DRYAD (*on hearing the word "purse," darts in among the crowd and snatches the purse from Peterkin's hands. The villagers scream in terror and run away as fast as possible.*)

SCENE III.

(*Enter Dryad and Old Pipes.*)

DRYAD—And here is the purse which I dropped and was looking for at the very moment those villagers had picked it up.

OLD PIPES—Thank'ee kindly, and I'll tell them the boy didn't steal it. But I doubt if the boy was Merrilegs, as he's a fine lad and very sure on his legs. (*Echo Dwarf follows them unseen.*)

DRYAD—Is there anything else I can do for you, Old Pipes?

OLD PIPES—Why, yes, my aged mother would so like to be younger—if it wouldn't be too much trouble.

ECHO DWARF—H-sst—H-sst! (*Six Echo Dwarves appear.*)

DRYAD—I had thought of that, but she stays in the house and Dryads are not allowed inside anything but trees.

OLD PIPES—In the evening when she builds her fire out-of-doors you might kiss her.

DRYAD—I'll be near here, and watch for her to come out. Fare-thee-well. (*Pleadingly*) I'd love to kiss you good-bye.

OLD PIPES (*hastily*)—No, no, no! I dare say I am young enough. My old mother fears now that I'll be marrying and going away from home.

DRYAD (*regretfully*)—Well, if I mayn't—Fare-thee-well. (*She dances off. Echo Dwarf watches Old Pipes as he stands gazing after her.*)

ECHO DWARF—Did ye hear that? Well, what am I to do?

DWARVES—To do—to do—to do—

ECHO DWARF—Stop that! Don't you know the Dryad will hear you?

(*They continue to whimper.*)

ECHO DWARF—Stop it, I say!

DWARVES—Stop it—I say—I say—I say—

ECHO DWARF—If she finds you here, she'll bury you in the ground like moles.

(*All whimper violently.*)

ECHO DWARF—Well, there's no help to be had from you.—Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Hey, Old Pipes Old Pipes!

OLD PIPES—Did someone call me?

ECHO DWARF (*echoing*)—Call me? The Dryad can't make your mother younger.

OLD PIPES—What?

ECHO DWARF (*echoing*)—What? No! That is, unless the

old lady lets her out of the tree again. It's only the person who lets her out of the tree that can be kissed younger.

OLD PIPES—Oh—Oh—Oh.

ECHO DWARF—Oh—oo! of course she doesn't know that.

OLD PIPES—Oh, I see-e-e. (*He does not perceive the other dwarves.*)

ECHO DWARVES—Oh, I see-e-e.

ECHO DWARF—Now she must be shut up again and have your mother turn the key.

OLD PIPES—Oh, I see-e-e.

ECHO DWARVES—Oh, I see-e-e.

OLD PIPES—Young man, that's very rude, *very rude*.

ECHO DWARVES—Very rude, very rude, very rude!

OLD PIPES—You impertinent young wretch!

ECHO DWARVES—Young wretch!

OLD PIPES—I've a good mind to thrash you, do you hear?

ECHO DWARF—Thrash you, do you hear? thrash you.

DRYAD (*runs in*)—What is it? What's the matter?

ECHO DWARVES—The matter!

DRYAD—Do you need help?

ECHO DWARVES—Help—Help—Help—

DRYAD—Ho! All ye fairies, hither!

DWARVES—Hither, hither. (*Enter the fairies, running. Dwarves whimper.*)

DRYAD (*seats herself on stump*)—Let us have the truth of the matter. Old Pipes, I will hear you first.

OLD PIPES—He told me I must lock you in again and have my mother unlock you, and then he mocked me!

ECHO DWARF—Mocked me!

DRYAD—He's a liar!

ECHO DWARF—A liar!

OLD PIPES—A liar—

ECHO DWARF—A liar!

DRYAD—Take him!

ECHO DWARF—Take him!

DRYAD—Put him in the tree! (*They shove him in the tree*)

and lock it.) There, that settles him for awhile. Silence!

DWARVES—Silence—silence—silence.

DRYAD—Nothing can happen to a dwarf except by his own or his king's command. The king only has the power of original speech. If you hear them desire to be buried in the ground like moles, you are obliged to obey.

(Dwarves huddle together.)

DRYAD *(stands up on a stump)*—Listen! *(In a loud voice.)* Bury me in the ground like a mole!

DWARVES—Bury me in the ground like a mole.

(Fairies rush after dwarves. Dryad watches from stump. All vanish.)

DRYAD *(looking off)*—Why, is that your mother out by the cauldron?

OLD PIPES—It is.

DRYAD *(runs up and catches the old lady with both hands around the waist and kisses her.)*

OLD LADY—Lor' bless my soul! Why, what's this? *(Very sternly.)* Old Pipes, have you brought home a young wife?

ECHO DWARF *(faintly)*—Young wife?

OLD PIPES—Oh, no. Mother, don't you feel better?

OLD LADY—I believe I do, but who is this young person?

OLD PIPES—And can't you see better?

OLD LADY—Yes, and you talk louder than you used to. I'm not deaf, my son.

DRYAD—And isn't your back straighter than it used to be?

OLD LADY—Why, so it is!

DRYAD—I kissed you younger.

OLD PIPES—She kissed you younger.

OLD LADY—And you're not a young wife?

DRYAD—Oh, mercy, no.

OLD LADY—Just the same, I'd rather you'd not stay so close to my son.

DRYAD—But—but I'm a little afraid of you.

OLD LADY—There, there, honey, come and have a little sup with us,—there, there.

OLD PIPES (*who has been cleaning his pipes*)—Listen, while I blow my pipes.

OLD LADY—O-o—Did you ever now? Why you must have cleaned them lately. Now sit right down and we'll eat supper. No, not by my son,—over here.

DRYAD—Thank you, ma'am, but I am not allowed to eat with mortals. (*Runs to edge of woods and calls.*) Hither, fairies.

(*Fairies enter.*)

DRYAD—

Let's make them dream of the long ago
When fairies flitted to and fro.
Let's catch some will-o'-the-wisps for light,
And dance in a circle the live-long night.
Let frogs beat drums
And white owls hoot;
Let the thrush awake
And trill her flute.
Let crickets play
On their fiddles gay
And we'll dance till the moonbeams
Fade away.

(*Dryad and the Fairies dance.*)

DRYAD (*to old people*)—

Let sleep
So deep
On your eyelids lie,
You'll think 'twas moon-moths
Flitted by.
Let the spell I weave
Make you believe,
'Twas naught but the dream
Of a summer's eve.

(*They dance again.*)

DRYAD (*shivering*)—Oh—it grows cold. I believe I'll let Echo Dwarf out, and hop in myself. Old Pipes will let me out

in the morning. (*Runs to tree, opens it, lets Dwarf out.*) Now, run!

DWARF—Run—run—run. (*Runs off echoing.*)

OLD LADY—Isn't she the pretty little thing, now? Still, she can't dance as lightly on her feet as I did when I was a girl.

CALL IN THE DISTANCE—Ho, Old Pipes!

OLD PIPES—Halloo—Ho! (*The villagers and children appear.*)

LONGSHANKS—Is anything wrong?

OLD PIPES—Nay.

PODGE—We heard your pipes so late that we wondered if you were all right. Very queer things have been going on. Have you heard about the Dryad?

OLD PIPES (*puzzled*)—Dryad? What Dryad?

PODGE—She's been scaring folks to death in the mountain this night.

OLD PIPES—I don't understand—

PODGE—She had stolen your money and dropped the purse. When we thought the children had taken it she came and snatched it out of our hands.

OLD PIPES—No, no, I had given that money to—to—who was it now? I don't remember. It must have been one of your young girls. Why, yes, here she is. It was this young lady in green. I remember quite distinctly.

PHYLLIS—Oh, sir, 'twas not I.

MERRILEGS—Oh, Twinkletoes, look! Why, that's who was kissing Robin younger. Mother, look out! That's not Phyllis—it's the Dryad.

(*All draw back in horror.*)

TWINKLETOES—I remember she's the one. Don't let her kiss me, mother.

GOODWIFE LONGSHANKS—Tush, tush! That's Phyllis, and I begin to have my suspicions. Now, young woman, were you up in the mountain this night with Robin?

PHYLLIS—I—er—er—

GOODWIFE LONGSHANKS—Were you, or weren't you?

ROBIN—Believe me, Goodwife Longshanks, it was all my fault. I urged her to come.

GOODWIFE LONGSHANKS—What am I to do? Here my eldest daughter has disgraced me for life. A plague on you both!

OLD PIPES—Tut, tut, you ran away with Goodman Longshanks at midnight when you were younger than Phyllis. Let the child be. 'Tis the spring of the year. I feel twenty years younger myself.

PETERKIN—Why, you look twenty years younger. We ought to celebrate your recovery. What do you say, Mayor?

MAYOR—Why, I do, surely, I—eh—eh—

ALL—Speech, Speech!

MAYOR—Eh—eh—I think we had better—eh—determine—eh—upon the following determination—eh—to wit; eh—to offer you a feast upon this festive occasion as—eh—befitting—eh—your—eh—serviceable—eh—services!

OLD PIPES—Why, thank'ee, Mayor, thank'ee.

MOTHER SHARPTONGUE—Look at his mother! Why, she's much spryer than she used to be.

ALL—Yes, look! How quick she gets about!

MAYOR—Eh, Madame, may I have the honorable—eh—honor of dancing with you at the—eh—dance? (*He offers his arm.*)

OLD LADY—Ah, it's long years since I've tried dancing, your Honor, but if I might try a few steps before we go down—

ALL—Yes, yes, a dance.

MAYOR—Strike up there.

(*The villagers dance.*)

CHILDREN—Come, let's find the Dryad.

VILLAGERS—Nay, you march beside us, youngsters.

(*They march down the mountainside, singing.*)

SONG—

All hail the power of Spring!

Hail to the hours and the flowers of the May!

The praise of youth we sing!

Ho! for the woods and the streams,
 And all growing things we meet this merry day!
 We'll give thy name a rousing cheer,
 Whose echoes never die;
 The stirring notes so loud and clear,
 Will ring throughout the sky.
 Then, come! oh, friends, we'll sing one more song
 In praise of Spring while we are marching along,
 And to the stars be told
 All the joy and the love that our hearts
 Can never, never, never hold.

MUSIC SUGGESTED FOR USE IN THIS PLAY

SCENE I

Flora March—Nevin's "Shepherds All and Maidens Fair."
 Ring Dance—"Swedish Ringdance."
 Villagers' Dance—"Climbing the Mountain."

SCENE II

Song of Children—"Little Bo-Peep Has Lost Her Sheep."
 Dance of Dryad and Dwarf—"The Hay-Ride" in *Etude* for
 July, 1913.
 March of the Militia—"Goose-Step March."
 Fairies and Dwarves—Whelply's "Dance of the Gnomes."

SCENE III

Dryad's Dance—MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose."
 Villagers' Dance—"Lady Greensleeves."
 Song of Villagers—Mendelssohn's "Folk Song."
 Pixies' and Fairies' Dance—MacDowell's "Will-o'-the-Wisp."
 Dwarves' Dance—"Clown's March" in *Etude* for December, 1914.

[Dramatization copyright applied for.]

The highest art is always the most religious, and the greatest artist is always a devout man. A scoffing Raphael or Michael Angelo is not conceivable.—*F. Blaikie.*

THE EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE WORKSHOP.

LOIS PERKINS, '15.

An experimental Theatre Workshop has recently been started in New York by Miss Grace Griswold, the purpose being to centralize all the different departments of Theatre Arts, such as acting, play reading, designing, scene painting and artistic lighting. The advantages and support of such an institution are so far-reaching that its success seems inevitable. It will be the instrument by which American dramatic art can be approached through an educational rather than a commercial medium, for it offers a mutual benefit to all artists connected with the stage.

Actors will have the privilege of showing their work to managers and producers by appearing in plays suited to their talents and selected according to their own individual taste. At the present day conditions are such that the actors are obliged to spend hours, days and weeks in the offices on the Rialto looking for an engagement. The Theatre Workshop will provide them an opportunity, (that is if their work passes the requirements of the Try-out Committee,) to appear in performances to be given only before managers, producers, patrons, theatrical agents and committees.

The Manager will benefit by being able to select his material from the standpoint of talent and ability. Today he runs a great risk in engaging people by interview, and he is therefore often bitterly disappointed in actors whose capacity he has over-estimated or misjudged.

Playwrights will see their plays produced under their own personal supervision, with competent directors in charge, for the benefit of the manager and producer, who might find possibilities for a Broadway production.

Scenic artists, costume designers and stage directors by practical application will exhibit their work before managers and producers who have the power to make it commercially successful.

These departments already mentioned will be subdivided into smaller branches. The acting, for instance, will include

fencing, dancing, diction and voice. The Workshop will serve not only as an agency or show-case for employment, but be the instrument for artistic and cultural development, which is so sadly lacking on the modern stage of today. The diction seems to be the most blazing emblem of our crudity; grace and physical expression are practically unheard of qualities; in fact, the Theatre in America has barely glimpsed the artistic standards which it must attain if it is to be recognized as one of the greatest forces in education. As yet nothing has been done for its direct improvement.

The younger generation of actors have no Daly stock company to give them practice. There is no chance now for them to rehearse or understudy all the parts in repertoire as they did in the old stock company days, when they might be called upon to play anything from a lady-in-waiting to Lady Macbeth.

This was the opportunity from which our fine actors of today derived their greatest benefit. Consequently, now, when artists like Mr. Skinner, Mr. Arliss or Miss Matthison wish to produce a great classic drama, they can find no adequate support from the younger generation. The tendency of the age seems to be to attain without first beginning. They are not trained to it; they lack artistic feeling and intellectual background; their work is colored by the surface paint and the thin fabric of veneer and materialism. The one-type part which they start to play and end playing seems to suppress or submerge versatility and originality. Their theatrical career is represented by the one little part to which their personalities are adapted, or rather the part which they contrive to adapt to their personalities.

The time has come when conditions must change. Where is the actor to learn his profession? No longer in the theatre because of the fire laws. There is no opportunity now for him to come in contact with fine acting as was possible in the days of the visiting star system. There are plenty of dramatic schools for elemental training, but tuition fees bar many a talented aspirant. There are many Little Theatres and dozens of repertory companies springing into existence, all doing good

work up to a certain point, but limited in capacity by the one man director, who, in many cases, is only amateur and who can not spare the time or supply the remedy to meet the needs of each individual actor.

There must be a philanthropic endowed institution such as the Theatre Workshop, where actors, scenic artists, managers, producers and theatrical artists of all kinds should meet and co-operate and build a great art, which can be only attained through co-operation. The purpose of the Workshop is to supply the missing canvas for the empty frame which now symbolizes the veneer of the stage today. The idea has met already with an inspiration and encouragement which has crystalized its actual beginning. With an Advisory Committee of the following people, who enthusiastically endorsed its purpose, the work of promotion has been made possible: Miss Julia Arthur, George Arliss, Holbrook Blinn, Dr. W. E. Bohn, Miss Cottenet, Miss Edith Ellis, Edward Elsner, Walter Prichard Eaton, Miss Helen Freeman, Daniel Frohman, W. H. Gilmore, Mrs. George J. Gould, Miss Bell Gurnee, Howard Greenley, Clayton Hamilton, Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mrs. Minna Gale Haynes, Mrs. Ellwood Hendrick, Roland Holt, Arthur Hopkins, Harry Creighton Ingalls, Basset Jones, Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, Mrs. James Metcalf, Miss Kate Ogleby, B. Iden Payne, Miss Mary Shaw, James Metcalf, Otis Skinner, Mrs. St. John Smith, Miss Ada Sterling, Mrs. Samuel Tucker, Bayard Veiller, Stuart Walker and Miss Margaret Wycherly.

An office in the Knickerbocker Building for business purposes and publicity is now the first stepping stone to that which it is hoped may some day develop into a National University of Theatre Arts. This office is partially supported by a small theatrical company, "The Theatre Workshop Associate Players," comprised of talented young people, most of whom are professional. They are giving a repertoire of plays in the various schools and colleges, settlements and drawing rooms, and thus they not only help by their purely volunteer service in promoting the cause, but they contribute toward the

support of the organization in the crucial state of its development.

The program consists of Browning's "In a Balcony," Barrie's "Twelve Pound Look," and Sutro's "A Marriage Has Been Arranged."

The New York School of Fine and Applied Arts have assisted with the costumes and professional actors and actresses have generously assisted in the direction of the plays. Among these are Miss Olive Oliver, Miss Mary Shaw, Harry Neville and Miss Grace Griswold. Those who have pledged to offer assistance in this line are Julia Arthur, Edward Elsner, B. Iden Payne and others.

A committee of play readers has been started and playwrights will have the opportunity to see their plays produced by Workshop players, as soon as a studio for rehearsals can be supported.

Graduates from Vassar College, Columbia University, Miss Bennett's School and Dana Hall have contributed their services by volunteer work. Also subscriptions have been generously offered by interested patrons, making the beginning of the venture financially possible. It is hoped that such an institution can be eventually maintained by subscription, endowment and extension work, such as is now being done by the Associate Players. The idea is to organize a philanthropic institution to be to the drama what the Rockefeller Institute is to science.

To all those who believe in the Theatre, in its force and in its art, the Theatre Workshop is sincerely dedicated.

My principle is to do whatever is right and leave the consequences to Him who has the disposal of them.—*Jefferson*.

FIELDS OF ENDEAVOR.

At a recent program of the Emerson College Club of Boston, Miss V. Irene Wellington read letters and press notices telling of the great work being done by some of the Emerson College graduates, again adding proof that the college training so develops the pupil that he is enabled to carry out many lines of work.

Briefly stated, the work described at this meeting might come under these three heads:—

1. The most advanced methods of teaching the overcoming of defective speech in the public schools, as well as teaching the deaf and dumb.

2. The modern method of providing pleasure and profit and educational training for girls, and their mothers as well, by means of the high school evening centers.

3. The possibilities and far-reaching effects of clean journalism.

Miss Wellington read from the *Volta Review* a reprint from the *Minneapolis Daily News*, telling of Miss Marion C. Johnson's pioneer work there in the public schools with the stammerers and the deaf and dumb.

"Who would have thought these children could not hear a single sound! Gaily they marched and drilled in perfect unison to the rhythmic vibrations of a piano tune, and as happily recited in unison a Mother Goose rhyme. And it was hard to believe that the smiling mothers and fathers who composed the majority of the audience, which applauded the performers, were the parents of the incurable deaf. The grownups clapped just as hard as if their little children could hear the sound, because the little ones knew of the applause in their own way. Instead of hearing, they are taught to hear by vibration, Miss Johnson explained.

"Many of the parents were watching the miracle of their children, who had been dumb from birth, speak little Mother Goose rhymes, and knowing by means of lip reading, soon the sons and daughters of their hearts could understand every word of love they whispered to them."

Miss Henrietta Rackham of St. Paul, who was Miss Johnson's assistant and from whom she received her training in this special work, wrote as follows:—

"In the three years the work has been most successful. Now we have classes in seven schools. From September, 1913, to June, 1916, we have instructed over 225 children. I had 62 last year myself. Of course, some only needed three months' instruction; others who stammered badly needed more time. The State Superintendent was well pleased with what has been accomplished and recommended me to give a course of lectures at the State School Summer Session. This I did and enjoyed it very much, having in my classes school physicians and teachers."

Miss Victoria M. Cameron, of Central Institute for the Deaf of St. Louis, who was also formerly Miss Johnson's assistant, and from whom she received her training, wrote as follows:

"In the work for correction of defective speech and stammering, which is my particular work here at the Institute, I need say nothing of its trials and tribulations, for with them you are well acquainted. But it certainly is not without its reward, which comes in the joy of bringing order out of chaos."

"Many times I wish I might be with you to enjoy the good times which I read about in the magazine."

Miss Minnette M. Zuver, instructor of Dramatics at Bunker Hill High School and at the Girls' Club at the Charlestown Evening Center, was present. In the course of her talk Miss Zuver said: "This is the beginning of my third year's work as leader of the Girls' Dramatic Class at the Bunker Hill High School. The extended use of school buildings through the school center, social center or community center, as it may be called, is designed to meet the social and civic needs of community life beyond the period of schooling. It provides recreation for the young and old under wholesome conditions. For the boys there are such activities as indoor athletics, city council, brass band, glee club, library club and dramatics; for the girls and mothers such activities as millinery, folk dancing,

china painting, dressmaking, basket weaving, glee club and dramatics.

"These school centers give the mothers an opportunity to become interested in the same things in which their sons and daughters are interested. This mutual interest helps to bridge the gulf between the uneducated parent and the children who have had the advantage of the American public school system. The mothers touch hands with people and things of which they had not dreamed. Heretofore circumstances had limited them; now through outside interests their horizon has grown broader and brighter."

Miss Agnes G. Smith, of the *Christian Science Monitor*, was present and said many interesting and helpful things:

"When I was a student at Emerson College, I, of course, did not expect to go into newspaper work. One reason was because the kind of newspaper I wanted to write for did not then exist. It is a great satisfaction, I assure you, to be on the staff of such a newspaper as the *Christian Science Monitor*, which aims to publish the good rather than the evil which men do. While Emerson College offers no course in journalism, as such, I have found from experience that the training it gives is excellent preparation for newspaper work, particularly interviewing, where the reporter is called upon to exercise those same qualities which make for success in expression work, whether it be teaching or interpretation."

Love with eyes that see past faults and a soul that senses the deep, eternal purpose.

WORK IN SPEECH DISORDER FOR TEACHERS OF ORAL ENGLISH

A New Field for Emersonians

WALTER B. SWIFT, M. D., '98.

(In charge Voice Clinic, Psychopathic Hospital, Boston.)

Teachers of Oral English, Oratory, Modern Elocution, or whatever it may be called, have a very admirable foundation for specializing in the correction of speech disorders. Defects of speech are really, from the standpoint of the teacher of elocution, a tremendous lack of development, and an absent function or a diseased function. Many of the methods already in use to develop a normal voice up into a perfected, well rounded, easily used voice and speech mechanism, are also applicable in the effort to cure these diseases of speech. I take this opportunity, therefore, to try to interest teachers of Oral English in this other branch, in this new specialty, in this near related avenue of effort and service. There is remuneration in it.

The question will come, How can we prepare the teacher of oratory to take up this subordinate line? There is really only one satisfactory answer to this question; and that is to undertake some special study. This special study in speech defects is now offered in few places in the United States; but the place where the instruction has had the most exhaustive background of training, where there are more researches into the phases of speech than in any one place in this country, is in the Voice Clinic of the Psychopathic Hospital. Here there are Summer and Winter Courses offered, and it does not take very long for one already trained in Oral English to master this new subject. There really is no reason why this added specialty should not go along with the usual instruction of the Oral English teacher. It may perhaps clear this matter up somewhat if I explain what has been done in the public schools lately.

A Massachusetts public school has just lately introduced a department of Speech Disorder, and it has been running very satisfactorily throughout the year. This is an undertaking which any Oral English teacher could readily engineer.

Let me say a few words as to the method by which this department was originated and its success in running accomplished. The first thing that was done was to interest a superintendent. This superintendent canvassed her corps of teachers and found two whom she could recommend as having had the proper previous training, to continue study along this line. This assistant superintendent herself then took a course of study that is outlined to give superintendents a general idea of the undertaking. Then the superintendent sent the teachers to take a summer course of a month. In this month they were given a hundred and forty hours of didactic instruction and demonstration on clinical cases in my two clinics here in Boston. The subjects that they studied were first the anatomy of the speech mechanism, then its neuropathology, then they were put through a series of clinical demonstrations on speech cases. To accomplish this they were taken to several hospitals and shown cases which really consisted in a rare array of all manners of speech disorders. The great value in this exhaustive amount of clinical material that only a physician could offer is the wide understanding of the defects of speech as they appear in numerous diseases. All this field of diseased speech sheds a great and unusual light upon the normal action of speech, a light and instruction and orientation that can be obtained in no other way except by this observation, first hand, of a great variety of cases of speech defect in disease.

After this demonstration of cases they were given instruction on how to teach them, how to train them out of their defects, how to bring their speech up to normal, and, as a whole, really given quite an exhaustive array of methods and system for the approach of the speech specialist to a case of speech disorder.

From this can readily be seen how thoroughly prepared these teachers were to undertake the starting of a speech defect department in the public schools. This they did, beginning last fall. They continued their grade work and did the speech defect work two afternoons a week. They have a raise in their pay for this special work from the start. For the teacher of Oral English, I should recommend that the work be added to

her own work. I decidedly vote against making the speech defect teacher a "special teacher," devoting all of her time to that alone, because the work is too taxing, too hard, and finally gets monotonous, to a few, so that I would decidedly advise the continuance of one's own work, and the addition of this work as a variety, a side issue, or another special line. In this way the health is maintained, the monotonous work is avoided, and the affair goes along much more smoothly than if one specializes in speech defect alone, and simply has four to six hours of work a day in that one line. A moment's thought can show anyone that this is objectionable.

A third teacher has now been added in this school work, and with such a program the work should be in a general way divided up as follows: One teacher should take phonetic defects, another should take stuttering cases, and the third the vocal drill for mental defectives.

Work in the school naturally divides itself up into these three departments. They have continued their classes up to the present time, and all this has been done with marked success.

The teacher of Oral English can very easily and with little expense add this side specialty to her other work. This procedure would add excellencies to her other work that are now unthought of; it would make her work in Oral English better understood, better mastered, and give her whole general education a much more thorough foundation, than is usually put under Oral English of the schools. I have reference here especially to the anatomy and to the medical side of speech, and clinical demonstration of markedly pathological cases, all of which really mean this valuable foundation that helps so much. Let us turn, then, to see what should be done about it.

Graduation is not necessary. One can begin the study of speech disorder at any time. The earlier one begins, the longer it is apt to take; but youth is no objection, and the more experience one has, the better. The first step that should be taken is to inquire for outlines of instruction that are given where courses in speech disorder are offered, and in this way

one can start in with the study at almost any time when those courses are given.

I want to open the opportunity to my fellow classmates in the study of oratory, and urge them to think upon this side specialty with some seriousness, to investigate the courses that are given in it, and to see if they can not embrace this valuable and modern specialty. Surely the teacher of Oral English is admirably adapted to taking up this line. Far be it from me to advise taking it up in a superficial, parrot-like manner as so many are doing, but I would surely recommend its faithful and exhaustive study.

A PIPER.

A Piper in the streets today
Set up and tuned, and started to play,
And away, away, away on the tide
Of his music we started; on every side
Doors and windows were opened wide,
And men left down their work and came,
And women with petticoats colored like flame . . .
And all the world went gay, went gay,
For half an hour in the street today.

—*Seumas O'Sullivan.*



REVERIES



DESERVINGS.

This is the height of our deserts :
A little pity for life's hurts ;
A little rain, a little sun,
A little sleep when work is done.

A little righteous punishment,
Less for our deeds than their intent ;
A little pardon now and then,
Because we are but struggling men.

A little light to show the way,
A little guidance when we stray ;
A little love before we pass
To rest beneath the kirkyard grass.

A little faith in days of change,
When life is stark and bare and strange ;
A solace when our eyes are wet
With tears of longing and regret.

True it is that we cannot claim
Unmeasured recompense or blame,
Because our way of life is small :
A little is the sum of all.

SONG.

O shadows past the candle-gleam, so brief to pause in flight,
Are shadows that can come no more
Still moving unseen on the door
Of Yesternight?

O roses on the crumbling wall, so soon to droop and die,
Are any roses that are dead
Still fragrant where their petals bled
In Junes gone by?

O heart of mine, there is a face nor grief nor prayer can bring,
Think you in some far Shadowland
One keeps my roses in his hand,
Remembering?

—*Ruth Guthrie Harding.*

A LYNNMOUTH WIDOW.

He was straight and strong and his eyes were blue
As the summer meeting of sky and sea,
And the ruddy cliffs have a colder hue
Than flushed his cheek when he married me.

We passed the porch where the swallows breed,
We left the little brown church behind,
And I leaned on his arm though I had no need,
Only to feel him so strong and kind.

One thing I never can quite forget—
It grips my throat when I try to pray—
The keen salt smell of a drying net
That hung on the churchyard wall that day.

He would have taken a long, long grave—
A long, long grave, for he stood so tall. . . .
Oh, God—the crash of the breaking wave,
And the smell of the nets on the churchyard wall!

—*Amelia Josephine Burr.*

GOD'S WILL.

God meant me to be hungry,
So I should seek to find
Wisdom, and truth, and beauty,
To satisfy my mind.

God meant me to be lonely,
Lest I should wish to stay
In some green earthly Eden
Too long from Heaven away.

God meant me to be weary,
That I should yearn to rest
This feeble, aching body
Deep in the earth's dark breast.

—*Mildred Howells.*

The value you put upon things will lead to your being the great or small artist.—*Mrs. Hicks.*



On Thursday morning, February eighth, Reverend Leslie W. Sprague addressed the student body, using as his subject, "The Message of Tolstoi."

President Southwick made his annual trip to Philadelphia and vicinity during the spring recess.

Mrs. Southwick left on March first for a recital trip throughout the South.

Mrs. Hicks made a professional trip extending through the states of Virginia, Georgia and Alabama.

Mr. Tripp took his annual journey throughout the western states in connection with the University extension course in several universities.

Dean Ross spent the spring vacation at Hornbeam Hill, Freedom, N. H.

The college extends hearty sympathy to Mrs. Willard, who has been seriously ill for two weeks.

Simonides calls painting—silent poetry, and poetry—speaking painting.—*Plutarch*.

The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

EDITORIAL STAFF

NETTIE M. HUTCHINS	Editor-in-Chief
ANNE W. VAIL	Literary Editor
BEULAH K. FOLMSBEE	Student Editor
FRED WILLSON HUBBARD	Business Manager

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory, 30 Huntington Avenue, on the 15th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Business Manager. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE. Entered in the Post Office at Boston, Mass., as second class mail matter.

VOL. XXV.

MARCH, 1917.

No. 5.

TOMORROW There is a certain Senior class not so many
BE miles away which is coming to realize the
TODAY truth of this little text, and is already giving
 much thought to that morrow. Time is hurry-
ing us along to follow in the footsteps of those who have gone
before. The paths are many and diverse, as this number of
our magazine will show. In honor of the work our graduates
are doing in so many different ways, this issue was planned.
With the hope that it may stand as a fingerpost at the parting
of the ways, it is lovingly dedicated to the Senior class. There
may be among our number some who do not feel the call to
teach, and for their benefit this book will show what our pre-
decessors have done in the fields of journalism, authorship,
medical research, acting, missionary work and special sciences.

The world lies at our feet!

“—Nor Jove, nor Mars;

Mine be some figured flame that blends, transcends
them all.”

Junior Week

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13

JUNIOR SONGS

Let the Halls Resound	Elizabeth Tack
Junior Class for Us	Barbara Wellington
A Song	Joseph Gifford
Cornet Solo	Samuel Kern
Junior's Evolution	Margaret Plank
To Dean Ross	Beatrice Coates
Spirit of Emerson	Rena Macomber

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14

WIND IDYLLS

A lyric fantasy by Rena G. Macomber

CAST OF CHARACTERS

WHIRLWIND - - - - - Catherine McCormick

WEST WIND

King - - - - - Fay Goodfellow

Mischief Sprites

Helen Eads

Barbara Wellington

Ethel Caine

Elizabeth Tack

Evelyn Ellis

Marguerite Ruggles

Harriet Fancher

Helen Ford

SOUTH WIND

Queen - - - - - Rena Macomber

Laughter - - - - - Helen Guild

Balmy Breezes

Grace Zerwekh

Emily Crisman

Norma Olson

Evelyn MacNeil

Helen Carter

Elva Nelson

Margaret Pinkerton

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16

Address President Southwick
 Phi Alpha Tau Tea at two-thirty

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17

HERITAGE

Joseph Gifford

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Warren	-	-	-	-	-	Grace O'Leary
Richard Warren	-	-	-	-	-	Harl Eslick
James Warren, Jr.	-	-	-	-	-	Samuel Kern
Mr. Warren	-	-	-	-	-	Joseph Gifford
Butler	-	-	-	-	-	William Byer
First Officer	-	-	-	-	-	William Downs
Second Officer	-	-	-	-	-	Merril Marvin

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20

Junior Prom Hotel Somerset

Poetry is the grandest chariot wherein king-thoughts ride.—
Smith.

STUDENT

SOUTHERN CLUB.

We welcome two new members among our ranks, Frances Taylor of Kentucky and Wylie Hartsfield of Texas.

Harriet Stille read for the Convalescent Home in Dorchester, February twelfth.

Melba Rhodes spent the spring vacation with friends in Northampton, Mass.

Frederica Magnus told stories, February thirteenth, for Sunday School children of New Old South Church.

SENIOR.

Helen Reed read in Waltham, March sixth.

Lillian Walker played the rôle of Assunta in Pietro Vanucci at Bates Hall, February seventeenth.

Faye Eaton left recently for Livermore Falls, Maine, to coach the prize speaking contest in the High School.

Ruth Kennard read at the Second Church of Boston, Unitarian, Beacon Street, recently.

Fred Hubbard assisted Prof. Baker of Harvard in a Scandinavian production in Jordan Hall, March fifteenth.

Fredericka Magnus read at the Mother's Club in Jamaica Plain, February fourteenth.

SENIOR RECITAL

Friday Evening, February 9, 1917

I. The Will *Barrie*
Lawrence Smith

II. The Man in Lonely Land *Kate Boshner*
Jessie Haszard

- III. The Hour Glass *Yeats*
Leah Kendall
- IV. Monsieur Beaucaire *Booth Tarkington*
Marguerite Thompson
- Friday Evening, February 16, 1917
- I. Aunt Temple's Triumph . . . *Paul Laurence Dunbar*
Frederica Magnus
- II. Taming of the Shrew (Acts II and III) . . . *Shakespeare*
Alma Lee Brown
- III. The Lady from the Sea *Ibsen*
Helen H. Bartel
- IV. The Wooing of the Lady Olivia
(From "Twelfth Night") *Shakespeare*
Mildred Southwick
-

JUNIOR

Ruth Van Buren has read recently for the Stoneham Woman's Club, the Catholic Club, the Calumet Club and the Ancient Order of United Workmen.

Marjorie Will played in "Washington's First Defeat" at the Church of the Messiah, February twenty-sixth.

Catherine McCormick has been entertaining Miss Edith Hudson of Wellesley College. Miss McCormick also took part in the Student House play, February seventeenth.

The week-end of February seventeenth, Margaret Pinkerton and Elizabeth Darnell entertained Dorothy Greene, Catherine Chittendon and Margaret Maxwell from Wellesley College.

Samuel Kern gave the first act of "Within the Law," March fifth, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Grace Zerwekh and Izer Whiting read before the Mother's Club of Roxbury.

Helen Eads took part in a Players' Guild performance February nineteenth.

Ruby Walter gave a program for the D. A. R.'s of Boston recently.

Selina Mace recently entertained her father, who was in Boston attending the Road Builders' Convention.

Dorothy Mitchell entertained Justina Williams at her home in Yonkers, N. Y., during spring vacation.

JUNIOR RECITAL

Thursday, March 1, 1917

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. Green Stockings | <i>A. E. W. Mason</i>
Ann Floyd East |
| II. Carlotta's Intended | <i>Ruth McEnery Stuart</i>
Annabel Conover |
| III. Music | <i>Booth Tarkington</i>
Harriet E. Fancher |
| IV. The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary | <i>Anne Warner</i>
Margaret Newell |
| V. King Robert of Sicily | <i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>
Joseph Gifford |

SOPHOMORE.

Sylvia Folsom, Susan Phillips, Elaine Rich, and Mabelle Thrasher spent the week-end with Mina Harrison.

Frances Russey entertained a large audience at the "Fire-side" at the Union Church.

The Beacon Trio gave a delightful program at the Franklin Square House.

FRESHMAN.

Josephine Mitchell spent the spring recess with Doris Poole in Woonsocket, R. I.

Two programs were presented by Doris Poole at the Methodist Church and the Eastern Star Lodge of Woonsocket.

Helen Reardon has been spending several days with friends in Providence.

TWO YEAR SPECIAL.

Alice Cohen spent her vacation in New York City.

Dorothy E. Levy spent the holidays with relatives in Philadelphia.

Bernice Frank visited friends in Pittsburg and Buffalo.

Frances Taylor took part in two one-act plays at the Church of the Messiah.

SORORITIES.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

The sorority entertained informally Sunday evening, February twenty-fifth, at the Hotel Hemenway. A fortune teller read the palms of those present.

Leah Kendall, Ann Minahan, Nettie Hutchins and Edna Schmitt were guests at the wedding of Ruth Carroll and Leonard Burrage at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kenney, Leominster, Mass., March tenth.

Nettie Hutchins read in Cambridge, February fifteenth.

Frances Bradley of Talcottville, Ct., has been a guest at the Chapter House recently.

Edna Schmitt read recently in Chelsea, and at the Warren Street Baptist Church in this city.

The following girls spent the spring vacation at their homes: Arline Crocker in South Paris, Maine, Selina Mace in Keeseville, N. Y., Dorothy Mitchell in Yonkers, N. Y., Ann Minahan in Pittsfield, Mass.

Elizabeth Tack visited Frances Bradley in Talcottville, Ct., during the spring vacation.

ZETA PHI ETA.

February tenth was the annual National Zeta Day for Zeta Phi Eta. In the afternoon Alpha Chapter had a tea at the Copley-Plaza, at which Miss Riddell and Miss Margaret Black were guests. The Alpha Alumni celebrated the day with a luncheon.

Zeta Phi Eta entertained on Lincoln's birthday at a masquerade, given at Riverbank Court, Cambridge.

On February seventeenth, Margaret Pinkerton, Sarah Stocking and Elizabeth Darnell assisted in a performance given for the benefit of the Woman's Suffrage Organization under the direction of Mrs. Bertha Papazian.

Carolyn Walker read "The Perfect Tribute" at a meeting of the Ex-Regents' Club at the Hotel Vendome.

Barbara Wellington is coaching the Eliot Guild of Newton in Barrie's "Rosalind."

Mr. H. P. Gates spent the week-end with his daughter, Rena, recently.

Astrid Nygren was entertained at the home of Carolyn Walker in Mansfield.

Ann East spent the spring vacation with Rena Gates at her home in Johnstown, N. Y.

Marguerite Brodeur and Helen Guild spent the week-end of the twenty-second at the Wianno Club, Cape Cod.

Margaret Longstreet read at Point Shirley, and Fay Goodfellow for the Seaman's Club on the twenty-seventh of February.

February fifteenth Dorothy Hopkins read for the Woman's Industrial Club of Boston.

Sarah Stocking gave a program at Central Church, recently.

PHI MU GAMMA.

The chapter house has had numerous guests this year. Among them we are pleased to welcome Emily Brown, a former Emersonian, and her sister, Ruth Brown.

Iota chapter celebrated February twelfth by an alumnae tea at the chapter house, when we entertained about eight Phi Mu Gammas from other chapters, besides many Iota alumnae.

Both Ethel Caine and Beatrice Coates have been absent from school because of illness.

Marguerite Thompson read at the Junior Charity Club luncheon at the Hotel Lenox, February twenty-sixth.

Ethel Caine danced and read for the Daughters of Maine, at the Hotel Brunswick recently.

Bess Ellis was guest at a house party at "The Cabin," Clifton, Mass.

Estelle Van Hosen gave a dinner party in honor of Carolyn Jones, February twenty-fifth.

The fifteenth annual scholarship play, presented by Iota chapter of Phi Mu Gamma, will be given at Copley Theatre, March twenty-sixth. The play this year is "Captain Letterblair."

PHI ALPHA TAU.

Samuel Kern was admitted to membership, Saturday, February twenty-fourth. A dinner at the Hotel Napoli and a theatre party followed the initiation.

Robert Howes Burnham has recently produced the following plays at Lynn, Winchester and Roxbury: "The Prince Chap," "The Lion and the Mouse," and "The Man on the Box."

Miss Southwick (meeting Mr. Tripp in the hall): "Is there a Playwriting class today, Mr. Tripp?"

Mr. Tripp: "Not today."

Miss Southwick (enthusiastically): "Then let's talk about 'Getting Married'!"

Mr. Tripp (obligingly): "Very well, come down to Room 6."

Wanted—A Sonnet!

Mrs. Hicks, in Senior "As You Like It": "Oh, Miss Bailey, more fervor! Have you never had a sonnet written to you?"

Miss Bailey, sadly: "No."



EMERSON ALUMNI CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The regular meeting was held February tenth, at the Twelfth Night Club rooms. Reports were given by the delegates to the meeting of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs.

PROGRAM

An Evening With August Strindberg

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| I. Strindberg the Man | Miss Dora A. Watt |
| II. A Dramatic Moment, "The Stronger" | { Mrs. Daniel Nally |
| | { Mrs. William H. Purdy |
| III. Solos | Mrs. Frank McCoy |
| IV. "Photographer and Philosopher" | { Mrs. William H. Purdy |
| "The Story of Jubal Who Had No I" | |

A short business meeting followed, at which the reports of the nominating committee were made.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'89-'90. It is with regret that we learn of the death of Addie Chase Smith at Springfield, Mass. Miss Smith had been ill nearly a month and her death brings sorrow to many loyal friends and associates.

'96-'97. Arline Hackett is playing the part of Mrs. Leo Reginald in Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Getting Married," now at the Plymouth Theatre.

'98-'99. Belle McDermid Ritchey is giving a series of six lectures on "Modern Writers" during the Tuesday mornings in Lent, at Mt. Auburn College. The program of the course follows:

February 27	The Muddle We're In
March 6	Literary Catch-Words
March 13	Significant and Insignificant Literature
March 20	A Great Tradition
March 27	Edwin Arlington Robinson
April 3	Inspired Guesses

'10-'11. Anna E. Bagstad is continuing her successful work in the Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon. On January twelfth, Miss Bagstad presented her senior class in a most successful production of "Lady Windermere's Fan."

'10-'11. Esther Burch played the leading rôle in a recent presentation of "The Turn of the Tide," by the Stanford Dramatic Club, Stanford, Kentucky.

'12-'13. Isabelle McCullum Roop was married to Mr. Dale Hendrickson of Elgin, Illinois, on December thirtieth. They will reside at 729 North Central Avenue, Chicago.

'12-'13. Dorothy Elderdice is coaching an historical pageant for a literary club in Westminster, Maryland. Miss Elderdice also appeared as reader in a joint recital, January twenty-sixth, at the Rhode Island Avenue Methodist Church, Washington, D. C.

'13-'14. Olga Newton is playing the part of "Love" in "Experience." The company will be in Boston soon.

'13-'14. Pearl Fishel is teaching in Gibson, North Carolina.

'13-'14. Sadie O'Connell is teaching the English, history and rhetoric classes in the Milford High School, Milford, Mass. Their senior class is soon to present "She Stoops to

Conquer" under Miss O'Connell's direction. In addition to her many duties at the High School, Miss O'Connell has successfully filled several reading engagements.

'12-'13. The following press notice concerning the production of the play "Ingomar," by the students of Stroudsburg High School, Stroudsburg, Pa., under the direction of Edith Walton, appeared in the *Daily Record*:

"The school has never won greater praise or more merited praise than that following the presentation of the Greek drama "Ingomar," at the Stroud Theatre on Thursday evening. The members of the cast deserve and receive none but the greatest possible credit for the manner in which they performed. And, in this connection, Miss Edith Walton, the coach, must not be forgotten. It was a grand tribute to the ability of this talented young woman. The general carriage of the members of the cast, the enunciation, the dramatic effect, was such that none could help but be impressed with the results achieved by Miss Walton, herself an elocutionist of much ability."

'13-'14. Meta Bennett has written and produced a fantasy called "Old Pipes and the Dryad." The play was given by the students of Oxford College, Oxford, Ohio, as a May Day fête. Under the direction of Miss Bennett, the campus was transformed into a veritable fairyland by the assembly of dryads, dwarfs and nymphs. With the broad green campus for its setting, in the early twilight it was indeed a thing of mystic beauty and the success of the evening was due largely to the untiring efforts and skillful management of Miss Bennett. We are glad to announce that the play appears in this issue of the magazine.

'13-'14. Elizabeth L. Beattie plays an important part in "Riders to the Sea," which, together with "A Marriage Has Been Arranged" and "The Pierrot of the Minute," was presented at the Fine Arts Building, Rochester, N. Y.

'14-'15. Margaret A. Strickland is continuing in her successful work as teacher of expression in the High School at Rome, New York.

'14-'15. Emily Brown has been spending a short time in Boston, and her many friends have enjoyed seeing her again at college. Miss Brown has a studio in Richmond, Virginia. During the summer she coached a great Shakespearean pageant of fifteen hundred people, which was presented on the campus of West Hampton College. Besides her regular teaching in a preparatory school, Miss Brown has filled several concert engagements.

'15-'16. Lois Teal is teaching in Mason City, Iowa. The debating team, which was coached by Miss Teal, was victorious in a final debate with the Clinton team, upholding the negative side on the question of State Compulsory Industrial Insurance.

The perfection of conversation is not to play a regular sonata, but, like the Aeolian harp, to await the inspiration of the passing breeze.—*Edward Burke.*

Art is the blending of reason, imagination and feeling.—*Mr. Tripp.*



HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS
OUR DEAN

Dedication



I never crossed your threshold with a grief
But that I went without it; never came
Heart-hungry but you fed me, eased the blame,
And gave the sorrow, solace and relief.
I never left you but I took away
The love that drew me to your side again
Through the wide door that never could remain
Quite closed between us for a little day.





The Emerson College Magazine

VOL. XXV.

APRIL, 1917.

No. 6

HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS

HIS LIFE

The paternal ancestors of Harry S. Ross came from Stornaway in the New Hebrides,—that northern land of strong, seafaring Scotchmen, which William Black has immortalized in "The Princess of Thule." His mother's people were New Englanders, and her strong, admirable traits combined with the Scotch characteristics of his father were manifested in the boy who was born in East Haddam, Conn., in 1868.

The boyhood of Mr. Ross was spent in this little Connecticut town, where his life was partly of the sea and of the land. East Haddam, being on the river, does considerable shipping, and the boy soon became actively interested in following the sea. At other times he worked on the farms about, and so the years went by, until Mr. Ross was twenty years of age.

At that time he was at last able to see his way clear to go to Oberlin, Ohio, where he went through the preparatory school and did three years of college work, earning, all the while, every dollar he had. After a year of absence from Oberlin, Mr. Ross intended to return, but turned instead to Emerson College of Oratory, where he was graduated in 1897.

While a student, both in Oberlin and at Emerson, he was very popular and took an active interest in all phases of college life. As president of his class, as orator, as manager of THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, as an inmate of Mr. Southwick's home in Danvers, he finished his education.

On his graduation he went as professor in English and elocution to Worcester Academy, where he spent in all eleven years. After three years his labor was recognized in his appointment as master of English. In 1905 Mr. Ross was made the first assistant to Dr. D. W. Abercrombie, the principal, in whose absence he was acting principal.

In 1902, while travelling in Europe, Mr. Ross met Miss Ella McDuffee, who was then a teacher in Buffalo, N. Y. Their line of travel coincided, and the two parties joined forces, journeying through Italy, Holland, Belgium and France, tramping through the passes and over the mountains together. The next year Europe was again visited by two enthusiasts, but this time Mrs. Ross took the place of Miss McDuffee. The honeymoon was spent in England, Scotland and Wales, where both Mr. and Mrs. Ross have numerous friends and relatives.

Nine years ago Mr. Ross became Dean of Emerson and since the first has been generally loved.

LOVE AND LOGIC.

"Old things are best," I tell my love;
And straightway I proceed to prove
My point with logic fine.
Youth incomplete, lacks what is best;
Time seasons all, and gives it zest;
As age to wine.

"Old times were best," I tell my love;
The past is rich with treasure trove
Of ballad, tale, and jest;
Of ladies fair, and courtiers gay;
Of knights and steeds in bright array
At beauty's hest.

"Old friends are best," true worth finds proof;
Tried stuff that makes the warp and woof
Endures the wear and strain.
For those who get a love or friend
On sight, oft lose him in the end
At fortune's wane.

"Old tales are best"; the heart brims o'er
With what it holds of love and lore
And songs of long ago—
My argument seems builded well;
Her smiles as on each point I dwell,
Affirm "'t is so!"

And then becoming still more bold
I tell the story, oh, so old,
As men before have done;
Then pause—the light of glad surprise
Swift rushes to my Peggie's eyes—
My suit is won.

Harry Seymour Ross.

NEW YEAR.

The old year tottering under lengthened days
Mellowed by age serene, a life well spent;
Looks backward down the path, and sees
It strewn with peace and plenty, and content
To seek well-earned rest, submissive bows its head;
Its burden gently drops; its soul has fled.

The young year stout, of lusty limb, exults
In affluence of life, and tries its might.
Thro' the wild night the blast shrieks loud:
Aeolus, in his cavern's darkest night,
Once more has opened wide the wind-confining door;
And till the morn, the storm fiends wreak and roar.

Harry Seymour Ross.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS.

One of the most suggestive and helpful lectures or talks of the year was that recently given by Mr. Godfrey Dewey on "Simplified Spelling." Mr. Dewey's chief claim to fame, in the opinions of our students, has been that he sought as his "better seven-eighths" Miss Marjorie Kinne, E. C. O. 1910. Henceforth he will stand as a leader in the path which so many of us are just beginning timidly to set our feet. A path, by the way, or, on the way, that seems exceedingly bright and straight, as compared with the meandering trail which most of us have travelled since lisping childhood.

These introductory words are but to serve as a prologue to the helpful and illuminative article which follows from Mr. Dewey; just as did the verbal handshake with which Mr. Kenney made us acquainted with the lecturer. Neither is this an appeal for our students to start on a free-for-all, go-as-you please race through English spelling. The writer must struggle too much and too often with papers where spelling is "wrought by want of thought" through "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," to advocate any wild and sudden abandonment of existing inconsistencies. We are all agreed on one point, I opine, which is that our spelling like Bert Harte's "Heathen Chinees" is "peculiar and hard to explain."

This very introduction is far from what it should be because I cannot spell it as I should. Too long has the teacher insisted on the wrong to be able now to write the right. One of my first recollections of the little country school was the black board where a boy ahead of his own generation had written "anser" after his sum. The teacher wrote that this signature was the Latin for goose, but I am inclined to think today that the lad was wiser than his leader. In those days we laughed when Josh Billings wrote that Shakespeare was a smart man but that he "couldn't spel for a darn." In the light of the following article we are not so sure but what each of these worthies has beaten us to it.

We have smiled complacently at the spelling of Washington and others of the early days of the republic, who thought and worked in larger terms than most of us are capable of; but we may after all have to come to some of their simplicity of spelling even if we lack their variety.

In our callow student days we all learned first about everything studied that it "came from the Greek." Today we are beginning to think as a result of much biographical writing, that about everything worth while in America started with Benjamin Franklin. I do not know whether he was the first real American advocate of simplified spelling, or not; but he certainly gave the subject much consideration and some standing. It appealed to his common sense from the time when an illiterate servant translated *yf* for him, from a letter, so that he could see it spelled *wife*. Immediately the man who wrote the greatest autobiography in our literary history commended the study and use of simplified spelling to his backward countrymen. So again we see that when our great philosopher, Emerson, would arouse us to "hitch our wagon to a star," Ben Franklin, our first efficiency man, would be right there with the axle grease.

As stated earlier, the purpose of this short article is three-fold: To introduce Mr. Dewey; to ask our students and alumni to study the subject and become acquainted with this great movement which in a decade has knocked and been admitted to four hundred universities, colleges and normal schools; and lastly, to adopt for immediate use the twelve simpler spellings approved by the National Education Association (tho, altho, thru, thruout, thorofare, thoroly, catalog, decalog, pedagog, program, prolog).

Most of us will use these spellings timidly at first for we need to familiarize ourselves with the new appearance of the word, but often seen and used "at last familiar with its face, we first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Certain it is that simplified spelling will appeal to our reason; and after short usage will lose its fantastic appearance and cease to shock our aesthetic ideas of orthographic propri-

ety. It will make spelling easier and more correct, and will prove a help instead of an obstacle to a child's reasoning powers. It will standardize pronunciation and save an immense amount of valuable time. (Again, to quote Ben Franklin, "Dost thou love life then do not squander time, for that is the stuff that life is made of.") It will be of the greatest help to Americanization of our foreign population: a consummation devoutly to be wished in this time of national upheaval and racial unrest. Lastly, it will remove the greatest barrier to English as an international language and make usable a means of universal communication at the very points where the pre-determined and made-to-order languages such as Volapük and Esperanto have failed.

JUST ADVISING THE DEAN.

Lay off a while—
What is the use
Of breaking the only back you've got?
That you work with a smile
Is a poor excuse;
You need some rest and you need it a lot.

Take time to play,
You've earned a rest.
There'll still be work when you're all through;
You've toiled away
And done your best—
Leave something for someone else to do.

Overwork's a crime,
Come, shut up shop
And loaf a bit, it will do you good.
You haven't time
Just now to stop?
You would if you could? We wish you *would*.

—Peter Porter, *Adapted*.

SPELLING!

Did yu ever lern to spel? If so, why? Do yu ever misspel a word? If so, why? Do yu realize that the schoolchild in Welsh, Italian, German and many other languages never has to study spelling? He lerns his alfabet, and having lernd it is prepared to spel correctly any word he hears, or pronouns correctly any word he sees. Do yu realize just how bad our English spelling is, anyway? Unles yu hav given tho't to the subject yu most certainly do not.

Consider the vowels, for bad as our consonants ar, the vowels ar wors. We speak of a, e, i, o, u, sounded as in *pay*, *see*, *by*, *so*, *few*. Most of the rest of the world using the Roman alfabet sound them as in *father*, *they*, *police*, *so*, *true*. Of our conventional vowel sounds, the first and second should by establisht international usage belong to the second and third vowels respectively, and the third and fifth ar in reality difthongs *oi* and *iu*, leaving only the fourth vowel foneticky correct. And how consistently do we use our inconsistencies?

Consider "a," more properly ē. In how many ways is this sound speld in words familiar to us all? Three or four? Here ar 24—and only one right in each case—paraleld by the same words re-speld in the N E A alfabet, of which more hereafter:

<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>ē</i>
<i>late</i>	<i>a—e</i>	<i>lēt</i>
<i>bait</i>	<i>ai</i>	<i>bēt</i>
<i>play</i>	<i>ay</i>	<i>plē</i>
<i>played</i>	<i>aye</i>	<i>plēd</i>
<i>they</i>	<i>ey</i>	<i>thē</i>
<i>preyed</i>	<i>eye</i>	<i>prēd</i>
<i>rein</i>	<i>ei</i>	<i>rēn</i>
<i>seine</i>	<i>ei—e</i>	<i>sēn</i>
<i>feign</i>	<i>eig</i>	<i>fēn</i>
<i>eight</i>	<i>eigh</i>	<i>ēt</i>
<i>weighed</i>	<i>eighe</i>	<i>wēd</i>
<i>straight</i>	<i>aigh</i>	<i>strēt</i>
<i>gauge</i>	<i>au—e</i>	<i>gēj</i>

<i>gaol</i>	ao	jēl
<i>eh</i>	eh	ē
<i>break</i>	ea	brēk
<i>maelstrom</i>	ae	mēlstrom
<i>fête</i>	ê—e	fēt
<i>suède</i>	è—e	swēd
<i>élite</i>	é	ēlīt
<i>mêlée</i>	ée	mēlē
<i>bouquet</i>	et	būkē
<i>re</i>	e	rē

Consider more briefly 15 ways of spelling "e," more properly ī:

<i>me</i>	e	mī
<i>see</i>	ee	sī
<i>here</i>	e—e	hīr
<i>fear</i>	ea	fīr
<i>deceit</i>	ei	disīt
<i>receive</i>	ei—e	risīv
<i>receipt</i>	eip	risīt
<i>grief</i>	ie	grīf
<i>believe</i>	ie—e	belīv
<i>machine</i>	i—e	machīn
<i>seignior</i>	eig	sīnyor
<i>key</i>	ey	kī
<i>quay</i>	ay	kī
<i>people</i>	eo—e	pīpl
<i>mi</i>	i	mī

Or for one case more take these 19 ways of spelling the continental or international value of the fifth vowel, "u":

<i>jury</i>	u	jūry
<i>true</i>	ue	trū
<i>rude</i>	u—e	rūd
<i>do</i>	o	dū
<i>food</i>	oo	fūd
<i>shoe</i>	oe	shū
<i>move</i>	o—e	mūv
<i>drew</i>	ew	drū
<i>route</i>	ou—e	rūt
<i>rheumatic</i>	heu	rūmatik
<i>fruit</i>	ui	frūt
<i>bruise</i>	ui—e	brūz
<i>screwed</i>	ewe	skrūd
<i>you</i>	ou	yū

rendezvous	ous	randevū
wooded	ooe	wūd
ghoul	hou	gūl
caoutchouc	aout	kūchuk
through	ough	thrū

These examples ar by no means exhaustiv and ar neither accidental nor extreme, but wil serv to suggest one faze of the kaotic conditions prevailing in English spelling today.

On the other hand, consider the sign *ou* with 8 pronounciations in sour, pour, tour, would, sought, couple, hough and journey, or the sign *ea* with 7 pronounciations in heat, head, great, heart, heard, bear and fealty, as well as two occurences with *u* in beau and beauty.

For one last exampl of English as she is spelt consider this 15-word sentence:

8	x	8	x	8	x	8	x	8	
though	the	rough	cough	and	hiccough	plough			
tho	the	ruf	cœf	and	hiccup	plau			
x	8	x	8	x	8				=16,777,216
me	through	I	ought	to	cross	the	lough		
me	thrū	I	et	to	cross	the	lēch		

The sign *ough* occurs in it 8 times, each time with a separate and distinct pronounciation. Disregarding the 7 connectiv words and observing only that by the analogies containd in the sentence each of the 8 *ough* words may be pronounced 8 different ways and each in turn combined with every other combination we obtain 8^8 or 16,777,216 ways in which this sentence may be pronounced by its own analogies! And we attempt in all seriousness to teach every forener and every little child which one and only one of these more than 16 million possibilities is correct!

Why is this thus? Chiefly from the attempt to use a Roman alfabet of 23 letters (c, q and x are superfluous: c equals k, s, or sh; qu equals kw; x equals ks or gz) for an essentially Anglo Saxon tung enricht from Norman-French and many, very many, other sources til it contains about 40

sounds readily distinguish'd by the untrained ear. While the inevitable chaos arising out of such a problem is most evident in the long stressed vowels and diphthongs, the existing confusion extends so far that, counting silent uses, not one letter of our alphabet has a fixed and definite phonetic value.

The great event which formed a decisive epoch in the development of our orthography was the introduction of printing. This new influence with its powerful tendency to crystallize current usage into permanent authoritative form, overtook English in the midst of its struggle with the confusion occasioned by this shortage of letters. Just at this juncture it took the care of our spelling out of the hands of the comparatively educated copyists and surrendered it to men who required, and who in general possessed, no greater intelligence than was demanded by the mechanical ability to follow copy. Still further, the great majority of our early printers came from the continent and as foreigners knew little and cared less about whatever orthographic principles may have been struggling to establish themselves.

To the orthography thus fortuitously manufactured, Johnson's dictionary, appearing in 1755, gave the final stamp of authority. His was the first important attempt at establishing a standard which would make possible the uniformity so urgently desired; and proof readers clung to it eagerly, asking nothing and caring nothing as to how their standard has been obtained. But the great Dr. Johnson, as has well been said, simply followed the proof-readers' method; and settled disputes between the competing forms by choosing that one which was oldest or worst. And what, from the scholar's point of view, is even more serious: wherever he fancied he saw an analogy or traced an etymology, he stuck in letters to indicate the "fact" (as, for example, inserting an *s* in *island*, which is from the Anglo-Saxon *iland*, because he believed it to be from the Latin *insula*). The orthography which some of us worship today as the cumulative product of the scholarly genius of the past is in reality the spelling of just one man—Samuel Johnson—whom those of us who wish to pay reverence! A certain amount of change, largely in the direction of simplification,

is of course inevitable and continuous in the history of any language; but it is entirely correct to say that our spelling received approximately its present form thru the agency of Dr. Johnson and his dictionary.

The only complete remedy for existing conditions is a simple fonetic alphabet for the 40 sounds readily distinguished by the ordinary ear. A completely fonetic alphabet must conform to two cardinal rules; it must have but one sound for each sign; it must have but one sign for each sound; and of these two rules the former is of even greater importance than the latter.

Such a fonetic alphabet would seem to call for the invention and adoption of 17 new letters, in addition to our present 23, in order adequately to represent our 40 sounds—a herculean task indeed. Fortunately the practical solution, evolved and accepted by the foremost linguistic scholars of the country, is very simple. Briefly stated; by dropping c, q and x, writing 6 simple and obvious digraphs (ch, ng, th, dh, sh, Zh), writing the four diphthongs by their component vowels (ai, iu, ei, ou) adding only 3 new letters (a, o, u) and distinguishing by a single diacritic, either macron or circumflex, a long, and short quantity in three of the old and one of the new vowels (ē ī ē ū) we obtain an alphabet of 26, or counting both long and short vowels of 30 letters, with which the English language may be written logically, consistently and phonetically. And in eventual practice this alphabet may be still further perfected and simplified by substituting single characters for most or all of the digraph and diphthong notations.

Limitations of space and printing forbid any detailed presentation and discussion of this alphabet, of interest to every teacher, student, or user of language. This, the N E A alphabet, is presented briefly but clearly with both print and script forms of the new letters in the supplement inclosed with this issue by courtesy of the Standard dictionary. A full and valuable discussion of every detail, which all interested are strongly urged to consult, giving closer distinctions than necessary for general use, will be found in the introductory pages of the complete Standard dictionary.

If a complete solution of the problem is indeed so simpl, why has it not been consumated long ago? It wud be a waste of time in this generation to bring up for detaild discussion the varius arguments of a generation ago for they hav without exception been disposed of so thoroly that they ar rarely raized today save by thoe almost completely uninformd on the subject. Most of the questions which suggest themselvs wil anser themselvs if one fundamental fact is firmly graspt; our languaj is our speech, not spelling. Our spelling is no more than a conventionalized picture, too often grossly distorted, of the spoken word. Each one of us speaks and listens in simplified spelling every day of our lives. Were the most sweeping fonetic spelling reform to be at this moment enforst by imperial decree, not one syllabl of tomoro's conversation wud be different, not an alterd sound wud tel the tale. The sole effect on speech of a more accurate spelling wud be somewhat to chek slovenly pronounciation. It was such arguments, based on this and similar falacies, which led that eminent filolожist, the late Prof. T. R. Lounsbury of Yale to write that the shamelesnes with which defenders of the existing orthografy paraded before the public the scantines of their intellectual raiment par-took almost of the nature of indecent mental exposure.

One argument, the etymologic, deserves a separate word, as having had perhaps the strongest hold on the educated clas. This urges that our present spelling should be continued, because the various silent letters and peculiar combinations in the words preserv or suggest the forms in the languages whence they came. The weaknes of this argument has been indicated in pointing out how largely our present orthografy crystalized about a group of ignorant foren printers, and Dr. Johnson and his dictionary. Its fallacy lies in the confusion between language and spelling just explained above. Of this argument, the late Prof. W. D. Whitney, our foremost American filolog-ist, editor in chief of the Century dictionary, said: "The real etymologist, the historic student of language, is wholly independent of any such paltry assistance and wud rejoice above measure to barter every historical item in our spelling during the

past 300 years for a strict fonetic picture of the language as spoken at that distance in the past." It remains only to add, for the benefit of those who had rather trace the written symbol than the living word that no fonetic reform of our orthography wil in any wise interfere—for what etymology we hav is history, and is now permanently secure in innumerabl books.

The real obstacle to rapid and complete adoption of a rational spelling is not in the array of erstwhile arguments, long since minutely analyzed and rejected by the highest authorities. It springs from vizual prejudice, from the inertia which dreds the effort of the change entrencht behind a profound ignorans of its tremendous economic, international and above all educational importans. The one intellijent argument against simplified spelling is the undouted truth that the adult eye tends by long familiarity to seize words not as a series of combined separate letters but as a unit whole form in themselves, and to be annoyd and botherd by *any* chanj in the familiar form, whether for better or for wors. Reason and logic quite aside, it is the unusual reader who did not laugh outright or at least smile broadly at the "queer-looking" respeld forms in the paralel colums of the exampls previously givn. Should this temporary and transitional but very real annoyans be allowd to outweigh the enormus permanent benefits to be derived from a rational spelling? Let us face the issue.

Our present spelling involvs an annual waste running into hundreds of millions of dollars; offers the chief obstacl to the spred of English as the dominant international language; and wastes two to three years from the school life of every English-speaking child.

The prodigious waste of time and money involvd in writing and printing the 15% of superfluous letters in our present spelling appeals strongly to common sense for remedy. With over 4,000,000,000 communications in English passing thru the mails annually, is not 1-7 the labor of our writing worth saving? A careful estimate by Henry Holt, the publisher, shows that omitting only 5% or 1-3 of our superfluous letters would save an annual waste of over \$100,000,000.

Filologists and other scholars thruout the world hav long agreed that English, with its ready adaptability and capacity for development, its cosmopolitan vocabulary and grammatic simplicity, is preeminently fitted to become the dominant world language. But they also agree that the one great barrier to this destiny is our intricate and disorderd spelling. Professor Jacob Grimm, one of the greatest of all comparativ filologists, said, in comparing English with the other great languages: "English . . . has attained an incomparabl degree of fluency, and appears destined by nature more than any other to become the world's language. Did not a whimsical antiquated orthografy stand in the way, the universality of this language would be still more evident . . ." It is in our power to remove that barrier, to our own immens advantage.

The vital reason for reform, outweighing all other combined, is the havoc wrought by our present spelling in primary education. At college age it is with no small sacrifice that even a year is saved from the time of education. Yet at the start from two to three years hav been wasted. Yes! worse than wasted: applied to a study which, having no intrinsic value, is a direct and positiv mental detriment. For just when it is most necessary that the child shud be taut to use his reason and intellijens, he is introduced to a study wherein he must incessantly disregard analogy and reject the results of observation.

Imagine an intelligent child who sees for the first time any one of the half dozen exampls previously given, or a hundred others which might hav been given, and is taught arbitrarily and without explanation or appeal either to reason or consistency, that each different pronounciation of the same sign, or each different spelling of the same sound, is right "Because it's so" and for no other reason. The whole spirit of modern education is to cause the pupil to see things for himself and make his own deductions from what he sees. Its aim is to lead him first to observ and then to generalize the results of his observation into a rule. Our present spelling, unavoidably undertaken at a critical period of his development, runs directly counter to this effort, and in the confusion resulting

from this constant overturning of sound logic by arbitrary prescription, many a child is hopelessly fuddled and often learns to hate the sight of a book forever.

No other movement with the possible exception of national prohibition, now moving with ever increasing speed and sureness to its ultimate goal, is fraught with such tremendous possibilities for the advancement of the English speaking world. What can each one of us do to help?

1. *Use* simpler spelling wherever and whenever possible. Don't be afraid of the inconsistencies inevitable in any transition. Don't wait to try and *learn* a new *system* of spelling but go ahead and use every simpler form that you see or that suggests itself. No great moral issue is bound up with a uniform spelling. Brief study of the dictionary will show the mass of variant forms always in current use. This article exemplifies a fair degree of simplification practicable without use of the new letters. It does not apply certain obvious further simplifications such as consistent substitutions of j for g, k for c, v for f, and z for s in all cases where so sounded, simply as a concession to the strength of visual prejudice inevitable to too sudden a change in the familiar appearance of the printed page. It is not consistent,—no practical spelling can be consistent without using the new letters,—but as the Simplified Spelling Board long since remarks; such inconsistencies as there are belong rather to the old spelling than to the new.

2. *Permit* pupils or others under your authority to use the simpler forms. Encourage your superiors and associates first to tolerate, then to adopt an increasing degree of simplification. Above all, encourage them to think about the problem, for once a person has seriously thought or investigated, he is lost, or rather won, to the cause.

3. Write Simplified Spelling Board, 18 Old Slip, New York, for information furnished freely on request and keep in touch with the rapidly growing progress of the organized movement. The slip inclosed with this issue of the magazine is but the briefest possible summary of recent progress and recommendations.

4. Abandon utterly the old conventional "Webster" pronunciation key, to which most of us have grown accustomed, with its multitude of arbitrary and inconsistently used diacritics, and its barbarous perversions of the fonetic sense, and use instead, for all fonetic purposes now and eventually for common use, the N E A alfabet, evolved and adopted by joint committees of the National Education Association, the American Philologic Association and the Modern Language Association in cooperation, and accepted and indorsed by most scholars of English the world over. This scientific alfabet, with but a single diacritic of uniform and definite meaning, is key 1 of the New Standard Dictionary, which carries also in key 2 the old "Webster" markings for those accustomed or hardened to their use.

The present movement is going forward with ever increasing speed. The current record of acceptance and adoption of the simpler forms include 380 universities, colleges and normal schools, with 456 newspapers and periodicals, circulating more than 16,000,000 copies. It is a part of the responsibilities of the whole fellowship of educated men and women to expedite both by example and precept the present progress toward the final goal of a rational and fonetic English spelling.

an	Script	Names	Key-words	Roman	Script	Names	Key-words
ā	Ā ā		art	ā	ā	ā	sing
a	A a		artistic	ō	ō	ō	note
ai	Ai ai		aisle, find	O	o	o	poetic
au	Au au		out, thou	ō	ō	ō	nor
ā	Ā ā		air	ō	ō	ō	not
a	A a		at	ōi	ei	ōi oi	oil
b	B b	bī	be	P	p	P p	pi
ch	Ch ch	chī	chew	R	r	R r	er (or ār) rat
d	D d	dī	day	S	s	S s	es
ē	Ē ē		prey	Sh	sh	Sh sh	esh
e	E e		men	T	t	T t	tī
f	F f	ef	fee	Th	th	Th th	eth
g	G g	gī (not jī)	go	Th	th	Th th	eth
h	H h	hī	he	Ū	ū	Ū ū	mood
i	I ī		marine	U	u	U u	push
i	I i		tin	Ū	ū	Ū ū	urge
iu	Iu iu		mute	U	u	U u	hut
j	J j	jī (or jē)	jaw	V	v	V v	ev (or vī) van
k	K k	kī (or kē)	kin	W	w	W w	wī
l	L l	el	let	Y	y	Y y	yī
m	M m	em	met	Z	z	Z z	ez (or zī) zest
n	N n	en	net	3	3	3 z	ez

i = ˘, as in habit, senate (indicating a weakening toward i in pity).
 ē = ˘, as in final, atom (indicating a weakening toward u in but).

a = a, as in ask.

* For brevity we shall designate this alphabet hereafter as the N. E. A. Alphabet.

NUMERIC REFORM IN NESCIIOUBIA.

BY CHARLES H. GRANDGENT.

PROFESSOR OF ROMANCE LANGUAGES IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

President's address read at the Eighth Annual Meeting of the Simplified Spelling Board, New York, April 7, 1914.

The partizans of an arduus and unpopular movement ought to be interested, even if they can not be cheerd, by an account of a bold attempt at betterment in a different but similar field in a distant cuntry. Of course you all kno as wel as I do where Nescioubia is; and it it doubtless unnecessary for me to remind you that the Nescioubians, while they hav long enjoyd the advantages of a rational orthograpy, hav retaind to our day the practis of computing solely with Roman numerals.

It seems almost incredible that a people should hav simplified either its spelling or its numbers without having sense enuf to reform the other; but such is unhappily the case. A few years ago this inconsistency became apparent to some thoughtful Nescioubians; and, after much private deliberation, they began openly to discus the possibility of substituting for their cumbrus notation the Arabic figures long since adopted by other nations. As the American papers hav furnisht but scanty information on the subject, I venture to present to you such authentic facts as I hav been able to gather concerning the crusade that folloed.

The would-be innovators brought forward, it would appear, several fairly cogent arguments. Firstly, they said, the teaching of mathematics is so impeded by the use of Roman simbols, especially in long division, that Nescioubian children ar fully two years behind the youth of other lands, spending as they do upon the mastery of needless mecanical difficulties the precious moments that might better be devoted to things of intrinsic worth. The vast majority of them, in fact, never learn to

reckon at all, and simply put down as their result any alphabetical combinations that association may suggest, blindly hoping that the outcome may not be too wide of the mark. They have indeed almost lost the sense of number. Besides, they are so generally dispirited by their futile efforts that they lack the courage to attack their other studies with the vigor requisite to success.

Secondly, an incalculable amount of time, patience, and energy is wasted by the Nescioubian all through life in dealing with irrationally complicated sequences of signs.

Thirdly, the commerce of Nescioubia and her national influence (which might be so beneficial to the world) are suffering from the inability of Nescioubians to count as other people do. Even professional mathematicians are seldom quite sure of their results. A curious vagueness and uncertainty have come to pervade all Nescioubian thought. The Arabic notation, they urged, is so simple and logical that it can be learned in a few hours and can be written without continual reference to a table. Why, then, should we not adopt it?

You would scarcely believe what a storm of protest was aroused by this seemingly commendable proposal. Bitterest among the opponents were the journalists (or, as they are called in that country, the Osteocephali), and particularly those who had never been able to count with accuracy beyond thirteen. "Underminers of our civilization," "destroyers of Nescioubian mathematics," "grotesk iconoclasts"—these are a few of the epithets hurled by the Osteocephali at the startled reformers. Arguments seemed unnecessary—the Arabic numbers were so funny! When, however, the "grotesk iconoclasts" picked up courage to ask for reasons, the Osteocephali responded with one voice:

"The arithmetic of Romulus and Julius Caesar is good enough for me!"

"But," said the reformers timidly, "Romulus and Caesar calculated somewhat differently. Which style do you advocate?"

"The arithmetic of Romulus and Julius Caesar is good enuf for me!"

"Allow us to point out," insisted the iconoclasts, "that your use of numbers is not exactly that favord by Caesar. For instance, on your library, erected in 1900, you hav inscribed MCM, which, on a public monument, would not hav approved itself to Caesar's contemporaries."

"The arithmetic of Romulus and Julius Caesar is good enuf for me!"

It became evident that the Osteocephali wer like those talking dols which, no matter how hard they may be prest, can say only "Mama!"

Disappointed tho they wer, the reformers continued their propaganda, and now and then made a convert. A good many mathematicians admitted, in theory, the superiority of the Arabic sitem, but denied the possibility of its application to Nescioubian problems. Others, more independent, thought the change might very conceivably be advantageous, but declared that it should come about spontaneously, without concerted pressure from any self-constituted body. The Arabic numbers, apparently wer to fold up their tents and silently steal in without anybody notising them.

Others stil conceded that the substitution might perhaps be assisted by conscius effort on somebody's part (not their own), but stoutly maintaind that it should be effected, if at all, very gradually, by the adoption, let us say, of one Arabic figure in a generation. The number nine, they thought, might be a good one to begin with, as it is ritten in two ways, IX and VIIII, neither of them wholly convenient in complex practical computation.

Not all the mathematicians, however, wer so revolutionary. Some of those, who adornd the higher walks of the profession wer convinst that the introduction of Arabic signs would destroy at one blo the filosofic spirit of their sience. How, they askt, could one speculate on the fourth dimension unless four wer ritten IV? What impression would their beautifully

elaborated deductions make, if they wer associated in the student's mind with a horrid Arabic 4?

The conciliatory mood exhibited by a few influential sientists began to alarm the conservativs, especially the manufaturers of those ponderus tomes of numerical reference tables which the Roman notation renders indispensable. In self-defense they enlisted the servises of an eminent pedagog, who proved, by a series of psicological experiments, that children can perform long division more rapidly, more correctly, and with les mental strain, by the use of the Roman numbers than by the use of the Arabic.

The Osteocefali wer triumfant. Vainly did the innovators urge that the psicological experimenters in charge of the laboratories had possest but a misty idea of the values of the new signs, being generally under the impression, for example, that the figure 7 represented sixteen. Such details wer deemd irrelevant. It should be explaind that in Nescioubia the expenets of Psicology (and, above all, Experimental Psicology) ar lookt upon as the recipients of divine inspiration. To dout one of their utterances on any subject is sacrilegius—and dangerous, too, since the occult powers bestoed on the Psicologist may, in popular belief, be used for destruction as wel as for enlightenment.

Despite such crushing rebufs, the cause of reform sloly went on gaining adherents—most of them, to be sure, of the acquiescent rather than the militant tipe. But at this point a new obstacle arose. "The advent of Arabic numbers," declared the Osteocefali, "would ruin the continuity of mathematical thought." This argument made a profound impression on the non-mathematical public. "If," continued the newspaper sientists, "we should rite four with a single Arabic figure, we should lose sight of the fact that four presented itself to the Roman consciusness as five minus one, and we should thus cut ourselves off from all contact with our ancestors."

"But the Romans wer not the ancestors of most of us," objected the reformers.

"That makes no difference. They wer somebody's ancestors.

Besides, they wer our predecessors, anyhow; and they invented our numbers. How ar we to think consistently if we thro away the reminder that for them four was not four, but five minus one?"

"In any event," anserd the radicals, "the Roman numerals would not perish from the face of the earth; and the knoledge that four is five minus one would stil be accessible to persons desirus of that information."

"Ah! but our youth would lack, at the most impressionable age, the ever present and suggestiv record of the Roman conception of four."

"But," urged the innovators, so far recovering from their consternation as to be able to collect some of their wits, "the Romans did not conceiv of four as five minus one. When they wanted to express it properly, they rote IIII; and they regarded IV as a handy but rather undignified abbreviation."

"The advent of Arabic numbers," replied the Osteocefali, "would ruin the continuity of mathematical thought."

On this point it was generally granted that the Osteocefali had scored a victory. Folloing up their advantage, they proceeded to display the ridiculusness of the new mathematics. The papers, from time to time, publisht numbers ritten and sums done (incorrectly of course) in Arabic stile; and that part of the public which could read neither notation roard with laughter.

"How," it was askt, "could a scoolboy be expected to keep a strait face when he encountered eighty-eight disguised as two doughnuts, in sted of seeing it in its simple and natural representation, LXXXVIII? How could any one of us preserv his respect for the Number of the Beast"—which is held sacred by the Nescioubians—"if he saw it appear, not in its ancient, venerable, and perspicuus image of DCLXVI, but transformd into three riggling polliwogs?"

"You should not balk at the strangeness of our sistem," falterd the dismayd reformers. "Everything new is strange. You should consider its simplicity."

"Simplicity!" sneered the conservatives. "Hav you the face to call it simple, when it employs more signs than the old one? For the numbers up to and including one hundred, your method requires ten different simbols, 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9; ours, only five, I, V, X, L, C. The Roman notation is, then, just twice as simple as the Arabic, as far as these numbers ar concernd. When it comes to the smaller numbers, those under fifty, which one oftenest meets, the superiority of the old way is stil greater; we use three signs, you stil need ten—we ar therefore three and a third times as simple as you."

The reformers wer discouraged, and no wonder. Friends of the movement began to suggest compromises. "Let us keep the Roman signs, to which the people ar so passionately attached," they counseled; "but let us use them with Arabian directness." This proposition met with considerable approval. When, however, the question arose, how Arabian directness was to be infused into the Roman numerals, there wer more minds than men.

One enthusiast, profoundly moved by the simplicity argument of the Osteocefalli, exprest his conviction that only one simbol should be employd, preferably the letter I, which should be repeated as many times as the number to be ritten exceeded unity; thus, he declared, would be attained the maximum of practicable simplification; altho in the abstract (he reluctantly admitted) a stil higher degree of simplicity might be reacht by using no simbol at all.

Another filosofer discoverd that, inasmuch as the real basis of Roman counting is duplication, sistematic perfection is to be won only by carrying out that principle consistently: for instance, to express two we double one, to express twenty we double ten, and so forth; we ought therefor to rite eight IVIV, eighteen XIXIX; thirty-four XVIIIXVII. Against him arose a third, affirming that the foundation of Romanism, as we now practis it, is not addition, but subtraction; hence we should rite six, for example, not VI, but IVX.

A middle course between these two extremes was advocated by a Radical-Conservativ member. "We must distinguish,"

he said, "between long and short numbers. Then we can express long numbers by subtraction, short numbers by addition. Eight, which is short, we may continue to rite VIII; but eighty-eight, which is long, we shal rite XIIC."

When askt where he would draw the line between short and long, he replied that, being a strictly practical man, he left these details to the mathematical theorists.

Such was the situation last winter. Because of recent storms, I hav been for several weeks without news from Nescioubia. According to the latest advices, the reformers wer ful of good hope. But the Nescioubians wer stil using the Roman numerals.

(Reprinted by permission from *Simplified Spelling Bulletin*, September, 1914.

We wish to express our appreciation of the courtesy extended to us by Funk Wagnalls Company in forwarding to us a most helpful and practical book, "Essentials of English Speech and Literature," by Frank H. Vizetelly, Litt. D., LL.D. In this book is given a most comprehensive outline of the origin and growth of the language and its literature, with chapters on the influence of the Bible, the value of the dictionary and the use of the grammar in the study of the English tongue. Teachers of English literature will find this a splendid aid in the logical presentation of the progressive phases of their subject and invaluable for ready reference. Especially in connection with our articles on scientific spelling we wish to recommend for the further benefit of our readers, Chapter IX of this book, "Phonetics, Pronunciation and Reading," page 270. Published by Funk Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.50.—EDITOR.

All great literature is on the side of individual freedom.—
Dr. Black.

Told by Dean Ross.

"Hiram," said the lady of the house to her hired man, "Do you know how many buckwheat cakes you've et?"

"Gosh, no, maw. How many?"

"Twenty-six."

And Hiram said afterwards that made him feel so bad he got up and went off without his breakfast.



Spring

COME, CHOOSE YOUR ROAD AND AWAY.

Over the sweet-smelling mountain-passes
The clouds lie brightly curled;
The wild-flowers sling to the crags and swing
With cataract-dews impearled;
And the way, the way that you choose this day
Is the way to the end of the world.

It rolls from the golden long ago
To the land that we ne'er shall find;
And it's uphill here, but it's downhill there,
For the road is wise and kind,
And all rough places and cheerless faces
Will soon be left behind.

Come, choose your road and away, away,
We'll follow the gypsy sun;
For it's soon, too soon to the end of the day,
And the day is well begun;
And the road rolls on through the heart of the May,
And there's never a May but one.

There's a fir-wood here, and a dog-rose there,
And a note of the mating dove;
And a glimpse, maybe, of the warm blue sea,
And the warm white clouds above; . . .

Come out,—a bundle and stick is all
You'll need to carry along,
If your heart can carry a kindly word,
And your lips can carry a song.

—*Alfred Noyes.*

HIS SONG FOR HER WAKING.

'Tis dawn in the sky of the world,
 'Tis dawn in the sky of my heart,
And earth is the bud of a rose
 Whose petals are trembling apart;
So I come to your door in the dawn,
 And I breathe you my life in a word,
You would smile, you would lean from your window, my queen,
 If you heard—if you heard.

The air is all throbbing with fire,
 And I am a pulse of the flame,
All breathless the universe beats
 Like a heart that is tuned to your name,
As the stars in their courses last night
 Kept time to each breath that you drew. . . .
But our passion is dumb—oh, my love, you would come
 If you knew—if you knew!

You would glow in the flush of the dawn
 You glitter so coldly above;
You would lean like a rose to his cry
 Who yearns to the lips of your love;
You would raise him who faints at your feet
 To a height that his hope never dared;
You would warm the poor clod in your arms to a god,
 If you cared—if you cared.

—*Amelia Josephine Burr.*

THE STARLING'S SONG.

I clink my castanet,
 And beat my little drum;
 For spring at last has come,
And on my parapet

Of chestnut, gummy-wet,
Where bees begin to hum,
I clink my castanet,
And beat my little drum.

"Spring goes," you say, "suns set."
So be it. Why be glum?
Enough the spring has come;
And without fear or fret,
I clink my castanet,
And beat my little drum.

—*James Cousins.*

FOUNTAIN SONG.

I am the sprite of the fountain;
Sprung from the gloom am I,
Out of the womb of the mountain,
Big with the kiss of the sky.
I am the fugitive glory
Singing the strong soul's story;
Twinkling, tinkling, glad to be
Out of the prison of earth set free;
Dancing, mad with the cosmic tune,
Laughing under the stars and moon—
Back to the ocean soon!

Back to the sky and back to the sea—
Oh, I was a prisoner long!
But the love of the vast was strong in me;
I fed on the dream of the strong.
And there, while the slow gloom chained the deed,
I wrought my vision of silvery speed;
And out of the dread hush round about
I fashioned a gladsome victor-shout!
Sister of wave and cloud am I,
And the world grows green as I pass by—
Back to the sea and sky.

—*John G. Neihardt.*

The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

EDITORIAL STAFF

NETTIE M. HUTCHINS	Editor-in-Chief
ANNE W. VAIL	Literary Editor
BEULAH K. FOLMSBEE	Student Editor
FRED WILLSON HUBBARD	Business Manager

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory, 30 Huntington Avenue, on the 15th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Business Manager. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE. Entered in the Post Office at Boston, Mass., as second class mail matter.

VOL. XXV.

APRIL, 1917.

No. 6

"Mighty of heart, mighty of mind—magnanimous—to be this is, indeed, to be great in life; to become this increasingly is, indeed, to advance in life—in life itself, not in the trappings of it." So spoke Ruskin of the true kings of earth. So speak we of Harry Seymour Ross, the kingly man who moves so unassumingly among us and provides our every need, whose sympathies are quick to respond to our every call for help, whose life is one symphony of service and sacrifice. It is with hearts full of an answering devotion that in this, his birthday month, we dedicate our magazine to him, as a tiny tribute and an expression of our deepest appreciation of his worth. Mighty of mind, in truth—we know him as poet, teacher, executive; mighty of heart, he is our counsellor, friend, advisor, father confessor. We are proud to do honor to him whose true greatness is like the city built upon the hill—it can in no way be hid.

CONFESSIONS Fully aware of the fact that Dean Ross
OF AN would rather see displayed in our pages any-
EDITOR thing in the world except his picture, we
 had yet the brazen effrontery to perpetrate
such an offense. But that was not the extent of our duplicity.
We concocted still another wily scheme, to wit: We induced
him to write, all innocently and unsuspectingly, an article to
appear in the same issue. And yet there is no blush of shame
upon our brow; on the contrary, we feel no hesitancy in an-
nouncing that we hope to be congratulated on our cleverness.

His article serves as an introductory comment on the sim-
plified spelling movement, of which the subsequent articles,
specially contributed by Godfrey Dewey, treat in interesting
detail. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Dewey for his thought-
ful care to make the subject further illuminative by furnishing
as supplements the accompanying insert and circular.

!

THE WOMAN-HEART.

I am so proud it matters not
That he has gone away;
His pleasantness I have forgot—
That was of yesterday.
No pain or grief my spirit wrings;
Of coming joy my glad heart sings.

Why should I mourn a vanished swain
With likely lads in plenty,
Or strive one lost love to regain
When new loves number twenty?
Of truer friends I have no lack,
Yet—God in Heaven, bring him back!

—*Ethel Colson.*



On Thursday morning, March fifteenth, the Emerson students enjoyed a lecture by Edward Howard Griggs on the Spanish dramatist Calderon. He took for his subject the play "Life Is A Dream." The message was of universal appeal, namely, the right of every man to work out his own destiny. The lecture was indeed a revelation. With his wide experience and sympathetic understanding of human needs, Mr. Griggs always brings a new light on the great teachings of the world's masterpieces. On this occasion he most impressively showed the power of the individual to carve his own destiny through character in spite of the obstruction which fate may bring. Mr. Griggs carries with him wherever he may go the enthusiastic appreciation and good wishes of all Emersonians. We look forward to his coming again and again!

The college extends sincere sympathy to Mrs. Black in her severe illness.

This is too good to keep!

"One of my Boston friends, recently returned from Washington, had the pleasure of meeting and speaking with Julia Marlowe, the famous actress who has retired from the stage. In the course of the conversation Miss Marlowe was asking about some of her Boston friends. My friend happened to mention Professor and Mrs. Black of Boston University. "Oh, yes, they are among my dearest friends," said Miss Marlowe, "and do you know, they have the most charming little daughter." Her eyes twinkled. "Yes, in fact, I shall never forget that little girl as long as I live. With her father and mother she often visited me, had tea, and grew very fond of me, as I did of her. Her father and mother, you know, are excellent Shakespearians, and

the daughter is most enthusiastic over his plays. During my teas I used to hold her in my lap and recite many of the beautiful lines, and the child followed perfectly. One evening during a performance of "Twelfth Night" I had occasion to make a very dramatic pause. Imagine my surprise to hear my next lines ring out in childish tone of no uncertain accuracy from some one in the audience. I looked out quickly and saw Professor Black's little daughter standing up eagerly in her place. The dear child thought I had forgotten my lines, and wanted to help me out. How that audience clapped. I could not resist the temptation to clap and laugh, too, and threw her some kisses."—*Boston Advertiser*.

The following press notice has been received concerning the recital work of Mrs. Southwick during her recent tour of the South:

"In presenting Percy MacKaye's beautiful poetic play, 'Jeanne D'Arc,' at Wesleyan Thursday night, Mrs. Southwick held her audience spell-bound, and rose to spiritual heights rarely to be attained upon the stage or in the pulpit.

"With her wonderful bell-toned voice, graceful and expressive body, she seemed transfigured in many of the passages of the play, thrilling her audience with the revelation and faith of the inspired maid of France.

"Mrs. Southwick is an artist in her every movement, her dress always being a most attractive part of her pleasing individuality. She has no second in the handling of the world's greatest masterpieces, and ranks among the truly great in the interpretation of literature. It is to be hoped that she may return in the early future to Macon."—*Macon Telegram*.

Professor Ward has suffered a great bereavement in the death of his only brother, the president of New Hampshire State College, with whom he has spent a great deal of time during the past winter. From the immense number of articles in newspapers and magazines we select the following from the *Manchester (New Hampshire) Union*:

"A severe loss has fallen upon the sphere of education in general, and upon New Hampshire College in particular, in the death of President Edward Thompson Fairchild. If results produced count for anything in forming an estimate, Dr. Fairchild had proved himself, in the five years of his stewardship of the destinies of the institution at Durham, the ideal college president. A growth of practically 100 per cent in the student enrollment; the introduction of new and attractive courses

of study; new, imposing and well-equipped buildings; revised and modernized entrance requirements; a campus wonderfully improved in appearance; short-term courses for the benefit of seekers after instruction in special subjects—these are among the many tangible evidences of Dr. Fairchild's wise supervision and direction.

Nor is the beneficent influence of his efforts circumscribed by the words "in universitate." From one end to the other of this good old state, there is at this moment in evidence a tremendous revival of interest in the possibilities of New Hampshire agriculture in all its various phases and ramifications. If one were to name a single instrumentality more directly responsible than any other for this gratifying condition of affairs, surely the extension work of New Hampshire College, in co-operation with the federal department of agriculture, during these five years, must present itself first. Never before in the history of the state did New Hampshire farmers and their wives—not to mention their sons and daughters—have such opportunities for practical instruction as have been afforded them by the State College, *per se*, and by its extension work, during President Fairchild's administration. Whoever his successor may be, and however efficient, New Hampshire never can cease to be grateful for the work accomplished here by Edward Thompson Fairchild. Fairchild Hall, at Durham, is a material monument feebly symbolic of the great, imperishable monument which he built for himself in the esteem and affections of our people.

His was a life devoted to education in its broadest sense. His worth asserted itself without pounding of cymbals or the blare of trumpets. To him was splendidly applicable that dictum old, yet ever new: "By their fruits ye shall know them." To know the man was to understand why he had been the recipient of honorary degrees from several universities; why he had been chosen as a regent of an important western college; why, later, he had held, longer than any of his predecessors, the office of state superintendent of public instruction in Kansas; why he had been elected president of the National Education association, and why his services as president of New Hampshire College were so assiduously sought. Not only had he to an exceptional degree the executive capacity and the faculty of organization, but he possessed equally the inspirational qualities of a true leader; and in and through and above all that he did shone a spirit of kindly benevolence which endeared him increasingly to an ever-expanding circle of acquaintances."

STUDENT

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

We wish to extend a cordial welcome to all new members.

On February ninth, at our weekly devotional meeting, Miss Ruth A. Coit of the Metropolitan Student Committee of Boston gave an address, taking as her subject, "God Is Our Light."

On February sixteenth, we celebrated the arrival of our new hymn books by holding a song service. Miss George, Metropolitan student secretary, opened the meeting with scripture reading.

At the last meeting of the month, Miss Donovan, secretary of the Northwestern Student Association, spoke to us on "The Student World."

SOUTHERN CLUB.

The Club gave their annual stunt Thursday morning, March twenty-ninth, in Chapel. "Under Southern Skies," a pantomime, by Mary Helen Hynes, was presented by the entire membership.

Another Texas girl has been added to our ranks. We welcome Arabella Harrell of Houston.

Mary Helen Hynes and Margaret Newell gave readings for the Southern Club of Boston on Friday, March sixteenth.

Frederica Magnus gave an afternoon of story telling for the Woman's Club of South Sudbury, Massachusetts.

SENIOR.

Helen Reed, George Pearson, Nettie Hutchins and Lawrence Smith, accompanied by Prof. Kidder, had a most interesting trip through Charlestown State Prison recently.

Georgia Paddock spent part of her vacation with Helen Reed and Florence Bailey.

Florence Bailey entertained some of the senior girls at a tea in Cambridge during the vacation.

Georgia Paddock begins teaching in North Dakota State Normal, Mayville, North Dakota, April fifth.

Helen L. Reed, in collaboration with Miss Elinor F. Weeks of New York City, has been giving programs during the past week in Vermont, appearing in Springfield, Westminster, Belows Falls and Rockingham.

JUNIOR.

The Junior class gave a party on March fourteenth in Room 510. Its great success was due to the untiring efforts of the committee, who provided the entertainment and refreshments.

Ruth Levin told stories at a St. Patrick celebration and read at the Masonic Temple banquet, March eighteenth.

Margaret Newell read at a reception held by the Boston Southern Club at Whitney Hall, Brookline.

Ruth Van Buren played the lead in the Stoneham Women's Club production of "The Spy."

Marguerite Ruggles is coaching a play in Somerville, called "The Rainbow Kimona."

Ruby Walter read at a Quincy House banquet. Miss Walter is also coaching a play for the Methodist Church of Charlestown.

Barbara Wellington played a character part in a play at Nutting's Hall, Waltham, March twenty-third.

We are very glad to welcome back Anne Fowler, who has been detained at home on account of her father's illness.

Helen Eads played the part of Sister Giovanni in the Players' Guild production of "The White Sister."

Margaret Plank announces her engagement to Mr. Stanley Ganslee of St. Thomas, North Dakota.

JUNIOR RECITAL

Thursday Morning, March 22, 1917

- I. The Man of Sorrows *Winston Churchill*
Dorothy Mitchell
- II. Benefits Forgot *Honoré Willsle*
Izer Whiting
- III. Major Barbara *Bernard Shaw*
Helen Guild
- IV. The Martyr *Owen Oliver*
Helen Grace Ford
- V. Gilray's Flower Pot *J. M. Barrie*
Margaret Gail Pinkerton
- VI. The Wooing Scene, "Henry V." *Shakespeare*
Marguerite Eugenie Brodeur

SOPHOMORE.

Bertha Kaufman appeared at the Mt. Ida Concert in New-tonville, on Monday, March twelfth.

Jeanette Warshovsky read at Haverhill, during the Spring vacation.

Mary Roberts entertained members of the New York Emerson Alumni, during her Spring vacation, in New York.

Ruth Stokes read recently at the Dewing Memorial, Revere.

Ruth Kelley entertained a large audience at the Notre Dame Academy.

FRESHMAN.

Catherine Perry has been absent because of illness.

Mildred Ahlstrom attended the senior ball at the Wesleyan University and a week-end party given by Delta Kappa Epsi-lon, recently.

Mary Mahon played the leading role in a play entitled, "No Trespassing," given by the Knights of Columbus of Concord, Mass.

Phyllis Dennison recently presented a program at the Uni-tarian Guild in Waverly, Mass.

The Daughters of Veterans of Cambridge were entertained with readings by Agnes Mahoney.

It is with deepest sorrow that we learn of the death of Lester Blood, one of our class, who had already distinguished himself by his excellent work and splendid spirit. The faculty and student body had come to know and appreciate his merits, and they tender sincere sympathy to his parents.

TWO-YEAR SPECIAL.

Mary Griffin spent the week-end of March sixteenth with friends at Columbia University, New York City.

Frances Taylor read at the Players' Guild of the Church of the Messiah.

SORORITIES.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Edna Schmitt read recently at Arlington Heights, and told stories to the children at Revere.

Dorothy Mitchell filled two reading engagements while at her home in Yonkers, New York.

Leah Kendall was the recent guest of Phyllis Jenkins at Whitman, Massachusetts.

ZETA PHI ETA.

The girls of the chapter house were entertained by Miss Riddell at her home in Cambridge, March third.

Christine Punnett, as Alpha's delegate, leaves the first of April for Gainesville, Ga., where she will attend the annual Zeta Phi Eta convention held with Epsilon Chapter at Brenan College.

Elizabeth Darnell is filling engagements with the Eastern Lyceum Bureau.

Helen Guild assisted the Wollaston Glee Club at a concert given in East Milton, March seventh.

Epsilon Chapter entertained Mrs. Hicks on the occasion of her recital at Brenau during her southern trip.

Sylvia Folsom gave a program in Bridgewater recently.

Fay Goodfellow and Christine Punnett told stories at the Elizabeth Peabody House, March tenth.

Gertrude Allen and Fay Goodfellow are acting as supernumeraries at the Hollis Theatre during the production of "The Tailor Made Man."

PHI ALPHA TAU FRATERNITY.

William Byer played "Elder Brewster" and Lawrence Smith, "William Bradford" in the pageant, "Faith of our Fathers," at Union Congregational Church.

Samuel Kern read "Within the Law" for the Mt. Ida Council in Newtonville, and also recently gave "Experience" and "The Beau of Bath" before the Eastern Star, in Canton.

Laurence J. Smith is coaching "A College Town" to be given at Brattle Hall, May first.

PHI MU GAMMA.

Miss Gene Palmer, Grand Ruler of Phi Mu Gamma, has been the guest of Iota Chapter for a few days.

Mrs. Ina Price of Hartford, Conn., visited Phi Mu Gamma a short time ago.

Ramona Gwin read at Lexington, Mass., on March the sixteenth.

Phi Mu Gamma entertained at dinner on March the twenty-seventh, in honor of Miss Palmer.

The alumnae and invited guests were entertained at a dancing party given in the Copley theatre ball room after the play, March the twenty-sixth.

Mrs. Randolph Tucker, one of the founders of Phi Mu Gamma, entertained the alumnae and members at tea, March twenty-ninth, at her home in Chestnut Hill, Brookline.

Phi Mu Gamma presented "Captain Lettarblair" at Copley Theatre, March twenty-sixth, with the following cast of characters:

Mr. Seton	Elizabeth E. Ellis
Polly Messiter	Molly F. Sayer
Dean Ambrose	Mary A. Winn
Percival Pinckney	Estelle Van Hoesen
Hyacinth Messiter	Anne W. Vail
Francis Merivale	Marguerite Thompson
Henry	Vida Robertson
Fanny Hadden	Helen W. Carter
Captain Lettarblair Litton	Edith MacCulley
Smithers	Sara E. Lewis
Jorkins	Mildred Little
Lord Willoughby	Vidah Robertson

When a man keeps his eyes upon the ground his circle of vision is necessarily narrow, his range of thought meager. But it is blessed to know that the higher he lifts his eyes, the broader, loftier, more inspiring becomes his vision. It is the possession of this vision, plus his service, that makes the artist, the lack of it, the artisan. The man who fastens his thoughts and desires only on the vision we know as the fanatic; he who regards only his task, as the drudge. It is the co-ordination of vision and task that realizes itself as true service.

—*Dr. Frederick Manning.*

Told by Dr. Black.

One Professor—I lecture on Keats next Friday evening.

Next Professor—What *are* Keats?



EMERSON ALUMNI CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The regular meeting of the club was held Saturday evening, March tenth. The election of officers was held and a short business meeting preceded the program.

Program

Irish Drama and Dramatists . . . Anna Tone McIntyre
Historian Mrs. Edyth W. Gerald

The nominations accepted and approved at the business meeting February tenth are as follows:

For President Mrs. Herbert Quaife
For Vice-President Mrs. K. A. Arvidson
For Second Vice-President . . Mrs. J. F. Rabbitt
For Recording Secretary . . Mrs. Gerta Donnelly
For Corresponding Secretary Mrs. Marie Beals
For Treasurer Miss Anna T. McIntyre

EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON.

A program of unusual interest was given March sixteenth in Room 510 of Emerson College. Walter B. Swift, M. D., spoke on "How Medical Men Study the Voice." The Hoff Sisters' Quartette sang, by the courtesy of their teacher and manager, Mr. Frederick N. Waterman.

NOTICE.

The editors of the Emerson College Magazine are desirous of obtaining a copy of the magazine for December, 1906. This number is needed to complete the files of President Southwick.

Anyone having this number and willing to part with it may communicate with the editor, who will make a suitable compensation.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'92-'93. Edna Lucy Carleton Little, wife of George Charters Wilton, died in Boston, January 22, 1917. As a reader, lecturer and woman she is well known, and her loss is greatly mourned. Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson said of her: "Miss Edna Little has a charming personality with superior talent. She possesses a strong intellect, fine sentiment, an unusual presence and a clear and radiant enunciation. There is no lack of such ability as bespeaks for her a brilliant career. She stands positively high in the powers of oratory."

How well she measured up to Dr. Emerson's estimate can be best told by the number of return calls on her during her sixteen years of successful work for Lyceums and churches. She was a power for good and left a host of sorrowing friends.

Mrs. Southwick says of her:

"All the friends and teachers of Edna Little Wilton remember her radiant personality and earnest work while at Emerson College. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to her family in the loss of so beneficent a spirit. We hoped to hear of her recovery and the news of her death will be felt by many here with a sense of personal loss. We are all richer for having had her friendship.

"The presence of her spirit bright
On friendship's pathway shed sweet light."

'98-'99. Evelyn Lewis, who has been teaching during the past year in Athens, Georgia, gave a splendid interpretation of Thomas' "Her Husband's Wife," at the State Normal auditorium on the evening of January ninth. *The Athens Daily Herald* says of her recital:

"Miss Lewis' work was most artistic and her interpretation clever and enjoyable, holding the sympathy and closest attention of her audience throughout the entire reading, and their marked appreciation was shown by continuous applause. The program of Monday evening was far

above the average and Miss Lewis' excellent rendition occasioned great enjoyment for all present and her charming personality and remarkable ability as a reader delighted an exceptionally large cultured audience."

'10-'11. Veroqua Petty is to become a member of the faculty of the new Sullins College, Bristol, Virginia, which will open for its first term, September twenty-ninth. Miss Petty will have charge of the Expression Department.

'11-'12. Virginia Haile is to teach physical culture and gymnasium work in the New Sullins College, Bristol, Virginia.

'12-'13. Neva F. Walter has accepted a position at Bishopthorpe Manor School for girls, South Bethlehem, Pa. Miss Walter is teaching expression and physical culture.

'12-'13. Mrs. Albert C. Brown, née Clara A. MacDonald, announces the birth of a son, George Sumner Brown.

'13-'14. Stasia Scribner is continuing her successful work in Bangor, Maine.

'15-16. Vera Bradford, who is teaching in the Bath High School, Bath, Maine, made a vacation visit to the college recently.

Told by Mr. Kenney.

Why is a Ford like a school?

It's a bunch of nuts with a crank in front.

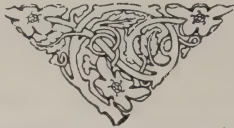
Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude.—*Irving.*

The joy of work is greater than the joy of pleasure, yet much joy in life is lost because our pleasures are not worth while. However strenuous we may be in our work, in our

pleasures we are apt to cast about for anything that promises relaxation and diversion, and to go with the crowd. One of the greatest of all pleasures we are most likely to miss and even to lose the power to enjoy. It is the pleasure of reading great books and especially, great poetry. There are inexhaustible treasures of pure and elevating joy in works of imaginative genius, which will reward a hundredfold those who do not shrink from the first struggle needed to gain access to them. If we persistently seek our pleasure, in part, where the best men have chiefly found theirs—in Homer, or Plato, in Dante, or Shakespeare, in Wordsworth, Tennyson or Browning—we shall, without fail, call forth those dormant tastes and appreciations and enthusiasms which are among the surest and purest springs of human life.

—*F. C. Porter.*

TO THE SENIORS



You are living in an age more romantic than romance itself. History is being made so fast that the newspapers are unable to record it. This is a day when the dreams of novelists are coming true and the hopes of down-trodden men everywhere are being realized. The mission of the truly educated will grow greater as the hosts of the liberated begin to depend upon the favored children of knowledge.

Every graduate of Emerson must go out prepared to envision, unburden and quicken the souls of men and women everywhere. Art and beauty must be the handmaidens of the days to make men forget the bloody horrors of war.

Freedom, poise and expression must serve the enslaved, intimidated and suppressed souls of men.

Emerson Seniors have a duty to God, because of what their training enables them to see. Emerson Seniors have obligations to men and women, because of what they are and are able to do differently from those who have never drank of the life-giving truth of Emerson.

ALLEN A. STOCKDALE





The Emerson College Magazine

VOL. XXV.

MAY, 1917.

No. 7

THE MAN

BY WARRINGTON DAWSON

They brought him, with tight-bound hands and blood-stained face, into the presence of the Officer; they placed on the camp-table a packet of papers taken from his person; and they stood ready to answer and to act.

The Officer, not heeding the men, looked curiously at the Man.

"You are as proud as if spying were counted among the honorable professions," he sneered.

"Scouting is," the Man replied, unmoved. "My present profession is the same as yours; only you, not being in the ranks, have power to send others out on work you might not care for yourself. An instrument does fine or ugly work, but the hand that guides it cannot be held blameless."

"You think to hasten your end by angering me," the Officer said, observing the other with increased attention. "You are unwise." He stopped before adding with cold precision, "Lives are sometimes saved in desperate straits."

The Man shrugged scornfully.

"I have learned enough of the trade of war to understand you. I may scout in the enemy's country, but I don't betray my people."

"You speak with a firmness which seems final," returned the Officer.

His eyes for the first time left the prisoner to seek the papers. There was a long silence, broken only by a rustling as his lean white fingers turned the sheets. He addressed three swift questions to the guard, appeared to know the answers before he received them, and in an altered tone, less scathing if no less severe than before, he spoke to the Man.

"You are not a soldier."

"I am a soldier," the Man protested.

"A soldier would have expressed himself more aptly and less well. You lack technical terms, and furthermore, you dare not trust your memory. These papers leave you no hope."

"I asked for none." The Man did not flinch.

"You are not a soldier, tho you have the boldness of one. You will need that boldness, to die a shameful death. A pity, too. This is the work of a brain trained to observe, to analyze, and to conclude. Even so big and so new a task could not baffle you. Yes—big and *new*. If these papers did not reveal as much, two phrases which escaped you were sufficient: a remark about learning the trade of war, and a reference to your present profession."

The Officer gave a command. One of the guard saluted and left the tent.

"Before the end can come, the moments which must pass will seem infernally long to you," said the Officer. "That is, they will if you are left to your regrets. Now, words spoken here and written there have aroused my curiosity. Shall we have a little idle talk? It would not be treachery for you to answer a simple question as to who you are."

Then the Man flinched.

"Ah!" thought the Officer. "Fear of discovery is the weak spot."

Soldiers were heard tramping without; there followed an

order to halt, a shuffling of feet, and a rattle of arms. The Officer's face had been enveloped in a species of intellectual mist, like that of artificial attainment, as he tried to draw the prisoner's confidences. The mist passed, and a grim, evil look shone in its stead.

"The time was even shorter than I estimated," he said. "If you wish prompt release—such as it is—I shall not insist upon detaining you. Yet I am privileged. I am the cousin of the lord commander-in-chief."

The Man started, and shrank back. Thereupon the soldiers seized him roughly and held him, waiting for a word from the Officer. The latter did not move. Presently the prisoner raised his head. An inspired ray was in his eyes, tho his flesh had grown white under the savage grip of his captors.

"If, by telling you, I can buy permission to ask a favor, I am willing." The words had come slowly; but, reading amused scorn in the face before him, he cried passionately, "No! It's not my life. That is already disposed of."

"Tell me who you are—and you may then *ask* whatever you wish."

The Officer gave a new command. The guard relinquished their hold so suddenly, so hatefully, that the prisoner fell to his knees. They grinned at his discomfiture, and marched out, halting near the firing squad which still waited at the entrance of the tent.

The Man rested for some instants as he had fallen. His muscles were like unstrung cords quivering with response. Weakly, uncertainly, he rose, lost his balance, fell once more, and strained with bound hands cast helplessly behind him. He struggled to his feet and stood, wavering. A stain of blood was blotted upon his knee. A cut on the forehead, where one of his captors had struck him, had burst open and streamed a thin red line down his cheek, down his breast, to the fresh-wounded knee, there gathering tribute and falling in swift drops to the ground.

The Officer had placed his pistol on the papers; he watched it fondly, and touched it once or twice, humming in a harsh,

untuned voice a fragment of refrain. A suggestion of the ill-omened inner light still hovered in his look. But the intellectual mists enveloped him as he spoke.

"You trade is thought, not war. I am interested in thought. War is a game, a science, a fascination to which I have devoted my life; it has not prevented me from being something of a thinker, or at least a dealer in others' thoughts—I mean, a reader."

As the Officer stopped, the Man began quickly,—

"You asked who I am? It is what I am that matters. You are right, I was bred for thought and the expression of thought. But when the call to arms came, I responded gladly, tho my means as a warrior were poor."

"We need complete frankness, or we are wasting time. Yours is precious," said the Officer. "Listen."

The soldiers at rest could be heard talking with one another—talking and jesting until they should fulfill their mission of death. The Officer spoke again:

"I said I was a reader. I add that I am a reader of yours."

A second time the Man flinched.

"When you were brought in, only your bearing impressed me," said the Officer. "But the writing on these sheets presents analogies with one of the most valued manuscripts in my collection. The style here shows those qualities of detached observation, profound penetration, and logical deduction, and particularly that fair balance of judgment which the ignorant term paradox: all characteristic of the author of that manuscript. Beneath the dirt and blood which disfigure you, I recognize features made familiar by photographs. So that I need not ask again who you are. But, on your side, you need not express your petition in words. I understand. If you have flinched only when the question of identity was raised, it's because you wish to die unknown among us. It's because you wish hero-worshippers to think of you falling gloriously in the open field—with less lead in your chest and no more mud in your mouth than we are about to give you. Such are the little vanities of the great. Well, I grant your request. What

does your secret matter to the military man who holds all the evidence he needs to have you executed as a spy? The reader will still have your books—with this touch of human nature added.”

“No, you have not understood—not understood my wishes any more than my works! What I ask for is—one more night of work.”

The Officer frowned.

“This is not within the bounds of reason. How can I know that to-morrow may not find me in your place, if I allow you still to have a place? Our armies occupy your country, there are enemies for us behind every bush.”

The Man continued as if the other had not spoken,—

“If I die to-night, neither you nor the world will ever hold the key to my thought.”

Wounded pride of artificial intellect brought back the evil gleam to the Officer’s eyes.

“Are you not wasting your efforts on one so obtuse?” he asked. “Unless you consider that your vocation as an artist gives you an advantage in expressing things.”

“In feeling them, rather,” returned the Man quickly. “Only the artist who feels truly may speak truly. And even then, it’s only ‘may’.”

“There I should recognize you, if nothing else had betrayed you,” observed the Officer. “All this confident talk of yours about art! Why, if art had the influence you pretend, it would convince every one—and you must admit that it does not.”

“I admit that a sunbeam awakes rainbow glories in the heart of clear crystal, but can obtain no more than a superficial glitter from coal.”

Having said this, the Man plunged into the silence of one who has gladly renounced life rather than recant.

But the Officer, altho frowning fiercely, made no hostile movement. When he spoke, it was because he perceived that the Man would not speak again.

“You are arguing rather than meet me fairly.”

“Arguing!” the Man burst out with the full violence of a last

aggression. "What do I care for argument? The tricks of casuistry can conceal from limited visions the truths of eternity—but what is altered? Only the nature which has preferred illusions! You may prove argumentatively that the bird would have been better if born a fish, or the fish if born a bird. But the wise bird makes the best of being a bird, the wise fish of being a fish."

"And the wise artist of being an artist," added the Officer. "It is not for you to moralize or philosophize, but only to please."

"To please? Please whom, with what? Just please? Then a Rembrandt becomes art because it pleases the cultured, and a vile caricature becomes art because it pleases the vulgar? Or, if you would distinguish, what but sheer arbitrariness can draw the line, where all is to depend upon pleasing? Would a marble of Praxiteles, a tragedy of Shakespeare, a symphony of Beethoven be art while you and I remain in this tent and are pleased by them—only to cease to be art when your soldiers step in who are pleased by beer and beef? Take art to be a mere principle of sensations and emotions: then the sublime and the degraded must be placed on one same plane, since the lofty will respond to the first and the base to the second."

The sunlight, where it pierced thru the slits in the tent close to the ground, had taken clearer, sharper, longer shapes some minutes before, but was now faded and wavering where it had not already vanished. A sudden breeze shook the canvas as if in reminder that night was near.

"What would you do with this night of work?" asked the Officer. "It is impossible. But my curiosity is roused."

"I should prove that I have done more than please while pleasing, since this is but a means for the artist who has an aim himself and sees an aim for life. Let me die at this sunset, and I pass away with those who seemed to have labored but to please. Let me die at next sunrise, and I achieve the work which justifies the rest; I complete a cycle of life, tho a short life. Let me work for ten hours—a very trifle, even in our earthly existence—and my influence stands a chance to

endure, influence which alone is eternal among men's activities, influence which links one generation to another and to all others when the works thru which it was manifested have long since disappeared from the conscious memory of man!"

"And you imagine such papers could leave this camp?"

"You would keep them, with those you have just seized, until my people have imposed reason upon yours. If you are a thinker as you believe, you will understand."

"Do you realize what you are asking?"

"Yes—and also that you are the cousin of the lord commander-in-chief."

The intellectual mist had closed in upon the Officer. He was dreaming idly, self-contentedly, beyond the reach of subtlety or flatteries; when he reacted, it would be in response to the inbred mechanism of war.

The Man sealed his fate.

"Will you help me to immortality and have your share in that—or must your blindness bring you notoriety? Yes, I know what I ask and of whom I ask it. For you are of those who would melt a painter's masterpiece with alcohol drop by drop, and then triumph in proclaiming that where there is no resistance there was never art!"

"You shall have your night of work!" shouted the Officer.

His voice was so loud and fierce that the guards rushed into the tent. He gave a few sharp orders; then halted, silent, with turned back, as the Man was led out.

Those who kept watch said, later, that the prisoner wrote all thru the night, giving the moist pages one by one to soldiers standing there to receive them. They thought that he had bought life with treason, and watched with scorn. He, heedful of naught but his task, wrote on.

Dawn came and found him still writing, his face gray, his eyes haggard, his hand all but useless. As the pen traced its last word, it rolled from his grasp, and he fainted. They raised him, they struck him. He was barely conscious when the tramp of the firing squad drew near. At that, he braced himself and strode firmly to the place of execution. The sol-

diers, their suspicions stilled since he was about to die, whispered among themselves, "He is brave." An inspired light radiated from his face; he stood waiting for death as for apotheosis. The soldiers took aim; his face became angelic.

But there was a pause. The Officer approached. He held the pages just written; he stopped close to the weakly flickering camp-fire and addressed the Man:—

"You have had all I promised you—a last night of work. Take it with you as credentials for immortality!"

And he tossed the leaves into the flames.

He turned away. The lightning flash of a falling sword cleaved the air, and rifles roared in unison. But the heart of the Man had already ceased to beat; the lead poured into an inert form which fell of its own accord, yearning toward the ashes of lost inspiration.

That night, the position was stormed and taken. That night, the Officer was freed alike from evil gleams and deceptive mists. Among his papers, those who had beaten him in his own vocation of arms found little to interest them from a military point of view. Only they puzzled over certain pages written in their own language and telling a tale of art, on which a foreigner had put annotations suggesting strategy.

Some said these pages were written by a missing comrade who had toiled thus after many a weary day while they rested heavily, and who had said the morning before that with one more night he would finish his task. They identified him as the Man whose body lay in the starlight at the edge of the encampment. They noted with horror that, executed as a spy, he bore traces on a withered right hand as if tried by an ordeal of fire. And they marveled that his face, serene and upturned, yet seemed to smile toward infinite worlds in the heavens.

“THE FIRST CHRISTMAS AND OURSELVES”

*A sermon preached in Union Congregational Church,
Boston, May 6, 1917,*

Before the

GRADUATING CLASS

of the

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY

By LEMUEL HERBERT MARLIN

President Boston University.

Acts xi. 26, “The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.”

Why this record in the Acts rather than in the Gospels? Why does it read “in Antioch” rather than “in Jerusalem?” A generation has passed since the Sermon on the Mount, the transfiguration scene, the betrayal, crucifixion, resurrection, ascension, Pentecost; the activities of the disciples have gradually widened from Jerusalem, till their message of “good news” is for the whole world; for over a year a group of them has been living in Antioch—a “heathen” city where they were first called “Christians.” That was less than 2,000 years ago—only a moment in world history; even now we are scarcely at the dawn of Christianity’s day; yet one-third of the human race professes that name; and Christianity was never so much needed as now, never had so great an opportunity as now, and never was so virile, eager, hopeful and successful as now.

“Called Christians first in Antioch!” What is a Christian? How do we become Christians? I shall make brief answer. This is not a study in the philosophy of Christianity; it is a short, simple, practical, pointed conversation with the busy man of the street. There is much we may never understand. All that we must know, however, is simple and obvious.

A year and a half ago a North Dakota farmer gathered some wheat from his granary, scattered it upon the ground, then went about other affairs; returning in a few months he found the dark brown field had become a billowy ocean of golden grain; God's chemistry of seed, soil, moisture and atmosphere had wrought the marvelous and mysterious change. He harvested the grain, the milling process converted it into a white mountain of flour; then bread; then blood and bone, and brain; then music books and art, love and beauty, poetry and philosophy. Few of us understand the process by which these marvelous results were produced. Our share in it is simple and obvious; turning the soil, scattering the seed, harvesting the grain, grinding out the flour, making the bread, and appropriating it in the process of eating; resulting from these simple obvious acts come thought, love, beauty, art, poetry, the mysteries of whose processes the most learned cannot unfold.

Mr. Edison, our genius in electrical knowledge and skill, says we are only at the beginning of what we shall yet know concerning electricity and of what we shall do with it. I am no genius and have given little study to electricity; but I receive all the benefits of electricity just as if I knew as much about it as Mr. Edison. I push buttons, ring bells, turn levers; in response this most wonderful and mysterious force becomes my ready and willing servant. Thus, we may know little of the mysteries of that hidden, spiritual force by which the Christian life begins, is nourished and developed. But we know enough to do the obvious, the simple, the practical; we can scatter the spiritual seed over its proper soil and permit God's spiritual chemistry to bring in new forms of life, richness, power and beauty. We can bush buttons, ring bells, step into cars, turn levers and give right of way to resistless lightning directed to beneficent ends, aims and results.

It is said that every child repeats in his development the history of the race; let us study briefly the development of these first Christians. It may help us to see how any one may become a Christian. The names by which they were called before they were called Christians give us a suggestion; they are the

names for the simple, the practical, the obvious, behind which lie mysterious but unfailing and powerful processes bringing in new power, new life, new insight, new hopes, new lives.

What were these first Christians called before they were called Christians?

1. They were called *followers*. To illustrate: There was a despised tax gatherer, grasping, greedy, heartless. Jesus saw in him capacity for higher and better things. He sees in every man possibilities far beyond his dearest dreams! Jesus said: "Follow me." In response "he began to follow Jesus." We now call him St. Matthew; Matthew the publican becomes Matthew the Saint! They are the same man but there is a difference in character and destiny, as wide as the universe. What wrought this marvelous change? He followed Jesus; and God's spiritual chemistry, God's spiritual electricity made him a new character. He became "a new creature in "Christ Jesus." As we follow Him we become Christians, we are Christians.

2. They were called *learners*; He was called "Teacher." I think He liked that name better than any other name; he was called by that name more frequently than by any other. How does the learning process go on? How does brain power develop? What is education? I was the proud valedictorian of my high school class. I had settled the questions in a very satisfactory manner. I have thought much of them these thirty years since; I am not so sure of so many things this morning as I was that night! But I am sure of one or two things: it is well to have a teacher wiser in life and richer in personality than the pupil; the teacher must know what problems to assign, and in what order; when to speak and when to keep silence; what to give and what to withhold; what questions to ask and what to answer; the student does well to perform his tasks in the light of what the teacher says about them.

It is well to have a stated place and time for teacher and pupil to meet; to have libraries, laboratories; to have lectures, recitations and seminars, and many tools with which to work, but the most important of the teaching process is the influence of personality upon personality, growing out of the association

of teacher and pupils; it is still possible that the boy, the log and Mark Hopkins are a better educational opportunity than thousands of students, millions of money and hundreds of teachers. Out of the eight or ten or more teachers we each may have had, there are two or three who have left upon us the impress of their rich and beautiful personalities. We thank God for them every time we think of them, and we think of them almost daily.

How become a Christian? By entering Christ's school; by learning of Him; by solving life's problems in the light of what He has to say about them; as a result, by processes we know not of, there begins in us the development of character like unto His, but each after his own individuality. I gratefully recall one of my college professors who is still teaching and educating me, tho I have not seen him for twenty-five years. My heart beats warmly at memory of my high school principal who is still teaching and educating me, tho I have not seen him for more than thirty years. I feel a sense of bounding gratitude as I think of Sara Roebuck, my primary school teacher, who is still teaching and educating me tho I have not seen her for forty years. The kindly, warm, rich, glowing personalities of these teachers still enrich my life, and still help in making me and remaking me every day.

And thus with Jesus the Great Teacher; it is not His teaching alone, tho that were enough; but there is the influence of His personality upon human personality; and it is just as real and vital as those of my teachers upon my life; His great spirit reacts upon the human spirit, just as one human soul reacts upon another; awakening, enriching, and quickening. Learning from him we become Christians, we are Christians.

3. These disciples, before they were called Christians, were called *workers*. They marveled at His many works; in response He said: "Greater works than these shall ye do." His work was to establish the Kingdom of God in the world. Commonly we think of the Kingdom of God as an invisible, intangible, indefinite, far-away-some-thing-or-other. But the Kingdom of God is very definite, and intensely practical; it is virtue, justice, temperance, love, truth, patience, long-suffering, brotherly kind-

ness, goodness. To the degree that these virtues are practiced in individual lives, just to that degree is His kingdom being established in the earth. It is well to pray "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," but the kingdom comes only as we practice these graces and principles of the kingdom in our daily work. And in doing so we become Christians, we are Christians.

4. They were called *friends* before they were called Christians. In the last conversation with them—a supreme moment in His life—He said: "Henceforth I call you not servants, I call you friends." They are workers still. Hitherto they were workers for wages, but now they work as friends; they know, understand and appreciate His purposes and work and enter into that work with sympathetic, bounding, eager, glad hearts. To be a Christian is to be His friend. And we make friends with Him as we do with any other person. We are attracted to Him by the beauty of His life, by the loftiness of His character, by the hope His message brings, by his program for life; and we enter sympathetically into that program, helping Him to establish it in the world as the working policy for human lives. What an inspiring friendship! In cultivating and seeking this friendship we become Christians, we are Christians.

5. They were called *witnesses* before they were called Christians. Witnesses by word of mouth? Yea, but much more. Witnesses by the carefulness with which they followed Him; witnesses by their eagerness in learning of Him; witnesses by the devotion and loyalty with which they worked with Him; witnesses by the quality of their friendship for Him. "What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say," said the philosopher; but when being and speaking say the same thing the witnessing is irresistible, the testimony is unimpeachable, the truth is established. And in such witnessing we become Christians, we are Christians.

Finally, they were called *Christians*. Following Him, learning of Him, working with Him, living in loyal friendship with Him, they were always witnessing for him, and thus we become Christians. But we are always growing Christians and therefore we are always becoming better Christians. We shall have

occasion to say little of ourselves ; we shall always have much to say of Him. We shall follow Him as best we can ; we shall learn of Him as best our poor minds will allow ; we shall work with Him according to our small powers, and we shall be as loyal in our friendship for Him as our poor natures will allow, and perhaps some day, much to our wonder, someone will be heard saying: "He is a Christian," "these are Christians," and "that is a Christian church"; but our satisfaction will be that we are still endeavoring to follow Him, to learn of Him, to work with Him, to be in His friendship circle; and thru all these means to witness for Him, looking to the day He shall call us to Himself and give us His own Name.

"For thoughts are things
And their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe,
Each thing must create its kind.
And they speed o'er the track
To bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind."

PRESIDENT PRESENTS DIPLOMAS

It is my privilege to confer upon the members of the Class of 1917 the diplomas which attest the successful completion of the four years' course of study. You will regard these with proper satisfaction, as evidence of work faithfully performed, and also as a mute demand that that which has been added unto you shall in its turn be shared.

I hope you will place these diplomas not within a bureau drawer but upon the wall. They well become a frame, and then, like a good teacher, they will remind you of what you already know and urge you to the best use of that knowledge. A doctor frames his diploma and hangs it upon the wall that all who see it will know that he is not a quack, but authorized to practice his profession. The diploma attests preparedness. And if you frame it, it will be a certificate of preparation, and as such will have its uses. It will do more than this, however. The sight of it will be a reminder that you have been a student—a progressive, and it will be a reproach if you cease to be such.

It will do yet more, for its frame will be as a window thru which you will see again the years now slipping from you, fading like the sunlight upon the floor. You will see again the faces that you knew and loved, you will hear the manifold voices of your student life, and breathe the fragrance of its friendships. And it will recall to you that dual obligation to strive for the greatest self-realization, together with the largest social service, which has been the pith and marrow of Emerson's teaching. As you look upon that framed diploma you may feel again the old pulsing desire to learn, to grow, to help, and the reiteration of the old eternal truths which amid the distractions and temptations of the big world are so often blunted in our consciousness, obscured if not forgotten. When the great scholar, Bunsen, was dying, and his aged mother leaning over him was whispering words of love and courage, he said, "Mother, I have no fear, for in thy face I have seen the Eternal."

And as you raise your eyes to this symbol of what your school life has meant to you, you may again hear the Alma Mater's voice and feel her touch upon your hand.

I once read an old Norse legend of a certain blacksmith who sold his soul to the devil in order that he might for a season be the greatest blacksmith upon earth; and over his doorway he put the legend, "Master of Masters." And one day Jesus entered his shop, so runs the old story, and showed him a better way to shoe a horse than he had ever known. Forgetting all his pride he threw himself at Jesus' feet and begged that he might become His pupil. And Jesus said, "Now have you escaped the power of the devil. He made you a master from pride; you have learned from me to be a master for the sake of the work itself."

When you look again and again upon this parchment you may feel anew the impulse of all your splendid youth; of that youth that can hurl itself utterly into an action for the sake of the action itself, and with a generous recklessness often sadly lacking in the after years of sordid striving and timid calculations—years when the bigger meanings are dimmed amid the strain for personal gain and the sweat of the economic struggle. In the sight of this parchment you will remember the days when the highest joy was not in effects nor rewards but in the doing well the task because it was worth the doing; days when the heart was strong and the hope high—when you felt that splendid abandon to ideals that swings the old world out from the shadow into the sun.

We give you this parchment with pride and love and faith. Frame it that it may attest to others your readiness to serve. Frame it that it may remind you of a meaningful past. Frame it that in the coming days when you enter into life's fuller knowledge of the problems to be met it may be as a call to service, and in the old glad spirit and with the old loyalties and enthusiasms. And the prayer and love of the Alma Mater follows you and will abide with you always.

THE VOICE AND THE SPIRIT

BY JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK

The voice is a natural reporter, said Dr. Emerson, and reflects the whole condition and active state of each personality.

Why, then, do so few voices seem significant, we may ask.

It is because the primary condition is the focus of all the energies of the body, mind and spirit; and unless this is effected the degree of influence radiated is small. But this is also true of the total personality.

How many persons bring to bear their whole spiritual energy of purpose? The voice is primarily a spiritual expression, and, as such, is characterized by a fine susceptibility to the pressure of influences. If it is not vitally energized by the will it is overcome by physical inertia, by mental sharpness or by outside appeals to the nervous system. Most voices are unenergized by soul, but are passive to physical inertia or sharpened by a pressure that overcomes buoyancy.

The spiritual energy is buoyant, and ever tends to music in the voice. The music of the voice may be felt in its influence. There are physically beautiful voices that never touch one's aspirations. There are technically pure and skilful voices that are a barred gate against true emotions; tho they may excite admiration, as skill always does.

There are two requisites to the realization of the influence of the spirit in the voice: one is the focusing and freedom which may be attained by directing the motive toward the highest point of resonance; the other is the absolute adjustment of the vital impulse to the call of the spiritual energy thru the power of imagination and will. The cultivation of the voice to true expressive influence is as much a test of one's power of imaginative will as it is of physical and nervous control. Unless the whole range of one's faculties is held alert the voice cannot become revelatory.

I do not deny that passionate, emotive and will-projected voices often fascinate. But in the world of expression, as of personal influence thru writing or other avenue of communication to the world, it is the *meaning* at last that rings triumphant to the universal heart and mind.

The voice, rightly understood, is a gauge of one's vision and disposition.

The abstract beauty of the quality is not enough. A voice of less beauty—like a face not thought beautiful—may be very influential. Beauty is a clearer mirror of the truth, but the spirit can transfigure. That is its potency.

The beauty of a voice is in its timbre, its cadences, and its degree of intensive vividness. All these may be developed by natural law: i. e., the power of the mind to control thru the directing of the will or motive, and it must be done in a way to give a *central purchase* for freedom and unity of action. The practice of m-n-ng-m and of m-no-m with ideal concepts of tone and form, and with the will set to produce from the dominant center of impulse those characteristics and meanings which the imagination conceives simultaneously with the tone will bring great results.

This center of projection will unify and render spontaneous all technical skill not made to resist the natural impulse. A mechanical motive may inhibit spontaneity.

These claims are demonstrable and may be taught by a thoroughly trained artist—to even beginners in such a way as to secure results in character of voice and sincerity of expression.

This semi-psychological method will secure by response results in expression which the technical worker may strive in vain to produce. This does not discount technique; but gives it facility, and changes its relation to expression.

There are other developments of personal ethics and literary appreciation, which cannot be elaborated in this brief article; but are associated with voice culture in a way to promise much for spiritual culture and personal character.

The sound of the m-n-ng-m tone is influenced by the con-

cept of light radiating from the face, and the tone itself is tossed against the frontal bone or between the eyes, not from the effort of the throat, which should be held open and free, but from the strong muscles of support around the body. Elasticity is secured by the uplift of the vital energies as if one were about to spring into the air. The mind must be fixed upon the ideal and outer aim of the voice rather than in an appreciable degree upon the process of production.

There is a great health giving tonic imparted to the nervous system through the harmonic vibration. Fatigue and heaviness are overcome by obedience to these conditions.

The fuller exposition of the influence of poetry when vitalized by the voice, and of the ethical values to be derived through the exercise of personal expression in obedience to ideals of literature, will be published this summer.

Avoid Self-Pity and remember the futility of Hate.

—*Mrs. Hicks.*

Constructive use of the intellect is always brought about through the service of the imagination.

—*Mr. Tripp.*



LOVE LYRICS

MY NANIE, O

Behind the hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the ray has clos'd,
 An' I'll awa to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud an' shrill;
 The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O;
But, I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
 I'm welcome aye to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O ;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nanie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
But I'm as blithe that hauds his plough.
And has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen me, O ;
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

—*Burns*

MEETING AT NIGHT

The gray sea and the long black land ;
And the yellow half-moon large and low ;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep.
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach ;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears ;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Then two hearts beating each to each.

—*Browning*

APPARITIONS

Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May morn,
Blue ran the flash across ;
Violets were born !

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud;
Splendid, a star!

World—how it walled about
Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out;
That was thy face!

—*Browning*

SONNET FROM THE PORTUGUESE

“If thou must love me, let it me for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say,
‘I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day—’
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee—and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry:
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou may'st love on, thru love's eternity.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

LOVE'S SECRET

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told shall be;
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,
Ah! she did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me,
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly:
He took her with a sigh.

—*Blake*

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low;
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent streams—
The Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The Nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart;—
As I must on thine,
O! beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;—
Oh! press it to thine own again,
Where it shall break at last!

—*Shelley*

A SONG

Phillis is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas,
Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please;
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phillis smiling
And beguiling
Makes me happier than before.

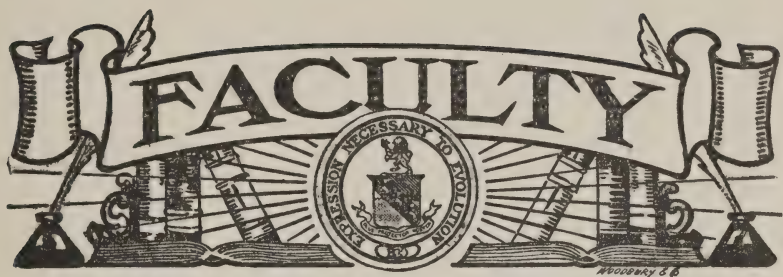
Tho alas! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix,
Yet the moment she is kind
I forgive her with her tricks;
Which tho I see,
I can't get free—
She deceiving,
I believing,—
What need lovers wish for more?
—*Sir Charles Sedley*

The world is an old women, and mistakes any gilt farthing
for a gold coin; whereby being often cheated, she will thence-
forth trust nothing but the common copper.

—*Carlyle.*

Reserve behind a speech signifies power.

—*Miss McQueston.*



We are glad to announce that Mrs. Black, who has been seriously ill, is improving steadily and we hope soon to have her with us again.

On Saturday, April fourteenth, Dean Ross addressed the members of the Emerson College Club of New York at their annual dinner, at the Hotel St. Andrew, New York City.

Mrs. Southwick gave an afternoon of interpretive readings from Browning, Tuesday, April seventeenth, at the Hotel Vendome.

Thursday afternoon, April twenty-sixth, Mrs. Southwick gave an interpretive reading of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" in Jordan Hall, for the benefit of the New England Conservatory Endowment Fund. Mrs. Southwick was assisted by Mr. Charles Dennee at the piano.

One of the most enjoyable of Thursday morning entertainments was given April fifth when a program of Aesthetic and Folk Dances was presented by students under the direction of Miss Riddell. The program follows:

Introductory Paper by Miss Goodfellow

- I. 1. Snow Storm . . . Russian Folk Dance
2. (a) Little Bo-Peep
- (b) Taffy
- (c) My Son John . . . Nursery Rhyme Dances
3. French Vineyard Dance . . . French

- Misses Zink, Punnett, Magnus, Pinkerton, Pancost
Don, Wright, and Mrs. Toll
- II. Wild Rose Interpretative Dance
Miss Bennett
- III. Duet Russian Character Dance
Misses Goodfellow and Pinkerton
- IV. Summer Interpretative Dance
Miss Longstreet
- V. 1. Trenchmore
2. Off She Goes Old English Dances
Misses Zink, Punnett, Magnus, Pinkerton, Pancost,
Don, Wright, and Mrs. Toll
- VI. In Varying Moods Interpretative Dance
Miss Bennett
- VII. Greensleeves Old English Dance
Misses Don, Magnus, Pancost, and Mrs. Toll
- VIII. Idilio Interpretative Dance
Miss Longstreet
- IX. Minuet de Trois Pantomimic Dance
Misses Punnett, Wright, and Zink
- X. Pastorale Interpretative Dance
Misses Banghart and Longstreet
- Dances presented under the direction of Miss Elsie Riddell
Miss Hester Deasey at the piano

The Thursday morning recital programs came to an interesting and artistic close in the Piano and Song recital by Miss Hester Deasey of Birmingham, Alabama.

Following the precedent established by the Allied Arts of Boston at the School of Technology in mid-winter, Emerson College takes great pleasure in introducing to its dramatic circles a charming co-worker from the New England Conservatory of Music.

Miss Deasey was a pupil of the late Carl Baermann, eminent pianist and composer.

Her voice studies have been made under the direction of

William Dunham of the New England Conservatory of Music. Miss Deasey also enjoys the distinction of being accompanist to George W. Chadwick, America's most celebrated composer.

In the following program Miss Deasey proved herself a brilliant pianist with a sympathetic touch, a forceful technique and a poetical sense of interpretation rarely established in so young an artist.

The College has enjoyed her interpretative work upon several occasions in connection with the Pantomime performances, when she improvised the music in accordance with the art form advocated by the true French mime.

The groups of songs were delightfully rendered.

HESTER DEASEY

(*New England Conservatory of Music*)

IN PIANO AND SONG RECITAL

I

Nocturne, G-Flat Major	<i>Brassin</i>
Ballade	<i>Rheinberger</i>
Perpetual Motion	<i>MacDowell</i>

II

Dites Moi	<i>Nevin</i>
Romance	<i>Debussy</i>
Chant Hindou	<i>Bemberg</i>

III

Barcarole, G Major	}	<i>Rubinstein</i>
Barcarole, G Minor			
Concert Etude, F Minor		<i>Liszt</i>

IV

The Robin Sings in the Apple Tree	}	<i>MacDowell</i>
In the Woods			
Periwinkle Bay	}	<i>Chadwick</i>
The Bobolink			

Miss Blanche Fleming, *Accompanist*

GIFT TO LIBRARY

Following the custom of a number of years, the Zeta Phi Eta Sorority has again given evidence of its generosity and loyalty to Emerson by contributing the sum of Twenty-five Dollars to the College Library, to be expended for books on the drama and added to its already splendid collection.

Not only this, but, as the accommodations for these books have been inadequate for some time, the Sorority has generously presented a new book-case to make room for the additions. The two handsome mahogany cases would be an ornament anywhere, and certainly our Emerson Library is to be congratulated on the fine appearance made by the "Zeta Corner."

The collection itself is one of distinction and of great value to the student of the drama, and is a lasting testimony of the fine spirit and munificence of the donors.

On behalf of the College and the Library, I wish to express our deep appreciation and sincere thanks for these gifts which have been so spontaneously and freely bestowed.

WALTER B. TRIPP,
For the Library Committee.

 LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Play Production in America—*A. E. Krows*
 Bernard Shaw—*Richard Burton*
 Representative American Plays—*A. H. Quinn*
 The Lonely Way—*Schnitzler*
 Elizabethan Playhouse—*W. T. Lawrence*
 Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama—*Duffield*
 The Tudor Drama—*T. Brooks*
 Manager and Man—*Charles Frohman*
 Book About the Theatre—*Brander Matthews*
 Androcles and the Lion—*Bernard Shaw*
 Modern Drama—*L. Lewison*
 The Theatre of Ideas—*Henry A. Jones*
 Plays; Four Volumes—*Clyde Fitch*



MAGAZINE BOARD 1916-17

ANNE W. VAIL

FRED WILSON HUBBARD

BEULAH K. FOLMSBEE

NETTIE M. HUTCHINS

The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

EDITORIAL STAFF

NETTIE M. HUTCHINS	Editor-in-Chief
ANNE W. VAIL	Literary Editor
BEULAH K. FOLMSBEE	Student Editor
FRED WILLSON HUBBARD	Business Manager

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory, 30 Huntington Avenue, on the 15th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Business Manager. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE. Entered in the Post Office at Boston, Mass., as second class mail matter.

VOL. XXV.

MAY, 1917.

No. 7

Speed away with colors gay!
Sails are set;—sail away!

LIVE AND BE! This is the month when our Senior class lifts anchor and hoists sail for shores unknown. May there be no lurking menace, no submarine danger in its course!

The most beautiful flag in the world was presented to the college by the constituent classes at the beginning of our national crisis. The Stars and Stripes that have hung before our eyes for the last few weeks have been as a constant reminder of the principles of liberty and justice which we as citizens are pledged to uphold in the coming struggle. Whether we serve in naval reserve or in hospitals, or simply stay at home and "plant potatoes," we shall not forget that patriotism is a spiritual fire kept burning in our own hearts by doing our share, whatever of wherever it may be.



STUDENT

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

We told you to watch this space! Good news for you. The Association held a song contest early in the year, and at this time wish to announce thru the magazine the winners of the prizes.

First Prize, Five Dollars: Madeline MacNamara

Second Prize, Two and a Half Dollars: Ruth Stokes

Honorable Mention: Arline Crocker, Sara Lewis, Millis Caverly

The Student Association this year voted to have all copies of the magazines issued to be bound for the library shelf. We are pleased to say that at this time the board has nearly all copies for the last twenty-five years and same are to be bound at once.

It is with sincere regret that we announce our college chaplain, Rev. Ernest Guthrie, has sailed for France, where he is to minister to the boys in the trenches, in token of his great spirit and loyalty to the cause. We will always remember him as one willing to help in all our activities. In token of appreciation the Student Body presented him with a writing desk pad, a sweater, and a leather covered diary.

The Association we feel this year has been very strong, and we hope the incoming Council will continue with the good work.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The service of song held on March sixteenth was very uplifting to all present.

Miss Dorothea Schutes, who is active in social service work in Boston, gave a very helpful talk on March thirteenth, taking

as her subject, "The Abundance of Christian Life—physical, mental, spiritual." At this meeting we were also favored with a beautiful vocal solo by Miss Wilson of the New England Conservatory.

Mrs. Southwick's earnest talk to us on April eleventh roused us to a keener idea of love for our fellow-beings.

On March fourth the election of officers was held, with the following results:

Izar H. Whiting	.	.	.	<i>President</i>
Frances Russey	.	.	.	<i>Vice-President</i>
Margaret Pinkerton	.	.	.	<i>Secretary</i>
Annabel Conover	.	.	.	<i>Treasurer</i>

The President has appointed the following chairmen:

Anne Fowler—*Religious Meetings*

Harriet Fanchor—*Membership*

Florence Cutting—*Finance*

Ruth Parker—*Social Service*

Marguerite Ruggles—*Social*

Beryl Vannatta—*Publication*

Mildred Ahlstrom—*Piano Music*

Winifred Osborn—*Vocal Music*

EMERSON COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB

ANNUAL SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL

(At the Desire of Several Ladies and Gentlemen of Quality)

BY THE DRAMATIC CLUB COMPANY OF COMEDIANS

AT JORDAN HALL

SATURDAY, BEING THE 21ST OF APRIL, WILL BE PRESENTED

AS YOU LIKE IT

Touchstone, Miss Guild; *Orlando*, Miss Bartel; *Jacques*, Miss Mitchell; *Duke Senior*, Miss MacCulley; *First Lord*, Miss Brodeur; *Second Lord*, Miss Folmsbee; *Duke Frederick*, Miss Goodfellow; *Oliver*, Miss O'Leary; *Amiens*, Miss Duval; *Adam*, Miss Call; *LeBeau*, Miss Olson; *Corin*, Miss MacNeill;

Jacques de Boys, Miss Russey; *Charles*, Miss Nygren, *William*, Miss Wellington; *Silvius*, Miss Little; *Celia*, Miss Hastings; *Audrey*, Miss Minahan; *Phoebe*, Miss Walker; *Rosalind*, Miss Southwick;

Pages: Misses Punnett, Talmas;

Foresters: Misses McCormick, Tack, Macomber, Eads, Pinkerton, Walter, Beynon, Wellington;

Song directed by Mr. Joseph Gifford

Rustics: Misses Pinkerton, Wright, Zerweckh, Punnett, Talmas, MacNeill

Dance arranged by Miss Punnett

SCENES

ACT FIRST: SCENE 1, Oliver's Orchard. SCENE 2, A Terrace before Duke's Palace.

ACT SECOND: SCENE 1, Oliver's Orchard. SCENE 2, Forest of Arden.

ACT THIRD: SCENE 1, Forest of Arden.

ACT FOURTH: SCENE 1, Forest of Arden.

ACT FIFTH: SCENE 1, Forest of Arden. SCENE 2, Another part of Forest. SCENE 3, Forest of Arden.

The doors will be opened at seven-thirty o'clock. No seats reserved after seven forty-five o'clock. Seats not filled may be taken without ticket at seven fifty o'clock.

To begin exactly at eight

No money to be taken at the stage door, nor any money returned after the curtain is drawn up.

VIVAT REPUBLICA.

This program offered by the Emerson College Dramatic Club, follows the plan of an old play bill of the Drury Lane Theatre, London, 1770.

SOUTHERN CLUB

At a recent meeting of the Club the following officers were elected for the coming year:

<i>President</i>	Mary Helen Hynes
<i>Vice-President</i>	Eleanor East
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	Mary Griffin
<i>Reporter</i>	Myrtle Moss

The Club presented a set of the works of O. Henry to the College library as an expression of their loyalty and good will.

Jeannette Warshavsky read in Roxbury, Sunday, April fifteenth.

Frederica Magnus recently gave an afternoon of Japanese stories for the children of Old South Sunday School.

SENIOR

Margaret Scureman, assisted by Helen Sayles, gave a program at the All-Souls Unitarian Church, Roxbury, recently.

Marie Bellefontaine and Carolyn Walker gave a sketch called "The Midnight Fancy" at the Pastime Theatre, Mansfield, April tenth.

Alma Brown read at the Beacon Street Universalist Church, April nineteenth.

Frederica Magnus entertained the children of Elizabeth Peabody House Saturday, April twenty-ninth.

Helen Reed gave a program for the Congregational Church in Acton on the evening of April seventeenth.

Mrs. Amy Toll appeared as the witch in the Pageant "Faith of our Fathers" at the Union Congregational Church, April fourth; as Mrs. Smith in an original play given by the Boston Playwriters' Club in Copley Hall, April seventeenth, and as "Foul Greed" in the Pageant of Womanhood given by the Professional Woman's Club of Boston in the Boston Arena, April twenty-first.

PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK

SUNDAY, MAY 6

Baccalaureate Sermon Dr. Lemuel H. Murlin

MONDAY, MAY 7

DEBATE

Nettie Hutchins	Laurence Smith
George Pearson	Helen Reed

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Martha Marie Allen	Astrid W. Nygren	Margaret Scureman
Hazel G. Call	Helen Roarty	Sarah Stocking
Alma Faye Eaton	Mary Sayre	Lucy Upson
Elizabeth Ellis	Edna Schmitt	Carolyn Walker
Mildred L. Little	Mildred Southwick	Freda Walker

PANTOMIME

THE WISHING TREE

By Maud Gatchell Hicks

Life	Dorothy Hopkins
Love	Margaret Longstreet
Joy	Marguerite Thompson
Duty	Frederica Magnus
Envy	Lillian Walker
Devil	Fred Willson Hubbard
Temptation	Jessie Haszard
Wisdom	Ethel Baker
Death	Ellen Reed
Prologue	Gertrude Allen

Fairies and Flowers—

Gertrude Allen, Verre Johnston, Inez Banghart, Sarah
Stocking, Hazel Call, Freda Walker

Imps—

Elizabeth Ellis, Edna Schmitt, Ema Kester, Amy Toll,
Helen Roarty, Carolyn Walker

RECITAL

- I. Two of Them *J. M. Barrie*
Sarah Psyche Stocking
- II. The Butterfly *Lucine Finch*
Lucy H. Upson
- III. Behind the Beyond *Stephen Leacock*
Mildred L. Little
- IV. Through the Flood *Ian Maclaren*
Margaret B. Scureman
- V. The Wooing of The Lady Olivia (Twelfth Night)
Shakespeare
Mildred Southwick
- VI. The Melting Pot *Zangwell*
Astrid W. Nygren

TUESDAY, MAY 8

RECITAL

- I. Billy Boy *Jennette Lee*
Freda L. Walker
- II. Deidre of the Sorrows *J. M. Lyngé*
Mary Sayre
- III. Caesar and Cleopatra (Act I) *G. Bernard Shaw*
Carolyn V. Walker
- IV. Madame Butterfly *J. Luther Long*
Martha Marie Allen
- V. Green Stockings *Mason*
Alma Faye Eaton
- VI. Beau Brummel (Act IV) *Clyde Fitch*
Hazel G. Call

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9

MISTRESS NELL

By George Hazleton, Jr.

King Charles II	Helen Bartel
James, Duke of York	Alma Brown
Duke of Buckingham	Harriet Stille
Earl of Rochester	Ruth Kennard
Jack Hart (Manager of King's Theatre)	Leab Kendall
Strings (old fiddler)	Ruth Pancost
Dick (call-boy)	Estelle Van Hoesen
Swallow, His Majesty's Constable	Florence Bailey
Landlord of the Blue Boar Inn	Anne Vail
Moll, an Orange Girl	Ruby Sutherland
Lady Hamilton	Ethel Green Sullivan
Louise, Duchess of Portsmouth	Marie Bellefontaine
Nell Gwyn	Grace Thorson

ACT I. Green Room at the King's Theatre evening of the first performance of Drdyen's "Conquest of Granada."

ACT II. Scene 1. St. James Park before Nell's terrace by moonlight. Scene 2. The Blue Boar Inn.

ACT III. Ballroom at Portsmouth's a fortnight later.

ACT IV. Nell's at midnight.

THURSDAY, MAY 10

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Commencement Speaker Dr. Samuel M. Crothers

JUNIOR

Marguerite Brodeur gave a program in Melrose, a short time ago.

Several lecture engagements have been filled by Joseph Gifford recently, and on April 21, he commenced a two months' tour of the middle west.

Elva Nelson has the privilege of having her mother with her for commencement.

A program was given recently at Upham's Corner by Izer Whiting.

Barbara Wellington, Sarah Stocking, and Marguerite Brodeur took parts in a production of "Monsieur Beaucaire," at Jordan Hall, on April eleventh.

Marguerite Ruggles has filled several reading engagements of late, giving programs for the Eastern Star in Dorchester; at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Newton Centre; and at the Masonic Lodge in Barre.

A number of the Junior girls having reaped benefits from Story Telling class have been passing on to others delights in the form of stories told at various settlement houses. Among the girls doing this work are Helen Guild, Elizabeth Darnell, Marguerite Ruggles, Barbara Wellington and Harriet Fancher.

Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Fowler have returned home after a week's visit with their daughter, Anne Fowler.

SOPHOMORE

Dorothy Crocker read before the Belmont High School Alumni Association, of which she is a member.

Sylvia Folsom, Florence Cutting, Elaine Rich, Mabelle Thresher, and Mina Harrison entertained a large audience recently, at the Wakefield Lodge, Order of Moose.

Bertha Kaufman read "Mice and Men," before the Hartford Red Cross Association for the benefit of the Red Cross nurses.

Sarah Stahl is a guest during Commencement week at Norwich Academy.

Mary Roberts recently entertained a large audience at New Rochelle, N. Y., at their annual Ladies' Evening.

FRESHMEN

Mildred Ahlstrom and Ethel Berner read at a church social in Readville.

Winifred Osborn has successfully coached and played the leading part in a three-act play, "The Private Tutor," at Mt.

Vernon Church. The play was repeated in the Brookline Public Library for the Brookline Fresh Air Fund.

Mary Mahon took the leading part in the play "No Trespassing," given by the Knights of Columbus in Concord, Mass.

The Freshman class entertained Tuesday evening, April twenty-fourth, at a formal dance in Whitney Hall, Brookline.

Imogene Hogle was one of the five chosen to tell stories at the recent meeting of the Emerson College Club.

Mildred Ahlstrom spent the holiday and week end at her home in New Britain, Connecticut.

Maud Rankeillor appeared in the recent production of the "Land of Heart's Desire" at the Ruggles Street Neighborhood House.

TWO-YEAR SPECIAL

Dorothy Beeler of Roger's Hall, Lowell, Massachusetts, spent several days as the guest of Dorothy Levy.

Bernice Frank spent the week end of April thirteenth with friends in Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Dorothy Levy and Helen Fry told stories at the Elizabeth Peabody House.

TWO-YEAR SPECIAL RECITAL

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 5

1. The Pendulum *O. Henry*
Lorayne Larson
2. The Ringlet *Anon.*
Lucille Husting
3. God's Judgment on a Wicked Bishop . . . *Robert Southey*
George Le Barre
4. Sam's Letter *Anon.*
Myrtle Moss
5. How the Elephant Got His Trunk . . . *Kipling*
Mary Griffin

TWO-YEAR SPECIAL RECITAL

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 12

1. The Ruggles Dinner Party . . . *Kate Douglas Wiggin*
Ruth Hildebrandt
2. The Theatre Hat *Carolyn Wells*
Ida Singer
3. Cherry Blossoms *Stephen Sulphen*
Alice Cohen
4. Saunder MacGlaughin's Courtship *Barrie*
Helen Fry
5. Mammon and the Archer *O. Henry*
Dorothy Levy
6. Mammy's Little Boy *H. S. Edwards*
Frances Taylor
7. The Lion and the Mouse *Charles Klein*
Bernice Frank

SCENES FROM HIAWATHA

A PANTOMIME BY MARY ELLEN GRIFFIN

APRIL 20, 1917

Cast of Characters

Ancient Arrow Maker	Myrtle Moss
Minnehaha	Dorothy Levy
Hiawatha	Ruth Hildebrandt
Wakomis	Helen Fry
Chebeabos, a musician	Bernice Frank
Pau-Pau-Keewis, a dancer	Mary Griffin
Squaws	} Ida Singer Alice Cohen
Warriors	
	{ Lorayne Larson Myrtle Moss Frances Taylor
Famine	
Fever	
	Lorayne Larson

SORORITIES

KAPPA GAMMA CHI

The engagement of Evelyn Ellis to Adolf Deitrich was announced by Mrs. Southwick at a bungalow dance held in Allston, April ninth.

Phyllis Jenkins has accepted a position as teacher in Stockholm, Maine, for the remainder of the year.

Elizabeth Tack has returned to classes after a short illness from tonsillitis.

Loretta McCarthy spent the week-end of April twenty-eighth in Providence.

Edna Schmitt appeared as reader at a recital given in Faelten Hall, April thirtieth.

Kappa Gamma Chi announces its removal to a new chapter house at 55 St. Stephens St. The house was opened to guests by a reception on the evening of April twenty-second. Every Emersonian is cordially invited to visit us at our new home which will be taken possession of September next.

PHI MU GAMMA

Ethel Caine read at a Red Cross Preparedness meeting at Weymouth, Massachusetts, on April eighteenth.

Mrs. B. B. Sayer announced the engagement of her daughter Molly to Mr. Harold Smith of Kalisbell, Montana, at a tea given at the Copley Plaza, April seventeenth.

Mrs. Vail is the guest of her daughter Anne for Commencement.

Mary Helen Hynes is taking a course in First Aid Red Cross work.

Phi Mu Gamma entertained at the Mary Elizabeth tea room on April the fourteenth.

Edith MacCulley and Katherine McCormick are to be the guests of Helen Carter directly after the close of college at her home in Carthage, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Darwin Lombard are the guests of their daughter for a few days.

Phi Mu Gamma extends best wishes for a very pleasant summer to all Emersonians.

ZETA PHI ETA

A party of twenty-five girls spent Patriots' Day at Barbara Wellington's summer home at Nantasket Beach.

The girls are happy to welcome Elizabeth Barnes, who has returned for several weeks' visit, to remain until after Commencement.

Dorothy Hopkins and Martha Marie Allen gave an entertainment, April thirteenth, in East Milton.

Zeta entertained at a theatre party followed by a fireside party at the Chapter House on the evening of April thirteenth.

Inez Banghart read recently in Ipswich for the Woman's Club.

Helen Bartel is coaching "Much Ado About Nothing" at Dana Hall, Wellesley.

Christine Punnett has returned from Gainesville, Georgia, where she was delegate to the Zeta Phi Eta National Convention, held this year at Brenau College. She was accompanied by Mrs. Amy Fisher, who attended as one of the Grand Chapter members.

Hazel Call gave "Midsummer Night's Dream" for the Woman's Club at Newton Highlands.

Inez Banghart played the part of Mrs. Churchill in the last "Forty-Seven Workshop" production at the Agassiz Theatre, Radcliffe College.

Astrid Nygren entertained her two sisters, the Misses Elsa and Signa, of Freeport, Long Island, over the Easter vacation.

Zeta Phi Eta entertained at a dinner party at Hotel Hemenway on April twenty-second.

PHI ALPHA TAU FRATERNITY

William Downs read "In the Toils of the Enemy" and "The Perfect Tribute" at the Church of the Good Shepherd, April twelfth.

The annual banquet of Alpha Chaoter was held May fifth.

William Byer played the character lead of "His Wedding Day," at Copley Hall, April seventeenth. Fred Hubbard played the press agent in "No Report," at the same entertainment of the Boston Playwriters Club.



'07-'08. Miss Mary Campbell Monroe, Dramatic Director of the Junior Dramatic Association of The Barnard School for Boys in New York City, recently presented an evening of Dickens' Scenes, including "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Holly Tree Inn."

'08-'09. Mrs. E. R. Mowbray, née Amy Glen Witter, directed a Grand Musical Revue under the auspices of the Young Woman's Patriotic Association in April. The performance took place at the Bijou Dream Theatre in Digby, Nova Scotia. A press notice remarks:

The comedy "Cicely's Cavalier," was undoubtedly the most interesting presentation of the evening. The character of Captain Carew was played by Mrs. Mowbray with fine histrionic effect. Her emphatic assumption of manly assurance no less than her gentle wooing of Cicely increased the already high position which Mrs. Mowbray holds as an actress.

'10-'11. The Southwick Club, under the direction of Esther Whitley Burch, assisted in the production of an evening of one-act plays at Stanford, Kentucky. The plays presented included: "A Flower of Yeddo," by Victor Mapes; "Mrs. Willis' Will," by Emile Souvestre; "No Men Wanted," by Rachel Gale; "When Money Fails—A Pantomime," by Irish; and "American Beauties," by Seaman.

'13-'14. Lorraine Bailey is continuing her successful work in Calais, Maine. The following press notice has been received concerning her production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream":

Shakespeare's fairy comedy, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," was given on Wednesday and Thursday evenings before large and enthusiastic audiences. The highest praise is accorded Miss Bailey for her production of this famous classic, as it was of a more difficult nature to render successfully than anything which has been hitherto attempted. In the casting of the parts, the training of the various actors, the careful attention to details, and the knowledge of artistic effects, the play far surpasses anything we have seen here previously.

Miss Bailey has certainly proved that Shakespeare, even when rendered by amateurs need not be heavy. There was not a dull moment in this charming play. The lines were delivered in an easy, natural manner, the action was quick, and there was not a hitch in the whole performance. Altogether, we congratulate Miss Bailey on her fine success."—*Advertiser*.

'14-'15. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Porter Farwell of Turners Falls, Massachusetts, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Rebecca, to Arthur Clark Eaton of Buffalo, New York. The wedding is to take place in May.

The Philosopher is he to whom the Highest has descended, and the Lowest has mounted up; who is the equal and kindly brother of all.

—*Carlyle*.

HONOR

Suppose you felt it necessary to confide a great secret to someone. Who would it be?

In the first place you wouldn't think of putting that trust in anyone other than a real friend, one in whose honor you have absolute confidence. Certainly it would not be in someone you did not know or had never seen.

"I shouldn't tell you this, perhaps, but then I guess it is all right. However, do promise me that you will not repeat it, because it was told to me as a great secret," and so it goes that great trusts are passed on to another confidant.

It is all a matter of training and honor. Some people wouldn't repeat a statement that had been made to them in confidence for anything in the world. With them it is a matter of honor and their honor is never to be questioned. Others treat the trust lightly and break it at the first opportunity.

Are you personally the kind in whom others may put their trust? Is it with you a matter of honor, or will confidence entrusted to you be immediately blazoned abroad to the whole world?

Stop for a minute to think what you would do in a case like this, and what would become of you, whether you were an office boy or an editor, if you didn't act just as you should.

When the President of the United States is to address Congress with a message of great importance, his complete manuscript is not only read in advance by the President's secretaries and advisers, but twenty-four hours in advance of the reading of the message it is turned over to the Associated Press, an organization equipped perfectly for the distribution of news to newspapers thruout the United States. By this process of distribution hundreds, even thousands of eyes, actually read or have an opportunity to read the President's message before it is delivered, and yet it is a very rare occurrence for anyone

of these thousands to break faith and make public the contents of the message.

Think of it. People the President has never seen and probably never will see. People mostly who have never seen the President and who certainly have not been chosen for this great trust because of their intimacy or friendship with him.

No matter how great the temptation may be to pass the secret on to a friend, or to tell the family all about it, never a word is given until the time has arrived when they are officially authorized to release the material to the public.

Not a single day goes by that many confidential news items of this sort are not distributed by the Associated Press to hundreds of newspapers thruout the United States, and yet there is never a leak, for the whole system has been developed upon the honor and trust basis. If there is a single person, out of the hundreds that necessarily must be taken into these confidences, who would show the slightest sign of betraying that confidence, out they go, for the dishonesty of one may bring discredit upon the many, and it has become a matter of pride that these news confidences shall be absolutely protected.

This is just one instance out of millions of the honorable keeping of a sacred trust. Think of the innumerable positions in civil life which daily call for this display of honor in safeguarding an employer's interests. Think of the thousands of our government officials and employees who are constantly entrusted with highly important information.

State Department secrets, plans of forts and battleships, new guns and mobilization schemes, and so forth,—to reveal which would mean not only embarrassment for our national administration, but possibly danger for the entire country.

It is important for everyone who would aspire to have the respect and confidence of others, to develop in themselves a high sense of honor.

Be a person in whom others may place their trust, for to be honored one must first be honorable.

